

THE PERSONALIST

VOLUME IV

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RALPH TYLER FLEWELLING, *Editor*



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Our Contributors' Page

When a great soul speaks profoundly and simply he speaks for many years. Our readers will we think realize this truth as they apply the words of Bowne written more than a decade ago to the problems of present-day education. The words were scarcely more needed when they were first written than they are now. As the years pass these unpublished literary remains of Bowne gain a new importance to the minds of his former students so it is with great pleasure that we offer "*The Passing of Educational Fiatism.*"



JOHN MORELAND adds distinction to any magazine in which his verse appears. His work as editor of *The Lyric* is giving him wide recognition.



BELLE COOPER is a new comer to our pages but is already a prolific writer for magazines and public press. She is a Los Angeles school-teacher.



ALLEN R. BENHAM makes his first appearance in THE PERSONALIST with new interpretation of Shelley's *Prometheus*. He is professor of English in the University of Washington.



FRED SMITH of Carthage, South Dakota skilfully touches the weakness of modern civilization and points the way of strength in his article on *Renunciation in Modern Life*.

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Our Contributors' Page

VIRGINIA TAYLOR McCORMICK, already well-known to our readers through essays and her verse, is associate editor of *The Lyric*, a magazine of verse, and a member of an interesting group of Virginia literati who are doing much to rekindle the fires of literary expression in the South.



CLARA FRANCES MCINTYRE, is Professor of English in the University of Wyoming, the author of *Ann Radcliffe in Relation to Her Time*, which was her dissertation for the Doctorate at Yale. She is a member of the Quill Club, a contributor to numerous magazines and a short story writer of promise. We welcome her first appearance with *THE PERSONALIST*.



VIRGINIA LYNE TUNSTALL's, *The Derelict*, shows, in our judgment, real poetic feeling and expression. Mrs. Tunstall has of late been scoring many successes and gaining wide recognition.



DELO C. GROVER is vice-president and Professor of Psychology in Baldwin-Wallace, College, Berea, Ohio. His suggestions for a better understanding of the Bible will be eagerly received. He too is a new-comer to *THE PERSONALIST* comradeship.



Many will agree with the putting of the basis of freedom in moral conduct and the recognition which MILFORD W. FOSHAY gives to the work of the church in providing that foundation. Mr Foshay lives in Painesville, Ohio.



JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY, whose verse on the Grand Canyon touches a sympathetic and understanding note, is a young westerner whose work gives distinctive promise.

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Copies of Volume One are needed to complete files. Send them to this office and we will pay fifty cents and postage.

To the Gentle Personalist

THE very *first* subscriber to any magazine should, it seems to us, have nothing short of mandatory powers over its future. Yet here we have that first subscriber complaining that articles "of thirteen, eleven and nine pages respectively" are too long "and hot weather already here". "Tents of Happiness suited me exactly", he writes, "Temperature eighty to ninety degrees". We quite agree and are kept from tears at his fate only by a consideration of our own sorrow and his probable sufferings from the present cold. What shall an editor do with his paltry seventy-two pages when some of the best manuscripts come stalking in with the insistence of the "March of the Ten Thousand"? Why do manuscripts march in ten-thousand word regiments rather than by a fourth that number.

What shall one do with an impatient constituency in front of him, the printer's devil at his elbow, and the precious manuscript in hand? Under such conditions, "*The Tents of Happiness*" was, we are willing to admit, an achievement.

The Personalist

Volume IV

Number 1

JANUARY, 1923

SALVAGING A WORLD

BY THE EDITOR

Benedetto Croce in his "*Theory and Practice of History*" points out the long conflict between contrasting world views which has determined philosophy and historiography from our historical beginnings. It is the conflict between the ideas of immanence and transcendence. Immanence is developmental, though in being so it never escapes the necessity for transcendence. Its tendencies are naturalistic not to say fatalistic. It looks on the origin of the world and the progress of civilization as a natural development. It refuses to become excited over things as they are, looking upon the whole process of life and at history from the standpoint of growth. The natural and the supernatural are one.

The transcendental view is sharply dualistic. The creative process proceeds from a Will which is at direct contrast with the world it creates. Emphasis is placed on the natural as over against the supernatural. The fact of human freedom is dwelt upon, as over against the fatalism involved in the usual notions of immanence. But the redemptive value and implications of human freedom are lost from sight. Its dualism is, however, too complete. It assumes a Creator who is no part of present life and finds itself driven into a wilderness of explanation which satisfies neither its opponents nor itself.

It is not then strange that contrasting attitudes which have so profoundly affected the history of secular thought should

likewise have affected theological thought regarding the goal of history, the character of world salvage. We shall discover the two types here, the immanental developmental, naturalistic and positive, and the transcendental dualistic, cataclysmic and negative. The two views form the crux of present theologico-scientific discussion. Both are partly right, partly wrong, and peace can be had only in the discovery of the nexus of compromise. Immanence and transcendence are not mutually exclusive terms. Both immanence and transcendence are present in personality and in all creative life. A wider understanding will eventually show the necessity for both ideas. Let us then without further preliminary reverse our order and consider first the transcendental view.

I.

THE TRANSCENDENTAL, CATACLYSMIC, OR NEGATIVE VIEW.

Perhaps the most resented adjective in this description will be the last one, but it springs directly from the positing of a dualism so complete that in effect it rules God out of the natural order and gives him participation only in the supernatural. In the beginning this move was made to safeguard the reality of human freedom and remove from the Divine the responsibility for evil. However good the intention, the result has not been satisfactory either for the maintenance of a real human freedom or for clearing the Divine character of complicity in an evil world order. The knot remains untied until we discover the mutual compatibility of immanence and transcendence.

The first result then of this unsynthesized dualism, for a synthesized dualism, at least, must be maintained, has been to raise a conflict with the order of nature and of life. Nature is held to be somewhat base, that from which the soul must struggle to escape. Natural tendencies are always wrong tendencies and the way of salvation is a battle against nature. God

is not only a being transcending the natural order which he has created, but so holy withal that he has come to despise it and seeks by what means he can to save from it such as are of his own way of thinking. Such an attitude can but create distrust in all natural methods and in the value of scientific research. It resents any thought of development except the development of iniquity and finds itself in immediate conflict with all evolutionary theory. For God to act through natural forces would be to remove all supernatural or transcendent reality. When the facts of science refute its positions its tendency is one of despising the facts and fleeing for refuge to the realm of mysticism and magic. Its world can be redeemed only by destruction and salvation can come only by bloodshed.

Not only is this view in conflict with the order of nature and of life, but it is likewise in conflict with the fact of personality. The foundation stone of personality is freedom, the power of choice and self-direction, and the resulting value in character. Apparently the possession of freedom by his creatures is so dear to God that he will not transgress it even to impose his will. He stands at the door and knocks, but it is for man to open the door ere he will enter. And this is in line with the best we can know of life, philosophy and psychology. One cannot be frightened, bludgeoned or scared into moral character. Reformation comes not in circumstances but in the moral will. If this remain untouched, or if it move in the direction of an outward and formal decency only under the spur of fear or the anticipation of selfish rewards, its activity springs not from a desire for goodness, but a desire for future selfish bliss and the moral will remains unchanged. Many men who in the human relations have learned to esteem lightly the moral value of decisions made under compulsions of punishment or made for selfish gain, apply this method to God's dealings with free men without dreaming of its horrible inconsistency and its travesty upon religion. Redemption is a redemption of the

moral will or it is nothing. We are saved only when we love goodness and not when we hope merely to escape the reward of evil. Love of righteousness rather than love of the joys of heaven, indicates whether there has been any moral change.

It is clear, then, that any true salvaging of the world can come only by cooperation of free human personalities and not by any compulsion whatever. In the possession of the moral will and the Divine assistance in the order of nature man has all the elements from which in cooperation with God to build a new heaven and a new earth. The coming of this new earth waits only upon his cooperation with God and what gain would come of compulsion and cataclysm does not appear. It lies within man's own power acting with God to redeem his world and the order of society. Against man's will even God is powerless, for to remove man's moral freedom is to remove the possibility of his moral character and to reduce him to the moral status of the beasts of the field. The transcendental and cataclysmic view is then in its extreme and unqualified form in conflict with facts and necessities of human personality. It is inconceivable that having created human personality as the climax of creative activity, God should proceed to destroy it in order to save it. Such is the dilemma of transcendentalism.

The unethical character of such world-salvage has already become apparent during the discussion of personality. Free-will cannot be coerced into goodness. Goodness must be its choice in order that there shall be either character or ethical value. It surely is an anomaly to talk of any kind of redemption which does not have the complete cooperation of the will of the individual. It does not appear how any band of saints caught up into a third heaven would have any completer field for exercise of the moral will than they would in the average modern city, where the temptations of life are ever calling but are ever being resisted by those whose hearts are right. The assumption of such a position is that it is impossible to resist sin and that the only perfect life is one in which there can be

no temptation. The physical removal of temptation does not bear, however, an ethical quality. When the power of temptation has been forever swallowed up and lost in the love for righteousness and truth, then and only then is the individual completely redeemed. On no other basis can the temptation of Jesus be explained as a reality without detriment to his moral character. It was not a sense of temptation but love for and devotion to goodness that lifted His life into continual moral triumph.

Any hope to renew the world by fire, blood, judgment, and cataclysm rather than through the mastery by man of the ethical values is as untrue to moral reality as it is vain.

Another element in the transcendental view is its unsynthesized dualism. The practical removal of God from the natural order sets up a contrasting kingdom of evil as powerful and as tenacious as the kingdom of good. This arises from a failure to distinguish between the existence of evil as an act and evil as a possibility. This distinction many minds refuse to make and yet it is fundamental in its consequences for theology. Temptation to evil, though not entered into, is frequently treated as if it were evil. Evil is removed from wrong moral choices and given an independent existence of its own as it could exist apart from action. When one has the temerity to remind the theological dualist of this, he is immediately reproached with being false to "the faith once delivered to the saints", as if the eternal and independent existence of evil were as necessary to religion as belief in God. If evil as an *act* rather than as a possibility is eternally necessary, there is no hope that righteousness will be eternally triumphant. In which case also we must charge God with being its author, thus destroying his moral character, or else admit that God divides his realm with that before which he is powerless. If, on the other hand, evil is wrong moral choice alone, the day may come when all men having been induced to love and desire the good, may do away with evil, though not with its possibility, forever.

This does not of course take into account the possibility that there are persons whose wills are so completely given to evil action that they can never be induced to love the good. But even for such the destructive nature of wickedness upon free moral personality needs to be taken into account.

The most disturbing feature of the transcendental or cataclysmic view of redemption is its reversal of the moral plan and character of God. To it creation as consummated has to be viewed as a colossal, Divine mistake. Consequences apparently unforeseen, but springing out of the blunder of endowing man with freedom and giving the devil a free range, have spoiled the original work beyond power of recall. The only hope thus left is to burn up the present creation root and branch, and with such portion of it as has shown hope by subscription to dogmatic belief to start a better world with the acquired fund of experience arising from the original failure. In this new world it must be assumed there can be no possibility of evil and thus only a living upon the virtue of the past, that character originally acquired in a "sin-cursed world". There could be no multiplication of spirits because these to exist must have an ethical character which is unobtainable except in a world where moral choice is a possibility. For such a God and such a heaven growth would be forever an impossibility and—what the unwary cannot see, by the same law—life itself would be forever barred. Abbey in his masterpiece, "*The Search for the Grail*", has given us the picture of such a heaven in that of King Amfortas who with his court is destined to remain locked in slumber till the coming of one whose heart and deeds are of such a character as to break the unearthly spell of dead enchantment. Life can never take itself out in self-contemplation of its own goodness, nor redeemed living souls in their own praise. Life must ever be creative. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work", said Jesus.

II.

THE DEVELOPMENTAL OR POSITIVE VIEW.

The developmental or positive view is open to criticism in much the same way as the transcendental for its one-sided incompleteness. It is too often *laissez faire* and morally indifferent. World salvage being considered a process of development, it is easy for the individual to depend upon the world order to do the developing, while he escapes moral responsibility. If the negative viewpoint fails by under-emphasizing man's part in the salvaging process, the positive view frequently fails by under-emphasizing man's responsibility. It does not yield itself to that pessimism of the opposing view which cuts the cords of action, but its very hopefulness easily becomes its temptation to indifference. In keeping with its immanental proclivities it magnifies the process, the order, while it minifies the individual. It is grand in conception but has not the spirit to attack evil and force moral issues. It should, however, by very reason of its positive standpoint and its opposition to the cataclysmic view arrive at a saner outlook of the inner meaning of redemption. It has open to it thus a perspective something like the following:

It should realize the necessity in any real world redemption of provision for the life of the individual. That is to say, it should have a broader view of the salvation of the individual than that it is almost wholly mental assent to dogma and salvation for a world to come. Salvation is begun here or nowhere. It is a change in ethical character and achievement or it is nothing. It is salvation to wholesome living rather than to future joy. The Christian order of life does of course insure joy, but happiness is incidental and a by-product rather than the goal of effort. Happiness is always such a by-product. It never comes to him who seeks it as a goal. It is the reward of moral integrity and the self-forgetting spirit. Religious joy is no exception. Heaven itself would be stale for

the man who had not won it at great cost. Redemption for the individual can include nothing less than a redemption of the present life to social usefulness and service, to the actual pursuit of high ideals, and the spending of life on righteous causes. This important truth the developmental view is specially fitted to emphasize.

The other fact of importance in the redemption of the individual which the positive viewpoint should make clear is that world-salvaging is in the nature of the case a cooperative process. It cannot overlook the moral will of the individual. Having created a world of free individuals, that world cannot be redeemed without the cooperation of the free-wills created. Endowment with freedom was doubtless a dangerous and venturesome thing for God to do, as seen from our human standpoint, but the fact of freedom cannot be doubted without negating the whole moral system. It should not be deemed a sign of weakness on God's part that he chooses to save the world through the cooperation of human wills. The growth of human individuals to his own viewpoint must afford the highest possible satisfaction to the Creator while it provides the highest possible development and satisfaction to man. It is not a sign of weakness in a teacher to refuse to perform the sums in the pupil's arithmetic, nor for a father to decline to make decisions for his child. To cast upon the pupil the necessity of struggling out his problem means that he shall be strong *as* his teacher and to throw upon the child the necessity for his own decisions means he may be *as* his father. As individuals come to learn the deeper meanings of life, as they come to see as God sees, and to desire those things which he desires, they will make their world what he wills. When all men have thus come to the spirit of cooperation the world will be redeemed. This much a real redemption must mean in any case and it can mean nothing else. It is a process discouragingly slow for our hasty hearts and years that are spent as a watch in the night, but it may not seem slow to that Mind that has

spent uncounted millenniums in bringing the process to its present condition of achievement. It may seem precarious to the cynical disbeliever in human character, the man whose faith dwells chiefly on human depravity, but not to a loving Mind which dwells with infinite joy upon every manifestation of moral achievement in those whom he is bringing to the true status of sonship to himself.

Not only must a world-salvaging be true to the freedom and the nature of the individual, but it must likewise be universal and complete. That surely would be a sorry outcome of cosmic effort which resulted only in the salvaging of some sorry fragments of its creation. The demands of an all-wise and perfect Creator can be nothing less than the redemption of the whole social order and that through the cooperating will of his creatures. To create the power of freedom bespeaks a genuine confidence in what shall eventually be accomplished through that freedom. If the results are to be something very much less than universal, the endowment of human life is but the meddlesome opening of a Pandora's box whose results are irrevocable. Nothing less than the recovery of the whole social order, a world which out of tragedy and vicissitude has learned to love the will of God, such a world alone could be adequate justification for pain and evil that have been world-wide and age-long.

Furthermore, so large a result demands more than the redemption of any human institution with its short-sighted requirements—its half-insights and accomplishments, even though it be so great an institution as the Christian church. It could be adequate only as it includes within its numbers from all ages and races all men of good-will who follow after the Christ spirit.

World redemption can furthermore be considered adequate only as it includes the discovery of fullness of life in the present world. All life—the life of individuals and through them, of society at large—must be set to a new key. So long as justice

in the social order remains unachieved, so long as we have not learned even the alphabet of true economic adjustment, so long as government itself is accomplished so blunderingly, we cannot provide the basis of fulness of life for individual achievement. Our faulty educational methods waste the years and too often dissipate the moral fineness of the young. As a civilization we have not yet learned to appreciate and provide for the moral and spiritual training of the rising generation. There is still too much of reward for the selfish and the evil-minded. Until man has learned to set up the kingdom of God on earth, how shall he learn to set it up in heaven? That is a childish conception which would turn from the presence of a great moral task to dream that the mere transference of the field of activity would solve all perplexing problems. There is one task more important for the Christian minister than saving people for the world to come and it is to save them for the world that now is. When this is done, we may safely leave the conditions and delights of that world to come in the hands of the Father of Spirits. If we have not learned to love Him and serve Him here in the brethren He has given us, how shall we expect to love Him or serve Him better under other conditions? Redemption to be complete involves a new world order in which every son of man shall have at least opportunity for knowing choice and a chance to realize his fullest powers. In the face of so great a duty to seek the transference of the problem to an after-life is to despise the spiritual significance and reality of the life that now is.

A world redemption to be complete must go even farther than this and include nature herself. Only thus can be resolved the dark antinomies of pain and evil. If it be true that the natural world has been groaning and travailing in pain waiting for the appearance of the sons of God, a redeemed order must show a result worth all the suffering and a disciplinary purpose worth all the cost. And this discipline when attained by "the

sons of God" must be adequate for ending the age-long agony of nature.

World redemption to be adequate not only for the present world but also for the expanding life of a world to come must not end in itself. The one characteristic of life is growth, the expanding of latent powers. If the other life is to be life and not death, it demands the growth of living experience in all who enter it. He then who here and now catches the keynote of the universe and learns in humble ways to think and love and work with God is but putting his hands to those apprentice tasks which are the mere beginnings of vaster accomplishments.

III.

IMMANENCE AND TRANSCENDENCE IN LIFE.

The persistence of the cataclysmic and developmental views side by side through history should lead us to humility toward the discarding of either. What is so persistent is sure to contain elements of truth. The great conflict has arisen out of a natural temperamental proclivity toward one or the other which influences nearly every one.

Are the two ideas inconsistent and irreconcilable? Must we reject either the Synoptics or John? Must we adopt the cataclysmic theory and reject the wisdom of modern science or adopt the developmental view to the discarding of the other? No, we must adopt both by finding the common ground of truth which they contain. What will help us in the face of the seeming paradox? Let us turn to life and experience.

My student days brought me into almost daily association with the mural paintings of Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Public Library. Years later, on stepping into the Pantheon at Paris without in any way knowing what to expect, I had no more than entered the door before I exclaimed "Puvis de Chavannes!" There was no need of signature, for those pictures were themselves vocal of the artist and beyond mistake. The subjects of the two series are very different, but the manner of treatment, the use of color, the personal attitude

and philosophy of life of the painter have indubitably entered into the expression of the painter. As expressive of the painter's very life and soul he may be spoken of as immanent in his picture. This is specially true of creative effort of every kind. But while the artist is immanent in his picture, he also transcends it. One could not by making a collection of all the paintings of a Rubens get Rubens. So long as he maintained his faculties he had power to increase the products of his skill indefinitely.

So must we think of God as both immanent and transcendent. The order of nature and of life are expressions of his immanence. But we could not by summing up all his works get him, his willing free personality. In that he possesses self-consciousness and self-direction He is never lost in his works, he transcends them. This unique power of immanence and transcendence occurs in but one situation, in creative will, in what for want of a better term we describe as personality.

The newer theories of physics maintain that in the ultimate what we describe as matter is simply the radioactive forces which comprise it. These forces we can only measure; what they are we cannot say. Matter is then an activity so far as we can know it. What science cannot say is whence comes this force. Sometimes it assumes the question closed there. Is there any sound reason for not assuming that this activity is the activity of a supreme directing Intelligence? It might well be that what we call nature is but the active manifestation of Himself. What we call natural law would then be but the expression of his will. There would be literal truth in Paul's expression, "In Him we live and move and have our being". But this kind of immanence is not the kind that binds everything in one bundle. He that is immanent in the world of nature also transcends it. Nature is not the body from which He cannot escape. It is one of the modes through which He expresses Himself; it need not be the only mode. To make that assumption would be to assume the painter confined to a single picture.

God's willing purpose transcends all his works. While he works uniformly and that uniformity is called natural law, contingency is not precluded. Obviously the race of men ought to venerate his uniformity of action as much as any miracle because upon uniformity depend the life and well-being of all. Whatever, then, is done by natural law is as divine as what is willed in any other way and we are rid at a stroke of a God of caprice and unreason.

There are many reasons to believe that the evolution of life as well as of civilization has been both by uniformity and by the cataclysms in nature which might be called jumps or unaccountable appearances of the unique. At heart there can be no conflict, for all true laws of the universe are God's laws. Any reverent effort after any kind of truth is an effort after God's truth and in the end the truths of nature and the soul must be found in harmony because they proceed from the same source.

Here then is that synthesized dualism and pluralism of which we spoke in the beginning. The order of nature and the order of spirit find their synthesis in the Personality which maintains both as the manifestation of His own creative will.

THE DERELICT

VIRGINIA LYNE TUNSTALL

What wistful dreams of alien voyagings
Cling to your ropes, and scent the languid foam
That flecks your stiffened rudder, now no more
A guide to bring the longing sailor home?
Wrapped close within your cloak of memories,
Watch a new tide of argosies go by.
You, too, had once a pennon at the mast-head,
And flung bright sails against the evening sky!

ROMAIN ROLLAND: THE WILL TO GREATNESS

BY VIRGINIA TAYLOR MCCORMICK

For many years it has been borne upon our inner consciousness that Carlyle was perpetrating a grim joke when he announced epigrammatically that genius is the infinite capacity for taking pains. This crystallization of a wholly false premise is amusing, pungent, terse, but—like its premise—untrue. The taking of pains is not necessary to genius; it catches fire from an inner blaze and burns with the flame that we call divine! It is pseudo-genius, or talent that is concerned with the finite question of pains-taking.

Romain Rolland is the literary paradox of our time; despite the fact that his genius burns with a white hot flame one of his distinguishing characteristics is a passion for details, for meticulous care in all the side issues of his big themes, an ineluctable and ineffable fineness of handicraft that marks him as the concrete presentment of Carlyle's definition. Unquestionably he has an infinite capacity for taking pains, but that is only the frosting upon the cake; it has nothing to do with his tremendous genius both for creation and comprehension.

Fame came slowly to Rolland; as his biographer Mr. Zweig—who, despite the fact that he voiced a paean of praise when we looked for literary appraisalment, has shown us the interior of the man's work, as only a student under him could do—says, "Fame loved Rolland, who loved Fame from afar unobtrusively" . . . but she fell in love late.

Rolland's is a dazzling literary personality: to look upon his bibliography is to regard him as a superman,—to be overwhelmed by the proportions of his creative achievements. Pulsing under this creative super-structure of his cosmos is the motive power of his advance. For want of a better name we call it the will to greatness. It is this will to create, to mass up literary tangible evidences of his struggle, that has sublimated his conscious ego to the rarefied point of a fine frenzy in work;

work which has never ceased but finds recreation only through a change of work, never through idleness. When Mr. Zweig tells us that Rolland is the literary conscience of the world we take it *cum grano*; but we cannot deny that he is the criterion for French literature of today. Next to the will to greatness the dominant influence which raised him to this point is music; mind and body swaying to the ecstatic rhythm of sound; Beethoven is his first recognized "control". Shakespeare and the rhythm of poetry is next in line and after that the adoration of Tolstoi and a succumbing to the Tolstoyan theories.

It was perhaps the mystic insight that endowed Tolstoi, chief protagonist of the great European drama at that period, with the power to touch hands and minds with Rolland as a brother rather than a master stooping to his pupil. This contact brought to Rolland an awakening sense of mental responsibility for a creed; it quickened his appreciation of his own creative powers; it gave him the needed impetus; it was a new stimulus in his will to greatness.

The next vital step of his foster-mother Fate was the moulding of that friendship *carré* between Rolland, Paul Claudel, Andre Suarès and that strangely gifted poet, whose mystical vision encompassed the war and its detailed march upon a civilized and sleeping world more than a year before the Austrian tragedy, Charles Peguy, who paid the supreme price of knowledge in the trenches while Rolland was voicing a petition against war in the abstract as well as the concrete. This was a four-sided friendship of brotherly affection, of more than brotherly sympathy, but it did not lack trenchant criticism, the necessary scalpel for surgery of ideas. Perhaps the greatest single deterrent in Rolland's forward march was his championship of Dreyfus, for through this he made enemies impossible to overlook or ignore, but the supreme sorrow is always subjective, and it was the shattering of his life's romance, the going to pieces of his married life that cast him upon the shoals. From this wreck he did not emerge; he became a hermit. The

world had but one panacea,—work! Work was medicine for his sick soul; work was his romance, his hope of heaven, the antidote against the hell of a mind frenzied by suffering. It was the motivation of his will to greatness. At first work saved his mental balance; later it discovered his soul and brought it pulsing with vehement life into the marts of the literary world.

He retired into solitude, man's only dimension of spiritual freedom, compassing time and space. Here he stripped off the veils of illusion and looked upon life naked, stark and sometimes hideous.

With the imagination of Wagner he coupled the realism of Tolstoi; with the beauty of Beethoven he wove the colorful spirit of Shakespeare, and from this warp and woof he spun the greatest history of an individual's spiritual development that contemporary literature can boast, unless we except the work of Nexo the Dane, in that remarkable exposition of a man's soul under its transition through expansion found in *Pelle the Conqueror*.

Rolland's creative cycles, even in their flagrant imperfections, are the cycles of a superman. With a definite design, they are illimitable in their intent. He fans the flame of genius at undying altar blazes and must henceforth live at that level. Having saturated his soul with the genius of Beethoven and Shakespeare he must breathe the air upon which a spirit thus stimulated can live.

His creative cycles do not follow the prescribed order of his influences; Shakespeare as the symbol of the Renaissance is the first cycle, unfinished, fragmentary even to-day. The "*Tragedies of Faith*" form the second cycle and "*The Theatre of the Revolution*" the third. It was upon this third cycle that he impaled himself, shrieking in horror upon the dishonest and revolting condition of the drama in France. This brought upon his head the rain of fire; his "head was bloody, but not bowed." His spirit grew resplendent under the baptism of flame. His fourth cycle is a biographical one; "*Lives of Illustrious Men*"

which Mr. Zweig described as a Greek frieze with which to decorate the temple of literature, remains incomplete but stupendous, like the Winged Victory, and serves as a road upon which contemporary biographers march to fulfillment, like the Appian Way to Rome, of untarnished splendor even though in ruins!

Jean Christophe makes up the fifth cycle; the only one of an entirety; the perfect circle where we have come to expect broken arcs.

To this sequence of cycles he adds an "*Unknown Dramatic Cycle*", or rather Mr. Zweig isolates this cycle from the others, though it might fitly I think be classified under the second and third. It covers a little known period of Rolland's work from 1890 to 1895, and embraces a formidable list of dramas ranging through a variety of subjects from history to prophecy; through elemental premises of reason and faith; its discordant echoes ring in that climacteric crash of *Liluli* many years after. *Liluli* is the expression of Rolland's soul in travail, a bitterness, and abysmal blackness yawning like a chasm and retarding his spiritual advance, dulling even his will to greatness. It seems incredible that Rolland with his tremendous achievement at that time should have been so little known to the world in 1910 that had he been killed when he was run down by an automobile in Paris the news of his death would not even have stirred that city, much less the world. But even then Fame and Fate were walking towards him, slowly but steadily; Fame with the laurel for his brow and Fate with a Sword for his hand.

He is not a creature of circumstance; he is the product of careful and painstaking work linked with genius—one never says talent when speaking of Rolland; he must receive all or none. Obscurity, or the wide open door where the world may enter in. That is his position today; the recluse of former years sits in the limelight; the brilliant glow of fame!

The years up to the time that Rolland was forty might be termed the fragmentary years; there is accomplishment, but

always it falls short of perfection; the broken rounds are ever visible. The ghost of evil, the unallayed spirit of suffering was still upon him; only work could exorcise it. But this work was wearing away the body; would it live to accomplish his aims? This was the question he asked himself and dreamed again of a new France to rise from the ashes of her humiliation. France and her history called to him; Danton walked in his dreams like the heroes of Greece, surrounded by a haze of mystery. It was another impetus, this dream, toward his goal; the memory of the France in which he had grown up, France bowed in the dust, steeled his will to action, spurred him in his march to greatness; greatness which in his inner consciousness symbolized his country. There was no one to write the Iliads that France lived. Shakespeare and Danton before his misty gaze, fused into one composite man; Danton was the French spirit of Shakespeare. This idea galvanized into immediate life his program for dramas that would be "good plays" in the sense that Tolstoi spoke of "good books". Tolstoi's influence was still working like yeast.

The bibliography of Rolland is too tremendous to deal with in an essay; his translations alone appear as the work of a lifetime of many men, covering a vast range of subjects in no less than twelve languages.

It is to "*Jean Christophe*" that we turn to judge of the man's performance; it is the visible and tangible evidence of his will to greatness. It is significant of a country's literature that but one other book of modern achievement presents itself to us for comparison with this remarkable literary symposium—for one stumbles in the dark for a classification—and that book is by a Frenchman; the Frenchman who is translating Shakespeare compared his task to that of one who looks upon the illimitable ocean to read the history of an universe.

"*Les Misérables*" has none of the salient points of likeness that we might look for with "*Jean Christophe*", but it also is the story of human life in its larger effect upon the world.

Victor Hugo shows us the evolutions and convolutions of men and women in the maelstrom of events through the portrayal of a number and variety of characters, more or less real; Rolland makes Jean Christophe the embodiment of life, the exponent of creeds and theories. Jean Christophe is presented to us in relation to his fellowmen; again as the bas-relief against the idealism of nations; France, Germany, Italy are in turn the background for his passing; the setting for the picture of his intense individualism or his class representation.

The Jews tempt him to speculation. "Do you notice that we are always running up against the Jews?" he asks Oliver. They are in truth everywhere; from a carefully concealed hostility towards them he passes by gradations to a profound appreciation of their work in the world; of their understanding and insight. Here we see for ourselves that the book of "*Jean Christophe*" is the handwriting upon the wall. The cataclysmic trembling of a world shaken to its foundations is here for us to gaze upon and—shudder. The prophetic soul of Romain Rolland has grasped the vision of this disintegration; the lying, hatred and unutterable stupidity of a country lulled into a false security revolts him; he drags it willy-nilly before the tribunal of the spirit.

The war found him great; from years of struggle he had emerged abruptly, like the butterfly from the chrysalis. It was with the dignity and yet the fury of one having authority that he went into the fray. Within the same hour he wrote to Hauptmann, the German writer whom he most honored and whom he believed free from the cankerous fetters of Prussian hatred, and to Verhaeren, whom he loved, whose tastes combined of the best of Belgian and French were the outer coverings of his genius which bore the mark of the world's cosmopolitanism, open letters, asking for and setting forth the reasons for national conciliations; painting the horrors of war.

It was a futile effort to reconcile two sons of alien countries, even in the domain of the spirit, for already upon the battlefields

machine guns were doing their deadly work: the literary world as well as the political one was in fragments; amalgamation of thought or action was impossible.

Rolland set himself to the task of snatching at least a remnant of sanity from a world of disillusionment; the European conscience became his *Ultima Thule*. If this could be aroused there was yet hope. "Force is always hateful to me" he writes in his hour of realization that Fate offered him a sword when the pen was no longer formidable. Jean Christophe was the exponent of a gospel of the free conscience; Jean Christophe was the mouthpiece of Rolland in a world that had not accorded his personal presentment a listening ear. It was the words of Jean Christophe ringing in his brain: "It we would inspire others with faith we must show that our faith is real. Mere words do not suffice," that Rolland began his onslaught upon a vortex of maddened people, in an effort to reach the European conscience. His essay "*Above the Battle*" was printed in the *Geneva Journal* September 22nd, 1914; despite the hue and cry that it brought upon him, there was recognizable the imperishable note of justice. It was blood poured from his breaking heart; a heart that still grasped at ideals; the ideals of a faith that he had believed impregnable. Its opening lines are of a rare quality of passion: "O young men that shed your blood for the thirsty earth with so generous a joy! O heroism of the world! . . . you are marching to your deaths! Those years of skepticism and gay frivolity in which we in France grew up are avenged in you . . . "

He realized the degradation of a war that sprang from racial passion . . . and yet . . . there sang in his memory the epic of his country's defeat, her humiliation by this Germany who fared forth to battle with the golden youth of France! There was the possibility—nay, the imminent necessity for victory, for revenge even! But the triumph of reason is swift, vital: "There was no reason for war between the Western

nations; French, English, Germans, we are brothers and do not hate each other."

And again: "Humanity is a symphony of great collective souls. He who cannot understand it and love it until he has destroyed a part of its elements is a barbarian."

He realizes that he has no listeners: "I speak only to solace my conscience."

The fellowship that he emphasizes is indeed a fellowship of solace. He knows that public opinion is bound and gagged; that falsehood "bellows with the voice of a megaphone". Rolland's desire was to be a healer of souls, to bring a message of the new faith, which is after all the old faith intensified, to the brotherhood of man. The clamour of the multitude drowned his voice; the rumblings of the storm came from all sides. The French papers were forbidden to re-print "*Above the Battle*;" the French proverb was quoted against him: "*On ne discute pas la patrie*." He had committed the unpardonable sin. Germany had no more appreciation of his role as a peacemaker than had France. He had asked the question of her: "Are you the sons of Goethe or of Attila?" Germany knew the answer only too well and was enraged at the dilemma growing from the query.

Rolland's own philosophy came to his rescue. He had written in "*Jean Christophe*": "A great soul is never alone." His sensitive conscience had alienated his friends, he fell back upon his doctrine of the gospel of solace. High above the battle of the press, the excited violence of the populace, Rolland sought immediate fellowship with the other great souls of Europe working towards his ultimate goal. Even when he was receiving onslaughts of invective he inspired confidence. He voluntarily shouldered the burden of a final adjustment for sanity; he kept unwaveringly in the line of march for this attainment. He brought the Jean Christophes and Olivers of the world into the circle of his light. The brothers brought him confidence, born of confidence. There were letters in

thousands from soldiers in the trenches. He was the central power of a vast unknown world functioning in secret. His message was for a brotherhood which retained a free spirit, even though its bodies might be shackled, bound upon the wheel of war. This doctrine of solace was spread over Europe; his letters were at once an embodiment of faith and an impetus to victory, for through victory only was sanity possible. He gave the same advice to all: "Follow your conscience." Or again "Seek truth and realize it." There was an individual truth for each man; self-deception is the crime against humanity.

Rolland is as I have said a paradox; he is like a child in his little weaknesses; he is a spoiled youth in his refusal to compromise; he is wavering in his line of march through weakness or the vagaries of genius, and this weakness has given us broken cycles, fragmentary creations in place of the finished drama of Shakespeare or the perfectly worked out theories of Tolstoi. Nevertheless, in the face of all failures, he is a giant in his genius and in his force. His will to greatness, his imperative desire to overcome literary obstacles, have given his work a swift-moving influence that is lacking in other French writers of today. In his drama there is more of the stern realism of Ibsen than of the modern French spirit which we see in Scribe or Donnay. It is his passionate belief in his own power, the subtle yet strong finesse which is almost feminine in its fineness, the fascination of the highly stimulated aura in which he moves, the emanation of his greatness, that makes it hard for us to sit in judgment upon his weaknesses, his flagrant failure at the very point of accomplishment which so often startles us. Unquestionably it is an exaggeration to announce dogmatically that he is the literary conscience of the world, but he is an inspiring example of a literary conscience which spares no suffering for the development of its art. Perhaps the deterrent here is his insistence upon a message when the world of today is not concerned especially with messages. Like all

great men Rolland has lived a solitary. It is only in quiet places that doctrine or dogma can be evolved. His five years of exile in Geneva were rich in their harvest, but lonely—lonely even to bitterness, the bitterness that lay upon the tongue with the taste of death. Despite this nightmare of blackness he has come forth from the horrors of prison, espionage, isolation, with an independence of mind strengthened by his vicissitudes; in the face of disillusion he retains the purity of his ideals.

He continues his appeals to the spirit of fellowship; he calls mankind to the building of a temple, invisible, but inalienable, for it is of the spirit; the temple for the refuge of the disillusioned. The climacteric achievement of his literary career is the direct result of the war. "*Clerambault*" is a literary symphony; even as in "*Jean Christophe*" Rolland propounds a creed, in "*Clerambault*", through the fundamental sorrows of personal loss, from the breaking heart of a conscientious pacifist, standing over the dead body of his beloved son, slaughtered as a sacrifice to the Moloch of war, he evolves a philosophy. "*Clerambault*" is the exponent of this philosophy that makes life tenable, but it is more; it is the evidence of Rolland's restoration to sanity after that mad gesture at Fate, "*Liluli*". The philosophy of "*Clerambault*" is the rock of refuge for the harassed soul of Rolland; it is at once the triumph of humanitarian principles and literary ideals. Rolland is no longer the exhorter who denies the rights of a country to do battle; he is not today even the preacher; he is perhaps still the teacher, but he is the philosopher.

"One great man who remains human can forever and for all men rescue our faith in humanity." Like Henrik Ibsen, Rolland stands alone, as the strong must always stand, but his gospel of brotherhood spreads over the world.

AT THE GRAND CANYON

BY JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY

APPROACH

Almighty God! with bared, bowed heads we come,
With trembling hands that may but supplicate
And eyes that dare but wonder and adore,
To this Thy temple, building beyond time.

Not the fair soul of man, nor yet the sea
(The ancient mother of Life) nor even the storm
That shouts of glory on the naked winds
Can dream so holy and terrible a dream.

DELAY

The gay green fields are bright with little moods
Of the Great Spirit's playtime, and the hills,
That wear the sunrise as a jeweled crown,
Are His for splendour when the day is young.
The yellow desert beats his muffled drum
Against the eternal stars—"There is no Time!"
The forest like an organ breathes the hymn
Of love that would go sheltered to his bed
And lie the long night there beside his mate.
The splendid motors of the midnight sky
That trail black smoke of terror and send forth
Great piercing headlights to the cowering earth
—Electric heralds of strength that knows no end;
The little rains that light the earth's old face
With smiling blooms of youth, and murmur low,
Like a soft lullaby, God's gentleness.
How strange and multitudinous the moods
Of God Almighty breathing through the land!
Now you who worship where the fields are green
And where the winds make tumult with the sea,
Come with bared head unto this perfect shrine.

THE PRESENCE

Stillness! Immensity that needs no voice!
Depth more solemn than the depth of stars—
The hues of golden heaven and red hell.
How more than silence in the awful calm!
How more than distance in the miles that reach
Until the sight grows dim with very wonder,

Deep on deep withholding secret dreams
Of sanctuaries none may dare to know—
A mighty temple building like a world
In stillness as the stillness of the stars
Unto the glory of Almighty God!

THE LITTLE GODS

And here, maybe, when dawn brings laughter down
Out of the heavens, or when noonday runs
His round of cares, or here mayhap at night
When sleep lies dreaming in her ebon robe,
The little gods come winging one by one
And bring their mite of homage to His throne.

CONVOCATION

Comes wheeling on silver wings the bright slim queen
Of Venus, maiden planet of the host,
Comes dancing on silver wings and wheels so low
The mists that are her raiment kiss the rocks.
Now fairer for new blessing, she lies still,
Like a young wind at rest, and makes her prayer.
Down that long devious aisle with dreadful step,
With wild red eye and eerie locks unloosed,
Treads the weird king of comets with his gifts.
Red out of hell the pedestal of Mars
Greets him descending in flames of ruined worlds.
Here Jupiter comes sailing like a ship,
A slow white ship upon a lazy sea,
While Neptune rises shaggy from the stream
And trails his beard upon the granite pave.
The fair triumphant deity that guides
Superb Orion through the spoorless skies
Comes with his gleaming sword and bows his head.
And when the eye has no more strength to see,
Upon their seven thrones, of turquoise made
And ivory and garnet, sit the queens,
Inviolat sisters of the Pleiades.
The clumsy monster of the Great Bear stalks
Like Satan from his den, but none more humble,
None with stranger, wilder gifts than his.
Like a chill wind that plays a soundless tune
Through the huge caverns sweeps the great white god
Who rules with bitter hand the cold north star.
Now once unto the brim with sneaking steps,
Then out among the pines that guard the fane,
Whimpering as he runs before the winds,
The god of gold goes hiding his sallow face.

But they, the chosen, pay their homage due
And stay their solemn hour before the throne,
Breathing the spell and splendour none but gods
And the great dead may know and understand,
And kissing with pale lips the holy hem
Of the great Maker's garment that is spun
Of stillness and of awe. But none shall stay
Beyond his hour of worship. Each shall go
With powerful wing upon the skyey ways
To his own sphere, with rapture in his heart.

PRAYER

Give ear, O Dreamer and Builder, Spirit of Life!
If that in me which urges and impels
Toward Thy beauty, if the soul in me
Is given from you and part of the deathless song
That You go chanting out of space and time,
Then have I not profaned Thy temple here.
And when the soul-stuff that has quickened me
And given me life and measurement of years,
Is weary of flesh and glides back to its own,
Then grant that I, in humbleness apart,
May stand below the host of deities
And the great dead, to worship silently
In this Thy temple building beyond time.
Then shall I know the stillness for Thy cloak
And all the grandeur and the glory be
Breath of my prayer to Thee, Almighty God!

ARNOLD BENNETT AND OLD AGE.

BY CLARA FRANCES MCINTYRE

Perhaps we may say that there are two classes of writers,—those that we admire and those that we love. From this division we may go on to a subdivision: some we admire willingly; to others our admiration is yielded with reluctance. In this latter class, I should place Arnold Bennett. His cleverness compels our applause, but his indifference makes us, in turn, indifferent.

There is something, however, besides his attitude of cool detachment from the people and situations he has created, which keeps him from giving real enjoyment to some of his readers—at any rate, to those who have passed earliest youth. For Bennett, more than any other English novelist, has brought home to us the horrors of growing old. He leaves no illusions; he spreads no kindly veil over dread weaknesses of body and mind; he holds up to us relentlessly and constantly the magic mirror in which we try not to look, which shows, grim and inevitable, the spectre of the future years.

When one has once realized this phase of Mr. Bennett's work, it is impossible to read through a book of his without feeling that he is obsessed by the passing of time. In other novelists, though there are occasional examples of ugly or pitiful old age, they are only occasional. We find men who exhibit some of the failings of advancing years, who at the same time have a charm that wins our sympathy. Take, for instance, Joseph Vance's father. He is guilty of two decided weaknesses: he marries his housekeeper, and he indulges the love for strong drink which as a younger man he had been able to subdue. But even when Joe is desperately worried over him, even when his yielding to temptation once too often has destroyed the fruit of his industrious years, we are not disgusted with him, we are only sorry. His genial nature shines

through his helplessness and his humiliation, and we share his son's desire to spare him and to cheer him.

How different this is from the treatment of Edwin's father in "*Clayhanger*!" The thing which Mr. Bennett insists upon and to which he recurs again and again, is the spirit of antagonism between youth and age. Any comradeship or congeniality between people who are separated by a gulf of twenty or thirty years is incomprehensible to him. To return to the book just mentioned in contrast, the loving companionship between Lossie and her father, in "*Joseph Vance*," and the sympathy and understanding between that same father and son, could have no place in Mr. Bennett's scheme of things. When we first see Edwin in his father's presence, "he hesitated with a diffident charming smile, feeling, as he often did in front of his father, that he ought to apologize for his existence, and yet fiercely calling himself an ass for such a sentiment." He is "startled to catch a note of pride in his father's voice." When, some years later, Darius storms at his son for not following his orders, Edwin takes the tongue-lashing meekly, but he says fiercely to himself, "By God! If ever I get the chance, I'll pay you out for this some day!" And when the chance does come, when Darius, smitten by the mysterious hand of disease, is helpless and pitiful, Edwin, though he has times of remorse, still has his unrelenting thoughts of the father he has never tried to understand.

"The old man paused, half intimidated. With his pimpled face and glaring eyes, his gleaming gold teeth, his frowsiness of a difficult invalid, his grimaces and gestures which were the result of a lifetime devoted to gain, he made a loathsome object. Edwin loathed him, and there was a bitter contempt in his hatred."

In this attitude of the son, though the son does care for the father in all material ways, we have a situation almost worse than the famous—or infamous—one in "*Pere Goriot*". For here we are made to see so clearly the provocation which the father's unreasonableness gave, to share so fully the son's

disgust and impatience, and at the same time to feel so keenly the tragic irony of the situation, that all life seems hopelessly mean and sordid.

The same antagonism comes out in the relations of Hilda Lessways and her mother. We hear of "the waves of hostile love that united these two women;" and in one place, in speaking of Hilda, the author says, "She had the deep, unconscious conviction of the superiority of youth to age."

Hilda "wondered how the old thing managed to conduct her life from day to day with even a semblance of the decency of order. It did not occur to her that for twenty-five years before she was born, and for a long time afterwards, Mrs. Lessways had contrived to struggle along through the world, without her daughter's aid, to the general satisfaction of herself and some others." When Hilda and Janet are discussing the starving condition of Miss Gailey, who, by the way, at something over forty is spoken of as an "ageing woman," they "did their best out of sympathy to moderate the leaping, joyous vitality that was in them,—and did not succeed very well."

In "*The Old Wives' Tale*," Sophie, challenged by her mother to tell where she has been, faces her defiantly.

" 'She can't kill me: She can't kill me,' her heart muttered. and she had youth and beauty in her favor, while her mother was only a fat middle-aged woman." Later, in Paris, "Sophia coldly condemned Madame Foucault for having allowed herself to be brought into the world with such a weak and maudlin character, and for having allowed herself to grow old and ugly."

There is only one incident, in these three best known of Mr. Bennett's books, where a younger man seems for a moment to put himself in the place of the old. This is when Edwin finds Mr. Shushions, the aged Sunday-school teacher, in the midst of a mocking crowd:—

"Edwin was revolted by the spectacle of the younger men baiting him. He was astonished that they were so short-sighted as not to be able to see the image of themselves in the old man, so imprudent as not to think of their own future, so utterly brutalized."

But Edwin, later on, when his father is slipping helplessly down into impotence, never sees his own fate imaged in the old man. Perhaps Mr. Bennett shows his knowledge of human nature here. Perhaps we do all go on, as Edwin did, feeling younger at thirty than we did at twenty, and at forty than we did at thirty, till at last the awakening comes—we find that the impossible has happened, and *we* are old. But if it is true, of what good to bring it to our notice? Why not let us go on in happy ignorance of the inevitable end?

No author, surely, has ever equalled Mr. Bennett in his representation of the swift, relentless passing of time. One might heap quotation on quotation to illustrate. He is not content to mention the years that have elapsed; he must show us definitely what they have taken away. "*The Old Wives' Tale*" is perhaps the most artistic example of his method, and also the most depressing of his books. Sophia and Constance, first introduced as gay, charming girls, just wakening to what life means, move on in very different circles till they come together again as elderly women. But with both life is equally narrow and petty. Constance becomes so fitted to her house and household duties, so dominated by them, that a journey is an agonizing experience to her and the warning that a servant is going to leave is a momentous crisis. Sophia, on the other hand, though living through the siege of Paris, is almost unconscious of the great events going on, and of the wonderful city about her. Her existence turns into a sort of mechanical and automatic exercise of her talent for managing and saving, and at the end, in spite of her apparently wider experience, she has actually known little more of life than her sister.

Mrs. Baines, heartbroken over Sophia's elopement, is bewildered to think she is old enough for such a step. "Only yesterday she was a baby, a schoolgirl to be smacked. The years rolled up in a few hours." Constance, when her husband announces that he will soon be forty, is startled to reflect that

she herself will be twenty-seven. "But it would not be a real twenty-seven; nor would Sam's forty be a real forty, like other people's twenty-sevens and forties."

So it is all through the book. We can never once get interested in the characters and their doings, without having thrust upon us their ages and their developing or failing faculties. When Constance is preparing to receive her sister, she naturally enough looks back upon her youthful days in the same house, and Mr. Bennett adds the comment, "At fifty-one she regarded herself as old. And she was old." When the two sisters have at last met and are sitting at tea, "Constance found that Sophia was like herself; she had to be particular about her food. She tasted dainties for the sake of tasting, but it was a bird's pecking." When Mr. Bennett tells us that nine years have elapsed since Sophia's arrival at her sister's, he shows us not only the changes in the two women, but the very unpleasant ageing of the two pet dogs. Sophia, looking at her husband, whom she has not seen for years, experiences an unexpected shock. "What affected her was that he had once been young, and that he had grown old, and was now dead. That was all. Youth and vigor had come to that. Youth and vigor always came to that. Everything came to that." Sophia herself, lying dead before her sister's pitying eyes, "was like something used, exhausted, and thrown aside!" And Constance, in her last illness, thinking over what she had seen and known, sums up its incompleteness in the words, "Well, that is what life is!"

It has sometimes been said that the only really pleasant people—the only people one would like to know—whom Mr. Bennett has created, are to be found in the Orgreave family, of "*Clayhanger*" and "*Hilda Lessways*." In the early parts of the books they are delightful—rollicking and jesting, loving and scolding one another by turns. It is with almost the pang which changes among our real friends bring us that we see grim time gradually stealing life and jollity from the circle, till we find the once merry house empty, except for the father and mother and Janet. And Janet herself has passed from

the triumphant bloom of her early thirties when she played tennis with Edwin, through the days when "he would not minimize to himself the increasing cleft under her chin nor the deterioration of her once brilliant complexion," to the time when she sat between her parents, undeniably and finally an "old maid".

One could multiply examples of this sort of thing almost endlessly. The sum and substance is, that Mr. Bennett has an unhealthy desire to listen to the ticking of the clock. His philosophy, if he has a conscious philosophy, is the paralyzing fatalism of the "*Rubaiyat*":

"The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one."

But Mr. Bennett's wine has not even the virtue of Omar's, it seems, even in the quaffing, tasteless and unsatisfying. The pettiness of existence, the little worries that, as he says, "loomed mountainous," the fleeting hopes of youth—and even these are dubious and wavering, settling down into the dull acceptance of middle-age,—this makes up life in the Five Towns, as Mr. Bennett sees it. Sophia, reflecting impatiently upon her sister, says, "It was not as if the manifestations of Constance's anxiety were dignified or original or splendid. They were just silly, ordinary fussinesses; they had no sense in them." And this is true of most of his people. Years before, Jane Austen gave many a picture of "silly, ordinary fussinesses," but somehow, limited though her world is, it has not the hopelessly gray tone of Mr. Bennett's. We have a feeling that, after all, people of sense and spirit generally come out ahead, and that, though their time may be occupied largely with trifles, these trifles are met with something of genuine zest.

Mr. Bennett is like Thomas Hardy in the fact that he seems almost to personify Fate. But while Hardy's fate is mocking and ironic, Bennett's is a brutal force which gives knockdown blows. Edwin, reflecting on his father's breakdown, "would say in his mind, 'What a damned shame! What a damned

shame!" Meaning that destiny had behaved ignobly to his father, after all. Destiny had no right to deal with a man so faithlessly." And when Sophia learns that her husband is still alive, we have a similar comment. "One might have pictured fate as a cowardly brute who had struck this ageing woman full in the face, a felling blow, which however had not felled her. She staggered, but she stuck on her legs. It seemed a shame—one of those crude, spectacular shames which make the blood boil—that the gallant, defenceless creature should be so maltreated by the bully, destiny."

It cannot be denied that Mr. Bennett is to a considerable extent truthful in his representation of this side of things. His trouble is a matter of emphasis. He drags to light the almost subconscious thoughts which people in general find it decent to hide, and seems to make them the dominating facts of life. Edwin's feeling of rebellion against his father, for instance, would perhaps hardly put itself into such articulate form. "When you're old, and I've got you, and you can't help yourself, by God, it'll be my turn!"

We all have moments when we realize the steady, merciless advance of time, when we protest against it, and try to wrest a few more years of strength and power and happiness from the world before our brief chance is over. But the realization, after all, only comes with the passing moment. Most of the time, we are, as we were meant to be, busy with loves and hates, with pleasures and disappointments, with honest, if sometimes ineffectual work, and necessary play. This stopping always to count the cost, to see life as a dream instead of a reality, to feel that our existence counts only as a few brief seconds in the stretch of eternity, is paralyzing to our power for usefulness. One might apply to Mr. Bennett's books the words which Mr. Paul More uses in writing of the "*Correspondence of William Cowper*":

"It is not good to see the nakedness of human fate so ruthlessly revealed."

Ruthless revelation it is, from first to last; and strange it is

to find, in a modern who is counted among the realists, an exponent of the "*carpe diem*" philosophy. But with his conception of the fleeting quality of life has come little realization that the fleeting moments may bring joy. The attitude toward life that his people take seems to be expressed fairly well in the closing words of "*The Old Wives' Tale*," where the old dog Fossette, left alone by the death of her only remaining mistress, hesitates whether to eat the food the servant has brought her, because her feelings have been hurt by apparent neglect.

"However, after a few minutes, she began to reconsider the matter. She glanced at the soup-plate, and on the chance that it might after all contain something worth inspection, she awkwardly balanced herself on her old legs and went to it again."

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL APPROACH TO THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE

DELO C. GROVER

In the psychological approach to the study of the Bible, I am convinced that we can find the most irrefutable apologetics for the present age. President King, of Oberlin College, expresses the judgment that "The only valuable confession of the divinity of Christ must follow His own work upon us, not precede it as a condition."¹

Warner quotes President King, and adds, "This is the vital point of triumphant Christian defense."²

Brierley tells us, "At last men are beginning to discover the ludicrous blunder they have been making. On their astonished eyes the truth is beginning to dawn that while church, Bible, history, and philosophy have all their religious uses, it is not upon any of them that religion ultimately rests. Her stronghold is not in anything man has done. It is what he is in himself. Her final evidence is a psychological one."³

G. Stanley Hall declares, "Even if all historic factors were to prove fallacious and be abandoned, there remains a Christ born within. To cling to this is the new psychological orthodoxy."⁴

If in the Bible you and I are to find God revealing himself to men, and if we are to find therein men successfully finding God,

¹ Reconstruction of Theology, p. 246.

² Psychology of the Christian Life, 204.

³ Ourselves and the Universe, p. 263.

⁴ Adolescence, Vol. II, p. 338.

it will be because of the modern universal experience which it records.

It ought to be remembered that a very large part of the Bible is poetry. Epic, allegory, historical novel, and many pure parables are within its pages. No one can read the Bible understandingly who does not bring to his reading an alert and trained imagination. The Bible was written to be read and understood by an imaginative people. It was not written to teach, primarily, history, or science, or government. It was written that its readers might know the God of history, science and government. In the Bible God is interpreted as immanent,—immanent in nature, in society, in history.

In the Bible we have brought together for our use a great amount of data for an empirical psychology of God; also for an empirical psychology of the struggle for the largest possible self-realization on the part of men in their relation with God. The Bible affords thus an abundant material for the study of the psychology of religion. In the Old Testament there are diversified materials for the study of primitive forms of religion; and in some of the Old Testament and in most of the New Testament religion may be studied in its noblest forms. There is given to us in the story of Jesus Christ, psychologically, the Ideal of all ideals towards which the religious struggle of men for completest self-realization is directed when at their best. Mankind has never been able to set before itself an ideal goal better or so satisfying as the goal which is set before it in Jesus Christ,—toward the achievement of which goal it might make its struggle for largest self-realization,—the very gist of which struggle is religion. It is easily manifest, therefore, that the most essential values to be gained from a study of the Bible lie naturally in the path of the psychologist. The psychological approach to the study of the Bible will readily be seen thus to have marked advantages over most, if not all, other methods.

The Bible was written to be read and understood by common

people. If the Bible is to set forth a revelation, then it must be understood. No revelation can be consummated until some one sees. There is no warrant for saying, nor is there any meaning in saying, that any message of the Bible is above or beyond reason. Much that is reasonable lies outside of and beyond our own concrete experience, and is, therefore, not understood by us. But anything which is not commended to us as in harmony with fullest reason can never really become the object of our belief,—can never have meaning for us.

The Bible can be of use to you and me, and to the modern world generally, because in it we have an adequate, even if partial, record of the way in which God (who is himself the only explanation of mankind and the world) has progressively revealed himself to men, like modern men; and of the way in which men, such as we are, have progressively discovered God, and have come into self-realizing and satisfying relations with him and with each other.

The Bible contains much about the experience of sin. The psychologist knows that sin has no meaning apart from a personal sinner. Sin is nothing else but sinning. This should be remembered in all our study. Suppose we were to read the Bible records regarding sin, using the psychological approach, and reading with a lively imagination. Let me illustrate:

The author of the Third Chapter of Genesis has given us a remarkable psychological analysis of the way in which sin gets a beginning in every human life. Of course the serpent who came to the woman as the arch-deceiver⁴ in the story is the psychological symbol for something which is as universal as anything in human experience. There comes a time in the unfolding experience of every human being, when in response to stimuli, either from within or from without, he, or she, discovers that life and action are not as free as they had been supposed to be. Then comes the urge from without and within for one to take his fling, to do as he likes, irrespective of common restraints. It is seen that

there are many things actually to be gained from such a course. "And when the woman saw (1) that the tree was good for food, and (2) that it was a delight to the eyes, and (3) that the tree was to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat." Every man or woman who ever started in a course of sin did so in response to just such psychological stimuli as those here set down.

Then too, how psychologically prone we are to be social in our sinning,—“and she gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat.”

No modern novelist ever depicted the results of sin with stricter psychological accuracy than did this early writer of the story in Genesis.

When we read the teaching of Jesus about the sin that can not be pardoned we wonder if there can be any sin that can not be pardoned. Adopting the psychological approach to our problem, we soon learn the tragic truth that there is a course of sin which can not be pardoned, because he that commits such sin never wants to be pardoned. He who looks upon moral-black, and, seeing it to be moral-black, calls it moral-white, or he who looks upon moral-white and, seeing it to be moral-white, calls it moral-black, will in the psychological course of things come to believe his own lie. When this result is attained, it becomes deeply true that that man can not be pardoned, because he will not want to be pardoned. The more he gets of what he wants the worse off he will be.

If we take the psychological approach to the reading of the lives of Abraham, Paul and of the worthies cited in Hebrews XI, then those concrete examples of the life of faith become universally illustrative in all human affairs. In the experience of Jacob at Bethel the psychologist learns how a modern man may become aware of God. In Moses' experience before the bush that burned with fire but was not consumed, we may learn how every man may become aware of a God-given task.

The psychology of conversion finds abundant illustration

in the Bible. We find there that conversion involves for the intellect,—repentance, change of mind; and for the feelings and will there are involved at once a renouncing of the old ways and an acceptance of the new. When the psychological analysis of experience therein depicted is carefully observed the following cases gain a newly modern and universal significance; the conversion, and call to a prophetic work, of Samuel; Isaiah's vision and commission; Jeremiah's call and commission; Ezekiel's call and commission, as also that of Paul.

Psychology teaches us to take account of the fact that the record of the inner experience when men become aware of God often contains the story of some arousing, appealing vision. At such a time no two persons ever see quite the same vision. What one sees depends upon what one is. Moses saw the presence of God in a bush that burned but was not consumed. Jacob saw the rugged hillside of his day's fearsome journey in his dream-filled night as a great staircase reaching all the way from the earth upon which he lay to the presence of a care-taking God. It was an epoch in the history of Jacob and of civilization when Jacob "awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely Jehovah is in this place; and I knew it not."

Others standing near, on the occasion of Isaiah's call and vision, may have seen the smoke in the temple rising from the burning sacrifice, but it was given to Isaiah to see more than rising smoke; he discerned the meaning of it all. He saw what physical eyes never saw, the sovereign majesty of Jehovah, whose exalted glory fills the world. Some have heard the morning stars singing together the anthems of Jehovah's praise. Isaiah heard the fullness of the whole earth singing and saying: "Holy, holy, holy, is Jehovah of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory." And Isaiah records his experience further by saying: "And the foundations of the thresholds shook at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke." It is possible that others who were in the temple

at the hour of sacrifice that day heard nothing more extraordinary than the rolling thunders of a storm passing over the city, but the remarkable fact for the centuries has been that for the spirit-illuminated soul of Isaiah "the foundations of the thresholds shook at the voice of him that cried," and who celebrated thus in tones of thunder the holiness of Jehovah of hosts.

Nothing is psychologically more natural in all Isaiah's experience than the sense of helplessness and sin which resulted from his vision of the real glory, majesty, and holiness of Jehovah. But he who wills to do Jehovah's will shall always be given the knowledge of his will, and the power to do it. Somehow there always comes from the altar of willing sacrifice the live coal which cleanses from sin and prepares for service. The essentials of the psychology of the call and commission have not changed since Isaiah's day.

Finally, inasmuch as the child Jesus "grew and waxed strong," and "advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men," a psychological analysis may be made profitably of the Master's self-consciousness just following his experience at the time of his baptism.

Such an analysis will show that Jesus possessed at that time:

1. A unique personal sense of power, and a divine approval therein.
2. A consciousness of divine commission,—a unique sense of personal mission.
3. A sense of opposition, an awareness of foes. These foes were both outer and inner, owing it would seem to the complete naturalness of his human nature. Thus it was that he could suffer and be tempted even as we are.

Together these three elements of the self-consciousness of Jesus constituted the psychological situation in which the temptations of Jesus were inevitable. The value of the record for you and me lies in the fact that psychologically similar temptations must be experienced at some time by every real

man and every real woman. Possessing such elements of self-consciousness, it was psychologically inevitable that Jesus should have been "led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil."

Space forbids me to prolong the discussion of this subject further, but I believe it to be evident that the psychological approach to the study of the Bible will result in our finding it to be the most modern book upon human life and problems to be found in the literature of men.



SONG

John Moreland

I who have prayed so long for happiness,
Now stand in fear when he is come,
Lest his strong fingers firmly press
My singing lips till they are dumb.
For I have lived with grief and known
The soothing songs that tears can bring . . .
How will it be when joy is all my own
Shall I forget to sing?

“THE BASIS OF FREEDOM”

BY MILFORD W. FOSHAY

Physical disease may be cured to stay cured, but moral disease requires the continual application of the remedial agent until that event takes place mentioned in Ecclesiastes twelve, seven. To let liberty degenerate into license is an invariable natural tendency, universally recognized; but it is not so universally recognized that the means which has rescued a people from license must be perpetually observed, else the degeneracy will begin anew.

We are the descendants of a people who, it is sometimes said, came into a state of liberty out of an irritating bondage by means of a successful rebellion, which, therefore, history records as a revolution. This was indeed the outward means of breaking loose from Mother England's apron-strings. But, like the boy or girl who executes the same master stroke in any household, an inward reason sufficiently strong to impel to action was the real cause. And in the case of our forefathers. the impelling force was not political entanglements over civil affairs. These were simply the visible manifestations. It was a question of right.

The freedom that developed from the liberty secured by the Revolution is clearly discerned as having grown with the years through the operation of certain activities and beliefs. These exercises were being clarified and enlarged constantly in the minds and consciences of those putting them in use, until their fundamental inspiration stands out today in the thought of men and women directing the highest affairs in governmental, commercial and social life with us, as essential for the continuation of freedom to its fullest extent. We need not stop to define these activities and beliefs, usually and properly designated as principles, since they are so largely subject to indi-

vidual interpretation and application (the legitimate functioning of real freedom), except to state that of old they sprang, and forever they must spring, from the basic principle of all that is enduringly beneficial. Right over against wrong.

Admitting the practice of this basic principle to have brought us nationally on our way so gloriously, it readily might be concluded that, as inheritors of those who thus early used and were blessed by it, the mere statement of this historic fact would be sufficient to keep us alive to its benefits through the performance of the same general methods of its expression, for guarding the present and preserving the future. Instead, the agencies which illustrate and impress this basic principle are now easily ignored in their salient teachings and workings. In their place, as may be seen by what is going on continuously, conditions are fostered which tend very pointedly and directly to subvert the incitement to that right doing which is absolutely necessary for preserving a state of emancipation from a bondage much more galling than a mother's apron strings—moral derogation.

This may be observed every day in a carelessness of conduct the announcement of which has already become a platitude with a few, as have statements like one recently made in public by a widely informed man: "Crime and immorality have increased three hundred per cent since the war." Nevertheless, the broadcast indifference to this among a surprisingly large number of the rank and file from whom there is a right to expect a keener appreciation and adoption of higher principles is not so fully recognized as it must be in order to arouse a course of action sufficient to overcome it.

Anyone can prove this attitude on the part of the majority by mingling with and talking to various groups of all classes. Let him who wishes to do so attach himself to a cluster of men in the smaller business enterprises, and he will probably hear one of them denounce profiteering in no uncertain terms, especially accusing large capitalists. But the rest will merely shrug

their shoulders and ask, 'Wouldn't you do it yourself, if you had the chance?' And all too often a peculiar flush of the countenance on the part of the denouncer reveals an affirmative concession, a consciousness of inner degeneracy which puts out of commission his advocacy of setting to work some kind of opposition to this morally debilitating procedure. He may even say, weakly, "Well, these big fellows ought to even things up a little, anyway." This brings a sneer, well merited, from the others, and the trend of the whole conversation adds to their moral carelessness.

Then there is the laxity of criminal courts, which has really come to be expected. It should be a matter of grave concern that so large a number of self-respecting citizens have practically lost faith in the likelihood of justice being meted out. They are becoming hardened to this more than possibility of judicial miscarriage, which of course means a loss on their part of sensitiveness to what is right. Along the same direction in by-path meadow, an increasing indifference may be noted toward such immoral tendencies as the immediate marriage of divorced persons, showing that the arrangements were made before the divorces were granted.

In short, a startling array of evidence is at hand to reveal a growing inattention to a lowering moral standard in our midst. Yet civil conditions embodying the right exercise of these movements—opportunity to get legitimate gain, the swift and sure operation of justice, sacredness of the marriage relation, and others which might be mentioned—express the principles that made possible our freedom, and the continuation of them in proper control reveals the only process by which our liberty can be maintained. As Dr. Henry Van Dyke makes one of his characters say: "The real success of a democracy—the production of a finer manhood—depends less upon mechanics than upon morale." And this morale can be obtained and retained by nothing less than the constant practice of the basic principle already laid down.

Now, it is well known to every one (taking for granted a general familiarity with all of our history) that the loose methods of procedure referred to are entirely different from the conduct toward like issues during the earlier years of our national life. Indeed, no necessity exists for going so very far back to note this. Many still vigorous in thought and action have seen and felt a decided change take place within their memory. It has become largely useless to point out these things to the majority of the persons seen every day, with the thought of altering their outlook. The attempt is met with the admonition not to be so strait-laced, or the advice to let everybody have a good time. This actually resolves itself into a protest against the endeavor to protect the real liberty enjoyed for so long. The sentiments expressed by this majority in truth become voices proclaiming the welcome presence of license.

Emphatically, the plain cause of this degeneracy affecting commercial, political and social life needs to be put forward constantly. Instead of being passed over as not quite the proper thing to mention frequently, or outside of the environment of religious service where, the assertion is often made, it alone rightly belongs. This is an artificially exclusive environment, created solely in the minds of those who wish it to be so, for the purpose of limiting its power.

Because this is so, there always must be held before the mind the fact that the basic principle on which our freedom rests is Right, a moral concept. Interference with this is Wrong, an immoral concept. What gave this moral concept its original power of operation with us as a people? the practice and attitude of a large majority of the founders of the nation toward Christian observances and what they stand for in matters of life day by day. What is giving the power of operation, which we see at work, to the immoral concept? A changed practice and attitude of the majority toward these Christian observances and their meaning. This is the plain

cause of the degeneracy referred to, a consideration of which should not be so assiduously relegated to the environment of churches, but should be set forth in common conversation as most intimately related to all our activities. Just here it may be felt and stated by some, almost impatiently, that never before have Christian principles received such advocacy for adoption in, say, commercial and civil affairs, as right now. Admitted at once; but the purpose of this article is to show that, in their application, the fact that they are *Christian* teachings is ignored by all except a very few of the ones using them. Why? For fear some one may be offended—or, perhaps, smile! Consequently, a great loss in the impression toward the basic principle is sustained. This must be remedied in order to offset the decadence in moral element which is in progress.

To bring back into common use, into ordinary conversation, Christ's teachings as related to the business and pleasure of the day, knowledge of them must be obtained in a degree not now possessed by the great majority bearing the name "Christian." Two avenues for this are already open, and they are those which gave a working knowledge of the New Testament truths to people in shop, factory and office in time past—attendance on church services, and the use of the Bible in the home. But to-day how many go to church on Sunday, relative to the population, compared with fifty, or even twenty-five years ago? Especially, how many churches are filled on Sunday evening with young men and women, and boys and girls, ages which used to be represented fully? In how many homes is the Bible studied, or its teachings given as the settlement of moral questions? In how many homes are religious questions discussed or referred to at all in the family circle, compared with past days?

The absence from religious services is often spoken and written about, and increased attendance is now noted; but the changed family life is not quite so frequently considered.

It is accepted as necessary because of the stress of the times, by which the family as a whole can get together but once a day, and not always so frequently, different members at different hours attending to different duties. Yet have those who believe in the vital importance of the religious influence in the home circle tried to meet the changed and changing conditions by adaptable processes for offsetting the undesirable ultimate results that certainly are ensuing? Some are clearly awaking to the need, many are searching for the cause of a state distinctly discerned, and, altogether, decided progress may be seen toward a drawing together in the home, on the part of a few, to consider and share in the deep things of life. And this promises just so much in the way of augmented moral stability.

Granting, then, that increased attention to Christian teachings is already begun, let us say in their public and home recognition, in church attendance during the last two or three years, in the successful attempt to have day school credits for those who receive religious instruction outside the school room, and so on; what is the effect on the general conditions under consideration? Most certainly great activity has been stirred up and is in operation to reach those who are without family and church influence, the drifting population and others belonging to definite localities, but not in dependable positions. Such classes are far from being composed of uneducated derelicts, but mingling with these are many fully capable of better things, put where they are by misfortune, too often by their own wrong or foolish actions, yet caused in the majority of cases by the absence from those influences generated in Christian observances previously mentioned.

The attempt to relieve or rescue persons of this character goes under the name of social work, and in the major part is instituted and carried on by Christians. This worthy endeavor has given rise in the case of many church members to a defection from what is called the older method, the individualistic

presentation of the way of salvation through faith, in order that social redemption ultimately may be obtained. In its place is the adoption of an idea that if the environment of the unfortunate is changed, or if an environment shall be provided that will keep people from financial distress, individual salvation will follow; or, what is said to be better, there will never be any need of salvation, persons in properly protected surroundings not having lapsed into a condition calling for it. In bringing to pass this protective state, the actual work of salvation, individual and social, intended by the Christ assuredly will be accomplished. Is this a correct conclusion, even from a philosophical, not to say biblical, standpoint?

It might be, were human nature untouched by something which is widely accepted as a natural tendency to violate the basic principle already stated as the essential foundation for freedom. Would the children of the entire body of people brought up in an environment involving the practice of this principle in all outward operations, but without putting it forward in conjunction with the direct teachings of the Christ as only the outward manifestation of an inward condition brought to pass through acceptance of Himself in His capacity as personal Saviour—would children thus environed go through life without breaking this basic principle? If so, then the position taken by Christians as a body, that personal faith in Christ's death and resurrection procures something requisite for the redemption of society and the sustenance of freedom, is an absurdity.

Now, without saying it in so many words, or clearly realizing what is being done, the putting aside of this position of Christians as a whole is exactly what many church members are setting out to the world in their social work. It is altogether a violation of that which gives the name "Christian" to people who do the major part of educational, political and commercial enterprise for the development of righteousness in society.

But is it not Pharisaical, in a measure sectarian, and alto-

gether narrow not to let the works show for themselves that they are animated by the vital teaching of Christianity, rather than announce them as proceeding from it? This interrogation receives an affirmative answer many times, is so entertained honestly in many hearts, and usually is asked with a feeling akin to irritation at the mental meagerness of the questioner. This entire article, however, is written for the express purpose of giving emphasis to the strongest negative that can be uttered to this popular attitude toward the question asked. It is the failure to set forth the particular teachings that have produced Christianity which is emasculating social work in its ultimate result. For without these direct teachings held in the public mind relapse is as sure to ensue as the next season is to come. The fact is recognized that the teachings called "Christian" aid the basic principle of Right as the foundation on which our freedom rests. To hide this in the exercise of that principle in all the walks of life is to give rein to those impulses which are always trying to overcome it.

This may often be seen more clearly when seeking to relieve the "down-and-outs" than in carrying forward social development where the workers look upon themselves as independent members of the commonwealth. In the former class it is not enough to suppose its members will see that what is done is a proof that faith without works is dead, but it is necessary to make plain the cause of action. For, if there is neglect in showing that the works are an outcome of a definitely accepted Christian faith, those assisted by the works will rejoice in the material benefits received, and not trouble themselves to look for the principle by which they were actuated. "What did you do it for?" is in the mind of every unfortunate or criminal person aided, and unless the element of righteous relationships set forth in the teachings of Christianity is stated and proved to be the animating urge, a sneer and a shrug will be all the moral (?) benefit secured by the recipient—with the determination to try and get the material benefit a second time.

No matter whether it shall be with ourselves as participants in unified social endeavor, or with those looked upon as derelicts, in the hope of restoring them to independent membership in civil life, not to show up the real source of the desire for doing a good deed is to make a slip in the act which leaves an opening that will ultimately destroy the vitality of the act itself.

Recognizing and continually making known the origin of that basic principle which, in our attitude toward and practice of its outward expression in all phases of our life, secures the perpetuity of our freedom, is no more Pharisaical, unctuous, or in any way contrary to the widest possible spirit of Christianity than it is to show Old Glory as indicative of what we mean by patriotism. And the need for showing clearly the life-producing element in good works is as great and constant as is the need for partaking daily of food for sustaining life.

Current Thought

Ethics and Metaphysics

The *Monist* for October, 1922, carries an article by Louis Arnaud Reid, of the University College of Wales, on "*Ethics, morality and metaphysical assumptions*". The author begins by discussing the possible relationships which may exist between ethics and metaphysics. He notes that the view maintained in Spinoza's rationalism, Spencer's naturalism and Bradley's idealism was that ethics is based on metaphysics. A second view, illustrated by Kant, was that metaphysics is based on ethics. "If it is not strictly true to say that Kant's metaphysics is prior to his ethics, since he denied metaphysics, it is true to say that his views, properly epistemological, on the possibility and character of metaphysics are prior both logically and temporally to his ethics". As a modern argument for the priority of ethics, he notes Professor Sorley's Gifford Lectures on "*Moral Values and the Idea of God*". A third view is that metaphysics and ethics are separate fields. The argument for metaphysics as an independent science is part of Bertrand Russell's claim for a scientific philosophy, and the claim that ethics is also independent as being based on institutions, is expressed in Sidgwick's writings.

The author dismisses the second and third views on the basis of his laboriously established metaphysical assumption that "the Universe has value which may at certain times be experienced by knowing, feeling, acting man". This thesis serves accordingly as the basis for his own way of saying that ethics, the science of moral value, depends on metaphysics which evaluates the facts of experience. But the author's metaphysics is not a moral valuation, since that would "involve an anthropomorphic view of the universe", but is some sort of a reference to an unknown (and unknowable?) order of remote and cosmic reality. The problem then becomes worded as follows: How can ethical valuations which are moral, be related to metaphysical valuations which are not moral? "Is moral good explainable in terms of a wider value which cannot itself be called good in the same sense? If it can, then ethics will be based upon metaphysics which is not itself strictly ethical (though it must include and therefore be profoundly influenced by ethical facts)".

We would say that the author was well advised in making the rest of the discussion practical rather than in attempting to "give any reasoned account of our view of the kind of metaphysics upon which ethics may be based". We do not wish to be either dull or unkind but it is our conviction that a rational presentation of an unknown and heretofore unimagined metaphysic which furnishes a cosmic value-experience without moral worth, but which includes a good universe and other moral facts, would be an

achievement more subtle than pungent. The end-purpose of all writing about morals should be the encouragement of moral life, and we must say that to this article we cannot apply the titles of two ancient New England pamphlets we once saw, and find any "*Spiritual suspenders for believers' breeches*" or "*Crumbs of comfort for chickens of the covenant*". We agree that ethics should be metaphysically grounded, but why not make the foundation wholly moral by positing a personal God and thus be clear and complete in the matter?

A Logic of Discovery

In the same issue of the *Monist* R. D. Carmichael of Illinois University presents a valuable paper on "*The Logic of Discovery*" which he defines "as the science of inference from the known to that unknown which hitherto has not been apprehended or suspected". The assumption underlying his admirable discussion is that of hunger and thirst for new knowledge. This is indeed the fundamental and necessary attitude, but unfortunately it cannot always be taken for granted. We have for some time felt that as for the Scholastics knowledge was complete and logic was a discipline in rearranging the furniture, so today Fundamentalists consider revelation complete and so make their theology largely a process of hoeing last year's potato patch. On such a basis it is obviously not possible to effect a method for determining new ideas inasmuch as notice has been served on Deity that his laws of thought whereby men apprehended His revelation in the first place are not now operative for lack of ability and material, and new-born minds in these days must catch their share of revelation by transfer of ideas—a process which most of us believe to be contrary to the human mind's inherent activities.

The author makes an excellent point by saying that a logic of discovery "is not necessarily a logic of demonstration". In this connection and in support of the author, we are moved to quote from Josiah Royce's introduction to H. Poincare's "*Foundations of Science*" some incisive observations on the general subject of constructive thought. He observes that "the result of the book is a substantial justification of the scientific utility of theoretical construction—an abandonment of dogma, but a vindication of the rights of the constructive reason". He then says that "the useful hypotheses of science are of two kinds: (1) the hypotheses which are valuable precisely because they are either verifiable or else refutable through a definite appeal to the tests furnished by experiences; and (2) the hypotheses which, despite the fact that experience suggests them, are valuable despite or even because of the fact that experience can neither confirm nor refute them. . . . Without principles which at every stage transcend precise confirmation through such experience as is then accessible the organization of experience is impossible".

This article deserves extended consideration and is an admirable treatise on an admitted lack in traditional logic.

"Der Euckenbund"

The Editor was delighted to receive recently from Professor Eucken of Jena a letter expressive of personal good-will and professional interest in Personalism. In view of the unavoidable suspension of relations during the war, so pleasant a renewal of an established friendship was gratifying indeed.

The item of particular interest to our readers was the Professor's description of the Eucken societies which have been formed in local groups for the dissemination of Eucken's influence in national thought. The central office at Jena publishes a monthly paper in German and expects to issue an English edition in the near future. The leading article in the October issue is on "Our spiritual condition and its challenge", and the world-notes contain a gracious reference to *THE PERSONALIST*. This wholesomely legitimate propaganda is not limited to Germany alone but is consciously directed to "the uplifting of the spiritual life of all humanity", and has already established a few local groups in neighboring countries. Professor Eucken's recent book on "*The Problem of Life in China and Europe*" has been printed in both German and Chinese, and he has established significant and developing spheres of philosophical interest in Japan, China and India. It is his wish to carry to all spiritual liberals the appeal that "it is indeed urgently necessary that we work together to combat the spiritual crisis in which the whole of humanity is at present involved".

So admirable a purpose as this society expresses will at once commend itself to all of our readers, however their individual and philosophical appreciations may be worded. International relations can only be cemented by community of interest and such a bond will be fortified by the aid which a unifying spiritual interpretation can supply to the finally decisive compulsions of economic necessity.

Grounding Theistic Belief

It is something of a commonplace for a dualist to observe that matter and mind constitute our two orders of reality and that there is a problem of certainty in each order. The solution for the physical is not difficult for there is no problem of error. Rocks, hammers and flowers are neither right nor wrong. Whether the physical material be in natural or artificial form, it is equally incapable of being anything but something physical. In the world of mind, on the other hand, there is error consequent upon the unavoidably individual interpreting and deciding activities of emotion, reason, conscience and will, acting apart or together. Here we have uncertainty and personal equations. It is here that probability assumes control and we act by faith as if unprovable matters were proved to be so. For example, the existence of God.

The formulation of arguments which will not prove God but will reinforce our needy insight by disclosing the necessity for thought of assuming his existence, is an age-old endeavor to which Professor John Baillie addresses himself in *The Hibbert Journal* for October, 1922. He of course discusses

the ontological, cosmological and teleological arguments but appraises them as inferior in that they simply establish the rational need of a first cause, whereas Plato and Aristotle tried to establish that soul is primary and that the first cause was not only rationally needed but was itself rational.

The method of reasoning with Plato by analogy from the control of our minds over our material bodies to the necessity of assuming the control of a divine mind over the material world, is dismissed by Professor Baillie as being refuted by the impossibility of reaching religious belief on a scientific basis. Science does not interfere with such belief; it simply does not supply it. Plato's further argument that since every event is traceable to mind, the world as a whole must be similarly explained, is dismissed with mention of difficulties and with the observation that it is not the real reason. This he finds in conscience rather than in theoretical speculations more or less founded upon natural science. "The reason why man believes in God is that he cannot think out the meaning of life along the lines of the clue given him in his sense of moral value without supposing God's existence".

It is impressive to observe the earnestness with which students of life are addressing themselves to this problem. Several recent magazines have carried articles on the general subject, as, for example, the paper by Eugene W. Lyman in the September *Journal of Religion* on "*The Rationality of Belief in the Reality of God*". Continually, also, there is unwritten current thinking. In view of all this we do not cherish the illusion that it devolves upon us to write the final word but we would like to suggest that Professor Baillie is right in requiring that whatever proof there be should depend for validity upon moral sanctions in general and fundamentally-stated spiritual appreciations in particular. God's existence will be proved, if at all, to one interpreting mind at a time, on a moral basis, the proof being an insight into newly-discovered Creativity.

CLAUDE G. BEARDSLEE.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

In a French Garden

It was just when the braver suns of June had begun to cope successfully with the storm clouds of winter and spring. On every hand there were the blooming evidences that the spongy earth of the Burgundian hillsides had profited by the daily showers that had transformed the army quarters into wallowing seas of mud. The winter of discontent had flown, and behind the delightful experience of spring at high tide was the more tenderly wistful thought of early home-going. The walk through the vineyards of the Côte d'Or was a pageant of triumph. The eye was assailed by embattled hosts of color. On the far hills there were long green strips of vineyard with the alternating gold of mustard fields and, low lying in the meadows, seas of red from poppies like those of Flanders. At our feet were bluebells and panicles of orange and purple. Across the vineyards were the songs of children and of larks and the hum of bees. Could there have been more auspicious introduction to the feudal estate and Chateau of Savigny les Beaune!

Within the park itself was a wonderful brook of many streams and numerous waterfalls. An ancient fisherman with rod sturdy enough for a Catalina tuna, answered our hail with the cryptic word "truites". Embedded in the walls about the *petit chateau*, now used for servants' quarters, were stone sculptures dating from the Roman occupation. Over the garden gate of the larger castle were engraved these words: "Si quis in hoc mundo vult vivere corde jocondo vadat Savignas sumere delicias". Now we can make no boast either of our Latin or our French, but to us this meant, "If anyone in this world desires to live with a happy heart let him hasten to choose charming Savigny". Even such was the garden of our delight, and such it had been apparently long before the building of this chateau or ever the draw-bridge had clanged across the foss which was dug to protect it. That very day the master of the Chateau lay dead within its walls and had given place to another.

The passing generations come and go like the flower but the sources of joy are perpetual and unfading. The flowers upon the hillside, the larks amid the sky, the happy voices of vineyard children, the evidences of man's love and man's achievement, these outlast man himself.

As we passed through the gate, the breath of lilacs was heavy in the lengthening shadows of evening.

The Scotch Verdict

A lawyer of international reputation, Lord Shaw, in a recent visit to this country, when addressing an American audience, spoke of the possible value of the Scotch jury system in its bearing on the present unsatisfactory opera-

tion of our jury laws. He is a Dunfermline man like Andrew Carnegie and a graduate of Edinburgh University. The Scotch system allows a verdict to come from a majority of the jury, so that Scotch juries are not subject like ours, to being "hung up." Besides having verdicts of "Guilty" and "Not Guilty", moreover, they are allowed to return a verdict of "Not proven". Fifty years ago the word "proven" was not used outside of this legal connection, and Scotch boys were warned to avoid it as a provincialism. But to-day it is used and heard everywhere. The classical term is of course "proved". Will the Scotch majority verdict system win out in the same way in the next fifty years?

JAMES MAIN DIXON.

James Harvey Robinson's "Preoccupation"

Are we bound to get rid of the convictions that were imposed on us as vital before we can enter on real knowledge and culture? For instance, is the "dogma" of the Fatherhood of God to be regarded as a thing to be discarded as an outworn belief which gives us only the attitude of "preoccupation"; that is, something in the way of higher and fuller knowledge? Such is the teaching and phraseology of a recent writer, James Harvey Robinson, in a book that is being widely read to-day, "*The Mind in the Making*". Practically this philosophy of getting rid of Preoccupation means discarding the inheritance of our Christianity and our Americanism and accepting a *tabula rasa* international, non-religious attitude. But the last and most precious thing in our cherished civilization is this very "preoccupation" of moral and spiritual instincts received in our childhood from believing parents and teachers; instincts beyond the merely rational and intellectual. Such symbolism as the rite of Baptism indicates truths of a vital kind that are above the merely rational range of thought.

J. M. D.

"The Will to Believe"

The phrase "the will to believe", so over-used by German philosophy in the past is still misapplied and misunderstood to our world to-day. Listen to well-intentioned young men speaking of religion, and they speak of a change to a religious life as something coming under the will-to-believe; as if it were wholly an individual choice. And yet they have been born Christians and in most cases have been baptised and received into the Christian church. What about God's will, which comes as a irresistible force and a power through prayer, subduing and absorbing our own wills? Either God's will is a mere meaningless term, or it should replace in a multiplicity of cases the over-used phrase the "will-to-believe". In the words of Tennyson, found in one of our church hymns:

"Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine."

J. M. D.

The Southwest Philosophical Association

The sixth semi-annual meeting of the Southwest Philosophical Association took place in the seminar room of the Hoose Library of Philosophy, University of Southern California, on Saturday, November 11th.

After a business session, in which it was decided to continue the present officers and to enlarge the scope of work and membership, a paper on *The Concept of Independence in the New Realism* was read by Dean Rieber of the University of California, Southern Branch, and also one on *The Knowledge of Other Minds*, by Dr. Henry Nelson Wieman of Occidental College.

After a discussion of the papers, an executive committee was appointed to consider an enlarged scope for future activity of the society. This committee consists of Ralph Tyler Flewelling, University of Southern California, President; Henry Nelson Wieman, Occidental College, Secretary-Treasurer; Bernard C. Ewer, Pomona College; Dean C. H. Rieber of University of California, Southern Branch; and Dr. Carl S. Patton, Los Angeles.

Personalists and Eisler's *Handwörterbuch*

The second edition of Rudolf Eisler's *Handwörterbuch der Philosophie*, edited by Richard Muller-Freienfels, has recently appeared (Berlin, E. S. Mittler & Sohn, 1922). In the preface, the editor calls attention to numerous changes in the second edition. Personalists will be interested in the following paragraph:

"Important additions were occasioned by the marked development of recent tendencies of thought, the terminology of which had to be included. I mention only neo-vitalism, phenomenology, psycho-analysis, personalism, psycho-technics, the theory of relativity, etc."

EDGAR S. BRIGHTMAN.

Along the Bookshelf

Defining History

HISTORY, ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE, by BENEDETTO CROCE, authorized translation by DOUGLAS AINSLIE, Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1921. pp. 317.

We have rarely read so gripping a book as Croce's *History*. With sound logic and intellectual brilliancy he sweeps away misconceptions that have long held sway and sets out in modern and convincing terms his theory of history.

He distinguishes clearly between history and chronicle, we think unanswerably, though there will be many in violent disagreement with his viewpoint. History has too long for human culture been held as a passionless chronicle of events, valuable because passionless. Croce shows that such is not in any true sense history because it does not enable us to live again the thoughts and situations of the past, to understand motives and the ruling forces which drive human events. Too frequently do we have the repetition of events, the chronicling of battles, of diplomacies, of dynasties, with no inkling of the sentiments and feelings, the humanities which make history. One can not know history without knowing the history of thought and one can not know the history of thought without an intellectual culture which makes him sympathetically understanding.

For this reason there is justification of so-called special histories. He who has deep convictions or has made individual discoveries and is able to link them up with the past is by very reason of his convictions most able to enter into the spirit and understanding of that past. Thus Croce goes against a very common misconception of our time, that the man with no system of his own and no convictions is best fitted to give the student a true conception of history. The back-ground of his own conviction makes it living and furnishes a standard of judgment while the so-called broad method of teaching without expressed convictions leaves the whole subject confusing and dead. One should not, however, fall into the modern habit of imagining history from the standpoint of a scientific, religious, or philosophical dogma. A great percentage of the writing of the present generation will have to be discarded because of this practice of "quasi-history".

"Indeed, constructions of this sort are really nothing but classificatory schemes, from the more simple to the more complex. Their terms are obtained by abstract analysis and generalization, and their series appears to the imagination as a history of the successive development of the more complex from the more simple. Their right to exist as classificatory schemes is incontestable, and their utility is also incontestable, for they avail themselves of the imagination to assist learning and to aid the memory.

"This only becomes contestable when they are estranged from themselves, lose their real nature, lay claim to illegitimate functions, and take their imaginary historicity too seriously. We find this in the metaphysic of naturalism, especially in *evolutionism*, which has been its most recent form. This is due, not so much to the men of science (who are as a rule cautious and possess a more or less clear consciousness of the limits of those schemes and series) as to the dilettante scientists and dilettante philosophers to whom we owe the many books that undertake to narrate the origin of the world, and which, aided by the acrisia of their authors, run on without meeting any obstacle, from the cell, indeed from the nebula, to the French Revolution, and even to the socialist movements of the nineteenth century. 'Universal histories,' and therefore cosmological romances (as we have already remarked in relation to universal histories), are composed, not of pure thought, which is criticism, but of thought mingled with imagination, which finds its outlet in myths. It is useless to prove in detail that the evolutionists of today are creators of myths, and that they weary themselves with attempts to write the first chapters of Genesis in modern style (their description is more elaborate), but they confuse such description with history in a manner by no means inferior to that of Babylonian or Israelitish priests."

It has remained for Croce to show the relationship of the Wells type of history with the milk and water pseudo-history of the past generation, history written in the interest of a prejudice.

"Universal history really tries to form a picture of all the things that have happened to the human race, from its origins upon the earth to the present moment. Indeed, it claims to do this from the origin of things, or the creation, to the end of the world, since it would not otherwise be truly universal. Hence its tendency to fill the abyss of prehistory and of the origins with theological or naturalistic fictions and to trace somehow the future, either with revelations and prophecies, as in Christian universal history (which went as far as Antichrist and the Last Judgment), or with previsions, as in the universal histories of positivism, democratism, and socialism."

Most interesting is his history of historiography, dealing with the work of the periods, Graeco-Roman, Medieval, Renaissance, Enlightenment, Romanticism, Positivism and the present day.

In looking about he does not yet discover that new philosophy "which shall lay the foundations and at the same time afford justification for the new historiography by solving the antithesis between imaginative romanticism and materialistic positivism" but continues: "In the philosophy that we have delineated, reality is affirmed to be spirit, not such that it is above the world or wanders about the world, but such as coincides with the world; and

nature has been shown as a moment and a product of this spirit itself, and therefore the dualism (at least that which has troubled thought from Thales to Spencer) is superseded, and transcendency of all sorts, whether materialistic or theological in its origin, has also been superseded with it. Spirit, which is the world, is the spirit which develops, and is therefore both one and diverse, an eternal solution and an eternal problem, and its self-consciousness is philosophy, which is its history, or history, which is its philosophy, each substantially identical with the other; and consciousness is identical with self-consciousness—that is to say, distinct and one with it at the same time, as life and thought This is the philosophy of our time, which is the initiator of a new philosophical and historiographical period.” Which is comforting language for the ears of a personalist. So thoroughly do we find ourselves in agreement with this masterly treatment of history that it seems picayunish to point a single flaw. The point that strikes us most harshly is that error and evil are “necessary for the concreteness of the reality of the spirit,” and “for this reason evil is eternal and indestructible, and to destroy it by abstraction is equivalent to imagining the death of the spirit.” This seems to us too much of a failure to discriminate between the possibility and the presence of evil. The possibility of evil is the *foundation* of character, its actual existence is destruction.

The book is unusually well translated and the presswork is pleasing. No cultured man can afford not to own this book.

The Drift from Mechanism

EARLY CIVILIZATION, an Introduction to Anthropology by ALEXANDER A. GOLDENWEISER. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1922, pp. xiv-428.

There are many indications of a drift in scientific thinking away from the cocksureness and dogmatism of a mechanistic and materialistic theory. Goldenweiser gives illustrious example of a scientist who is able to think in terms of relation and who has the courage of his convictions. It is well for science and for philosophy that this should be so, for the fertility of a single idea is not inexhaustible. We have been for more than fifty years under the dominance of a single brilliant conception, that of material evolution. Our science has labored to bring forward all proofs to sustain the theory, our most vital religious writing has had the purpose of compromise and adjustment. Even our history has seemed to gather its full meaning from the light of this single dogma. The history of civilization has been one of the principal fields of its exploitation. Valuable as it has been in the advancement of knowledge, there are many evidences that it has done its work and that the time is ripe to look at the facts from the standpoint of reality rather than from that of any theory however good. We detect spring in the atmosphere of Goldenweiser's book.

He shocks our prejudices first by calling attention to our slander of the so-called primitive races. He shows the fallacy lying in the assumption of race superiority. Our patronizing attitude toward the art of other races is disclosed as unwarranted. The theory of racial inferiority and the conclusions we have drawn for our favorite scientific dogma are disclosed as without foundation. Too long have we depended upon the material in our attempted explanation of the progress of civilization, thinking to find the heart of that progress in heredity and environment.

The non-transmissible nature of acquired characteristics has given the deathblow to the first presumption and a study of the facts shows the inadequateness of the second.

"In the case of religion and art", he writes, "the dependence on environmental factors is almost disappearingly small Contrary to what one so often hears, neither social nor political structure seem to be significantly correlated with environmental factors That physical environment is not to be disregarded in any historic study of a civilization is obvious enough, but no physical environment can in itself be held responsible for producing a definite type of civilization, nor can any environment, barring extremes, prevent a civilization from developing For all things considered, civilization is dynamic, a thing of growth and development; while environment is comparatively inert and static The basic formative factors of all civilization are these: creativeness of the individual, which is responsible for the origination of cultural forms; psychological and sociological inertia, which determines institutionalism and cultural stability; and the historic relations between human groups, which bring stimuli for change and determine the dissemination and exchange of ideas and commodities. It will be seen that these factors are psychological, sociological, historical, but not physical-environmental".

The author displays the untenability of the Spencerian theories of early mentality which hang about the notions of fear as the root of all religion, ghosts and future life as springing from dreams, and religious ceremonialism from ancestor worship. He points the artificiality of Spencer's explanation of animal worship by the famous theory of the misinterpretation of nick-names, and adds:

"The derivation of all spirits from ghosts is no less artificial It is equally doubtful whether fear constituted the most conspicuous ingredient of the emotion at the root of earliest religion. The ethnographic evidence decidedly contradicts the assumption that ancestor worship was the earliest form of worship, for nowhere is the cult of ancestors found among most primitive tribes; while its more developed forms do not make their appearance until relatively high civilizations are reached, such as those of Polynesia and Melanesia."

Of the insecure scientific basis of Freud's assumptions, he makes clear exposure.

"It is not clear why magic and religion and science, as successive historic eras, should be likened to stages of sex development rather than to the corresponding ideological transformations of the individual".

Of Freud's theory of totemism he writes:

"Totemic sacrifice is a phenomenon practically unknown to ethnologists. Robertson Smith's "instances" were all based on reconstructed material. It is thus a highly arbitrary procedure on the part of Freud to accept speculative evidence merely because it meets the needs of his theoretical structure and in the face of the rejection of such evidence by those familiar with early institutions".

The idea of a primitive Cyclopean family is shown to be a figment and he adds:

"To assume a condition which is psychologically improbable and remains unsupported by ethnographic data, is to transgress the bounds of permissible speculation. There still remains one vital criticism, which leaves the theory hanging in the air, as it were, without any foundation whatsoever in the known facts of history or biology. But by what means can these facts be brought into relation with those subsequent historic phenomena of society, religion, morality and art, the root of all of which Freud posits in that ancient enactment of the Oedipus complex in a tragic social setting? Freud does not utilize tradition, "social inheritance", as the link between the generations. What link, then, does he assume? That of a racial unconscious, propagated by inheritance from generation to generation and enriched on its way by the psychological and cultural experiences of its temporary human carriers. In this mechanism, which is but a revival of the theory of the inheritance of acquired characters, lies the dynamic principle of the racial unconscious, and with it stands or falls most of what psychoanalysts have contributed to the interpretation of social science.

"But modern biology turns a deaf ear to the claims of use inheritance. In the light of what the biologist knows and does not know, this alleged process is naught but "inheritance by magic", to use Kroeber's phrase. For all we know or can convincingly assume, one generation receives nothing from its precursor beyond the general psycho-physical inheritance of the race, plus the accumulated civilizational possessions acquired through education and the other channels of cultural transfer.

"The assumption of a psychic continuity between the generations is but an alluring fantasy and the willingness to accept it as true, in the face of contradictory historic and biologic evidence, may well be regarded as a curious example of that omnipotence of thought which Freud regards as characteristic of the psychic life of primitive man and of the neurotic".

Thus as he declares when psychoanalysis ascribes reluctance to accept its tenets to repression and resistance, Freud "applies psychoanalysis to explain—and explain away—objections to it. Thus is the new psychology rendered unassailable".

We have quoted only from the philosophical portions of the book. The study of early civilizations, while not exhaustive and complete, is representative. It seems well to find a book which approaches the subject from a vital and unhackneyed standpoint.

THE GROUND AND GOAL OF HUMAN LIFE, by CHARLES GRAY SHAW, Professor of Ethics, New York University. New York University Press, New York City. Pp. xii-593.

Scientific dogma and methodology has written itself deeply into most forms of modern thought. Mechanism has been our sole test of truth and value. Scientific discovery has created machines that have reduced work from the plane of thought to the lower centers of nervous reaction. A "science" of sociology tends to produce the same woodenness of action in society and still further to deplete the worth and standing of personality. How are we to escape the mesh of machine-made work, machine-made thought and machine-made action? This question is most profoundly and exhaustively discussed by Charles Gray Shaw in his book, *The Ground and Goal of Human Life*. The high value of the book lies in its fearless facing of human problems, its singularly critical attitude toward a misleading "scientism" and its positive note looking toward clearer solutions.

He writes:—

"For a century we have accustomed ourselves to consider the 'scientific' as a final authority, just as we have accepted the verdict of the 'social' as the decision of the highest human court. What is error? That which is unscientific. What is sin? That which is unsocial."

"Our modern naturalism, instead of arising in a spirit of complete disinterestedness, which has been the alleged glory of science, has proceeded hand in hand with the direct interests of an age which has been persuaded that nature was able to satisfy the wants of the human heart. If the principles of modern science had not been calculated to found and enhance the industrial ideal, would modern physics, chemistry, and biology have been so assiduously cultivated?"

"We live in an age where we no longer desire to perfect the exterior world through art, where we are no longer anxious to elevate the soul above nature, but where we are bent upon getting profit out of material existence. Hence, success and science go hand in hand, while older and worthier syntheses are discarded for this newer one, which has promised to be more satisfactory. . . . As a life ideal, 'success' cannot be said to express any fundamental need of the human soul."

He thus compares the psychological standpoint of today with that of the past:—

“The greater psychologists have passed away, leaving their imitators to repeat and refine the original data. With the consciousness that the empirical field of ordinary, uncultivated consciousness has been more than sufficiently tilled, the most advanced psychologist now shows a disposition to depart from the habitual realm of investigation and thus look into the infra-introspective and supra-introspective. As a result, the psychology of the animal mind and the psychology of the religious and social forms of consciousness have arisen. Psychologism is thus getting beyond itself” . . .

“In more than one way, the present age resembles the period of Sophistry among the ancients. The hurried generalization of the physical philosophers and the narrow synthesis which they cast about humanity was met by Anaxagoras and Gorgias in somewhat the same way that physical and social thinking have been opposed by egoists from Schlegel to Nietzsche. Can we deny that our age of individualism has repeated the maxim, Man is the measure of all things? Can we hide from ourselves the fact that our need, like theirs, is the need of a Socrates who shall give us the clue to the higher synthesis we need?” . . .

“To consider the calculated effects of the new physics and the new biology, whereby the earth was dethroned and man relegated to the animal order, would seem to promise the dawning of a new and most destructive morality. Under the auspices of the elder view of the world and man, it was not difficult to impose upon humanity a peculiar sense of moral obligation, just as it was quite possible to arouse within a certain sense of moral dignity. With the earth in a strategic position in nature and with man in a superior attitude, the august principles of consciousness and duty could easily be promulgated; but, with both earth and humanity degraded, it is not so easy to understand how scientism could continue to uphold and enforce the old morals”.

The end of these generalizations of scientism has brought our thinking to this pass:—

“Psychology without a soul and sociology without a self, these are the delicious products of our scientism. In justice to these amiable forms of modern scientism, it may perhaps be suggested that the ardent devotee of psychosis and society had no sufficient conception of the self which he was so rashly casting out; the Enlightenment had done no more than the psychological self with the abstract soul of Descartes, while it had viewed the social self as though it were indeed the stark *ego* of Hobbes. Psychology and sociology was either unable or unwilling to realize that the *ego* of Fichte placed its self-

hood upon something more forceful than a Cartesian '*I think*', or that the *ego* of Stirner was more like the real man than the self-loving *ego* of Hobbes. The victory of psychologico-sociological scientism was an easy one; such scientism conquered but the enfeebled ideas of a past age; when now the soul is the vigorous self-asserting thing of individualism and the self an equally militant *ego* in the social order, the psychological, sociological veto has little authority or power. Psychosis is far from being enough to satisfy the demands of the self which has the psychosis; the soul-state is itself possessed of a content which demands consistent treatment; the soul-state has essence, character, and inward meaning".

"For the possession of one's own soul-states, it is necessary to have something more than either consciousness or self-consciousness. Mere consciousness is so much psychosis, and as such, it does not belong to the *ego* which experiences it; self-consciousness, while more promising, yields no more than the consciousness of the *ego* as that of one element among others. Although the first among equals, the self-conscious *ego* may exercise no right of eminent domain over that which goes on within him. . . . It may still be asserted that they have their own meaning for him whose they are and whom they serve. To suffer the intimate soul-state to exhaust itself physically upon things and socially upon others, without allowing it to sustain some genuine meaning to him who experiences it, is to indulge in bad introspection in the course of which no meaning of that soul-state is lost. Now, the desire to make man's soul-states physical and social, without allowing them to be personal, is the one thing which scientism has expressed; against this de-personalization, all individualism has protested".

But the work is so extensive and so thorough that no adequate idea of its importance can be given in the space of a review like this. It will bring profound satisfaction to those whose minds look out past the limitations in which mechanism has bound so many modern thinkers.

The New Physics

WITHIN THE ATOM, a popular view of electrons and quanta by JOHN MILLS. D. Van Nostrand Co., New York, 1922, pp. xiii-215.

This exceedingly valuable and vital book gives the late conclusions in popular form regarding the atom. One rubs his eyes and wonders if the ancient Pythagorean system of numbers and the "perfect form" has returned to the field of scientific speculation. For speculation it must be called as the author attempts to fill in with the imagination processes which are more or less invisible and but partially known.

One thing is certain, the atom has undergone a change of meaning from the old Greek days when it meant merely, as the word signifies, the smallest and indivisible unit of matter. We now learn that it is a small universe in itself, the nucleus of electron and proton in a high state of instability and with continuous threats of violent activity.

The author has the scientific scorn of animism which is characteristic of the times but is led in the deeper passages to depend upon it when he writes of desires and satisfactions as a way of explaining the startling activity which takes place between atoms. We do not object to this animism, we only do not wish to be denied, by science, the right to use the same terms of human value as reality when we come to matters of life and theology. Under the circumstances we do not know how the author could have better expressed the known facts than by the use of these terms. When, however, he speaks of a neurotic condition of the atom we protest that the figure of speech introduces ideas which tend to confuse rather than make clear. In this case, as when he talks of a sort of atomic "heaven", it would have been better for him to be true to his pretended horror of an animistic bias. Animism is not the worst crime of an educated man but it surely approaches crime when it is set forth as unscientific for the scientific occasion.

One will find in the book a clear bold setting of the most recent theories and discoveries concerning the atom. The author faces the future and is not afraid to challenge consequences.

It is interesting to find him adopting the newer theory of gravitation thus:

"Weight is but a particular kind of force and force itself is an entirely subjective concept without any objective reality. Whatever may be the character of the alteration in the relative motions of the bodies of a system the alteration is but the manifestation of a change in the disposition and availability of that uncomprehended motive power of our universe which we call energy."

And again:

"Within the last twenty years the whole basis for our conception of matter has changed. Today we know no matter but only electricity. Our atoms are no longer "uncut" but are complex structures of protons and electrons. Their masses are due to the protons and their chemical behavior to the planetary electrons which encircle the nucleus. . . . Such is the matter with which the new science deals. All phenomena of matter, such as cohesion, vaporization, capillarity, elasticity, heat conductivity, light and heat radiation or photochemical effects, must finally be explained in terms of a matter which is granular in structure and electrical in character. Unfortunately there remain today wide gaps in our knowledge. The first step, however, toward an appreciation of what is known is the consideration of those phenomena usually classified under the term "electricity".

The work is of special value to the student of philosophy, and indeed to the person of ordinary culture who wishes to know the advances being made in the investigation of matter, the recent discoveries and the latest theories concerning them. The work has already had one revision.

A Bowne Memorial Volume

STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY, by former students of BORDEN PARKER BOWNE, edited by E. C. Wilm. The Abingdon Press, New York City, 1922. Pp. 268.

This memorial volume to Borden Parker Bowne will be eagerly seized upon by the men who have come into actual touch with a noble and inspiring teacher. Most of the essays contained therein are of permanent value and show a true philosophical grasp. This is especially true of the article of Dr. Brightman entitled "*Neo-realistic Theories of Value*". We do not recall having seen a more keen analysis of neo-realism than this. He pushes the battle to the gates with something of the relentlessness of his great master and leaves no standing ground for the enemy. Yet he is exceedingly careful to deal fairly in his attack and keeps himself from narrow prejudices. Speaking of Perry's Neo-Realism he describes the "nub of the matter" thus:—

"Professor Perry is after all unwilling to go outside the categories of the physical sciences for his account of consciousness, and yet does not wish to admit that this logically shuts him up to naturalism."

His showing up of the philosophic attempt to have one's cake and eat it is unusually clear and convincing.

The essay on "*A Truly Catholic Spirit*" by Doremus A. Hayes sets forth facts of the utmost moment to the followers of Wesley in a day when a vociferous minority are appealing to Wesley's spirit in complete ignorance of what that spirit was. But the essay seems a bit of a misfit in a volume intended to set forth philosophy.

Dr. Knudson's essay on "*Religious Apriorism*" is a profound examination of a present very strong movement in religious thought for the most part connected with the name of Ernst Troeltsch in Germany.

Bishop McConnell in his own inimitable way sets forth the probable attitude Bowne would take toward the social questions of the present hour.

Dr. Van Riper offers an essay on "*Some Epistemological Premises*," while Herbert A. Youtz writes on "*Democratizing Theology*".

The work does not keep up an equal standard throughout and some of the essays seem to be inappropriate for a memorial volume. Many lovers of Bowne will regret the tardiness of the volume, eleven years after his death, when the psychological opportunity of setting his great work before the world has passed.

One regrets likewise the apparent tone of apology for Bowne on the part of the editor who in his introduction denies all the purposes for which a memorial volume should stand. While every former student of Bowne will desire to own the book, we believe that most of them will be disappointed. That type of academic "breadth" which fears to express appreciation or enthusiasm is very much with us, but it carries very little conviction and exerts but a feeble influence.

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- MIRACLES AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY, by E. ROMILLY MICKLEM. Published by Oxford University Press, New York, 1922. Pp. 143.
- THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRAYER, by C. K. MAHONEY. Published by The Abingdon Press, New York, 1922. Pp. 124.
- SENECA, by RICHARD MOTT GUMMERE. Published by Marshall Jones Company, Boston, 1922. Pp. xi and 150.
- THE IDEA OF EINSTEIN'S THEORY, by J. H. THIRRING. Published by Robert McBride and Company, New York, 1922. Pp. 166.
- THE PSYCHIC LIFE OF INSECTS, by E. L. BOUVIER. Published by The Century Company, New York, 1922. Pp. xvi and 377.
- LA FILOSOFIA DI GIOVANNI GENTILE, by EMILIO CHIOCCHETTI. Published by Societa Editrice "Vita E Pensiero", Milan. Pp. xvi and 475.
- RELIGIONE E SCIENZA, by FR. AGOSTINO GEMELLI. Published by Societa Editrice "Vita E Pensiero", Milan, 1922. Pp. x and 370.
- THE EVOLUTION OF KNOWLEDGE, by GEORGE SHANN. Published by Longmans Green and Company, New York, 1922. Pp. vi and 100.
- SCHOLARSHIP AND SERVICE, by NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1921. Pp. xii and 399.
- A FAITH THAT ENQUIRES, by SIR HENRY JONES. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York, 1922. Pp. viii and 278.
- PROGRESS AND SCIENCE, by ROBERT SHAFER. Published by Yale University Press, New Haven, 1922. Pp. x and 243.
- THE POETIC MIND, by F. C. PRESCOTT. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York, 1922. Pp. xx and 308.
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- THE PSYCHIC HEALTH OF JESUS, by WALTER E. BUNDY. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York, 1922. Pp. ix and 299.
- AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY, by WILHELM WINDELBAND. translated by Joseph McCabe. Published by Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1921. Pp. 365.
- THE GRAND STRATEGY OF EVOLUTION, by WILLIAM PATTEN. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston, 1920. Pp. xviii and 430.
- THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE, A PLAIN STORY SIMPLY TOLD, edited by J. ARTHUR THOMSON. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1922. Vol. I. Pp. xviii and 296.
- HUMAN NATURE AND CONDUCT, by JOHN DEWEY. Published by Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1922. Pp. vii and 336.

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To the Gentle Personalist

THE family of Personalist friends grows steadily and this growth comes largely through the appreciation and thoughtfulness of present subscribers who pass the good word along. Do not forget that in sending in your renewal you can add a new friend for a year for an additional dollar. Letters from abroad indicating cooperation and forthcoming articles have been received since the last issue from Benedetto Croce, James Lindsay, H. Wildon Carr, and F. C. S. Schiller. This expression of interest and friendliness means much for the future of THE PERSONALIST. Among many words of commendation the following one touched us most deeply as coming from an intellectual father:

"Congratulations on the rank already attained by THE PERSONALIST! What will it be when its first Jubilee is celebrated!

WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN.

Our fairest wish for every 'Gentle Personalist' is that on the verge of his ninetieth birthday each might be as intellectually youthful and in touch with the spirit of his times as Dr. Warren. What a gift is age under such circumstances!

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THE PASSING OF EDUCATIONAL FIATISM

BORDEN PARKER BOWNE

Fiatism is a disease to which unsteady minds are subject. It consists essentially in the fancy that we can make things over to suit ourselves by renaming them. Whatever we call a thing that it is. Some years ago many persons thought it possible to make paper valuable by printing promises to pay on it and calling it money. Strangely enough, when we were about through with fiatism in finance it broke out in education, where it raged with special fierceness, even among college presidents and faculties. Educational values were matters of fiat, and educational stock watering became the order of the day. Scholars of the old school listened with amazement to the fiatistic utterances, and their feeling changed to dismay and indignation when those utterances began to produce their appropriate fruit of diplomaed illiteracy.

One of Mr. Lincoln's stories contains the decisive criticism of all fiatism. A certain teacher used to ask his pupils how many legs a dog has if you call his tail a leg. They would say five, of course, and then he would roar, "No, a dog has four legs. Calling a tail a leg doesn't make it a leg." The old pedagogue was right, and his wisdom is being recognized. A goodly company of educational prophets have been calling tails legs, but doubts have begun to invade, and some have even ventured to deny that tails are legs, whatever they may be called.

Plainly the time is once more favorable for the discussion of educational values. In the generation just passed we were overawed by the great development of the physical sciences and the commercialism and Philistinism that went with it. This is fast changing and educational perspective is being restored. The college is emerging from eclipse and is taking its place again as the center of gravity of our higher education.

For the better understanding of this subject it should be noted that in America the studies of the schools fall into three classes—elementary, college and professional studies. Of the necessity of the first and third class there is no question. Without the elementary studies we have no provision for the beginning of an intellectual life, and without the professional studies the professions obviously cannot exist. There is, however, a standing doubt in popular thought concerning the value of the second class, the college studies, and there seems to be much uncertainty in the educational world as to their worth, and even as to their aim. Accordingly we find a demand in many quarters that the college shall be modified so as to become vocational or at least be greatly shortened. And now and then we hear the prophecy that in the course of time the college must go as useless. Not long ago a distinguished university president proposed to shorten the college course to two years, a proposition which he would probably be unwilling to repeat to-day. Against such views reaction has set in. When a college course is what it should be, President Lowell declares, four years are none too long for the work. And the danger to the college, he says, is not from making the course too long, but from making it worthless. Thus the importance and, from a higher standpoint, the great utility of the college are vindicating themselves in educational thought.

The aim of the college has generally been described as the giving of a liberal education, which is by definition the education of a freeman. It goes back, therefore, to the early classical times when society was divided into slaves and freemen and

when there was only vocational training for the slave and liberal education for the freeman. In modern life, liberal education has come to mean that training which especially aims at the development and enlargement of the man without specific reference to the occupation he is to follow. It conceives that the man is more than the occupation and that the occupation itself, whatever it may be, will in the end be improved by the improvement of the man. It, too, is utilitarian, but it regards the higher utilities of spiritual civilization and not merely those of material product. Its essential ideal is not a community of farmers and tradesmen and manufacturers and engineers, but a community of broad-minded, well-furnished men engaged in these several occupations, and having also a large outlook upon social and human interests, so as to be acquainted with the history and meaning of civilization, and fitted to be members of an educated community and to contribute to its progress.

Against this ideal the commercialists both in the colleges and out are continually protesting. It is not practical. It does not pay. It wastes time. Let the youth get to earning money as soon as possible; and we are reminded that the founders of the great fortunes of the country, the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Mackays, were not college men. What clearer demonstration could we have of the needlessness of the college training, at least for success in business, and what other success can be compared with this? Underlying this contention is essentially a conflict of ideals, a conflict between the Gentile and the Christian idea of man. If the man is for the business and not the business for the man, if the aim of education is to get the man ready as soon as possible to keep a shop, or work in a mill, or go into Wall Street, if the chief end of man is to make money and to enjoy it forever, not much can be said against the Gentile view. But if the man is more than the occupation, if the mind has inalienable rights of eternal sacredness, if the occupation itself sinks into lifeless

drudgery without some living springs within the soul, if a community made up of persons with no intellectual life or interest beyond their own occupation is in danger of becoming a body of death, the matter looks very different. Then the freeman's education begins to vindicate itself on the plane of the higher and the highest utility.

Indeed even on the plane of the lower utilities the college can give a good account of itself. Thus of persons now prominent listed in "*Who's Who in America*" over fifty-six per cent are graduates, and nearly fifteen percent of the others attended college but did not graduate. There is a growing conviction that college training is necessary to secure the mental faculty needed for professional success, and the general culture needed to prevent the evils of a narrow specialization. This conviction is extending even into the business world. The mental facility, adaptability and comprehensiveness, which should be an especial product of proper college training, are in growing demand in business. An article in the *Electrical Review* some time ago strongly urged the need of more general training on the part of workmen in that field. The man who knows a great deal about electricity and little about anything else is declared to be not nearly so valuable, nor so likely to succeed as one who knows half as much about electricity but has a good general education and the degree of culture that goes with it.

The question we frequently meet with regard to college studies is, of what use are they? A great many of them are soon forgotten and more of them are never used. Why, then, waste time upon them instead of beginning at once with professional work? In reply we point out that the supreme need of any professional man is a trained and facile intelligence. A person who has not such an intellect is unable to make any use of his facts or to organize them in his professional work. Now, college education has two chief aims, the production of faculty and the broadening and humanizing of the mind. Without

doubt a good part of the work done in college is soon forgotten, or at least is of little further use to the graduate. Of what use is it then? We reply by asking, of what use is the athlete's practice or the musician's exercises, seeing that after these have done their work they are laid aside? The answer is obvious. The use is in the trained muscles, the developing strength and skill, and they can be best obtained only in this way. And the same answer is to be made respecting the use of many studies. They have developed faculty and power. Pig iron has become steel; and while the student may forget this and that item of knowledge or have no further use for it, he nevertheless has continual use for the trained faculty and the mental power which have been reached in this way. Professor *Tyndall in an Address to Students* expressed the "opinion that the proper study of a language is an intellectual discipline of the highest kind," and even mentions English grammar as having been to him "a discipline of the highest value." Aristotle had no such knowledge of facts as a high school student now possesses, but it would be impossible to find among our students his equal in mental power. And any mature student might find difficulty in passing some of the high school examinations, but all the same he is far beyond the high school pupils. This recognition of power as the great end in training is also emphasized by President Lowell. He asks, "Are we not inclined to lay too much stress upon knowledge alone? Taken by itself it is a part, and not the most vital part, of education. Surely the essence of a liberal education consists in the attitude of mind, a familiarity with methods of thought, an ability to use information, rather than a memory stored with facts, however valuable such a storehouse may be."

The second aim in cultural studies we said is the broadening and humanizing of the mind. These studies should lead to the enlargement of the man himself and give him a knowledge of humanity, of life and history, which may make him a worthy member of the human race. These studies we consider to be

of the utmost importance both for the man himself and especially for the community. The studies of this whole class have long been called the humanities and their significance cannot well be overestimated. At this point there has been much confusion in the educational world from a failure to distinguish. Mr. Spencer, in his oft-quoted essay on Education, devotes a large part of the work to treating of "knowledge of the most worth," and when he has pointed out that certain kinds of knowledge have value for the community and for the maintenance of the race and life he concludes that he has decided the educational question as to what subjects should be taught. Here he fails to discriminate between the studies, a knowledge of which is necessary to the community, and the studies which every individual if possible should pursue. It is manifest that the professional studies, for instance, should all be represented in the community. We must have lawyers and physicians and engineers and so on through the whole list, but it by no means follows that everyone should study all these things. The mere statement shows the fallacy of Spencer's position. The studies, then, which should belong to liberal education are those which everyone should if possible possess, but they are widely distinct from the professional studies which the community as a whole needs. To the humanities belong the study of language, literature, history, philosophy, ethics, politics, economical and social science, and the knowledge of the larger moral problems emerging in the growing complexity of civilization and which are more and more important in the community. In comparison with these things all other knowledge is of little worth to civilization.

Of course we must have, as said, the elementary knowledge as a foundation and the professional knowledge which gives the community the control of natural forces, but for the rest the great significance of life and the value of life lie in the humanities. Apart from his technical profession and technical contribution there is no person more dreary and less inspiring

and less valuable in society than just the professional man who knows only his own field. Such men have no large outlook upon life, no acquaintance with literature, no understanding of the great human movement of civilization. They may know a great deal about fishes and little about man. They may be authorities on atomic weights and be ignorant of the social structure. Such persons are only fit to be hodmen in the building up of humanity. To understand a chapter in the history of civilization, to have some appreciation of the growth of human institutions, of representative government, of constitutional law, to be able to enter with sympathy into a drama of Shakespeare or any great literary or artistic work, is really a very much better preparation for playing one's part in a civilized community than to have a very considerable store of scientific facts such as the distance or diameter of the moon, the table of atomic weights and many another thing of that kind. For keeping the microbes under o' course we must rely upon the biologists and the physicians. For hunting up mineral deposits the geologists might be of use to us. We shall need the engineer for making roads, and all the other professions will have their place. But for living this human life of ours in any large and worthy way with great inspiration and aspirations, we need preeminently the humanities that gather around the development and progress of civilization and that are rooted in the soul itself. We do not need geometry very often, but we do need ethics all the time. The individual seldom needs the technical sciences in his daily life, but he always needs broad human sympathies, a knowledge of human nature, of human life and human thought, of the social structure, of economic principles. An ideal course should certainly give some knowledge of the laws of nature, of the general intellectual methods and results of the sciences, but beyond that it is not necessary to go. All else belongs to professional study. One does not need a course in quantitative chemical

analysis to be an educated man, but his work should be rich in the human studies the things which men have done and are doing, the history of institutions, the great works of literature, the spiritual ideas that underlie society and government and international relations. No one can afford to be ignorant of these things if he is to live a large and worthy human life. And one of the good signs of the educational times is that the humanities are again at the front.

Such, with more or less distinctness, has been the aim of the college. And it should cherish this aim more and more jealously. The college community is the salt of the intellectual earth. It has influence far beyond its numbers. It furnishes few millionaires, but it does the world's higher thinking. It is the headlight of civilization and reveals the way. The Gentiles may rage and imagine vain things about "them literary fellers," but in the end the settled judgment of the college gets the right of way. It turns on the light and all that is not of the light is reproved thereby. In union with Christianity it maintains the spiritual traditions and the humanities of life and thus makes weight against Philistinism and commercialism. In addition it tends to produce a type of intelligence which is increasingly necessary in society. We see everywhere the need of broad and liberal training, of insight into principles, of the ability to see things as they are in the dry light of intelligence, and not as they are when distorted by mists of tradition or prejudice or unintelligent emotion. We note this need in the religious world, the political world, the business world, and the social world. All of these suffer from lack of a trained and furnished intelligence. One of the most marked features of all these worlds, rationally considered, is their intellectual poverty and squalor; and what they all accordingly need is a higher order of intellect and broader mental interests and outlook. Religion in the darkness of ignorance can bring forth only superstition in faith and practice, and conscience in the same darkness is sure to con-

secrete prejudice and tradition and become an enemy of truth. It is not hard to conceive of a community of limited financial resources where religion and intelligence should flourish. But it is impossible to conceive of a community where these things should be lacking as other than a body of death, even if it abounded in millionaires.

Unfortunately, a college course is not possible to everyone, partly from lack of faculty and partly from poverty. This is to be regretted, but it is no reason for changing the aim of the college or lowering its requirements. There seems to be a kind of fancy in popular thought that in some way the colleges are imposing great hardships upon the community and especially upon the ingenuous youth who are eager to make a living. Hence there has been a demand for shortening the college course and each new proposition to do so has been hailed as a great educational advance. This is partly ignorance and partly the fiatism to which we have referred. But in all this there is oversight of the fact that calling nothing something does not make it anything. Tails are still tails even if we call them legs. The worth of a degree consists in what it stands for, and no degree can make nothing equal to something, no matter how big the seal on the diploma. Popular thought has been so confused that a great many viewed it as progress when the several college degrees were reduced to one. And thus a degree which once had a fairly definite meaning now stands for nothing definite beyond the passing of a certain amount of time in college studies, or rather studies in college. The result is that college students are often found who know practically nothing, and who are intellectually helpless.

As to the hardship involved in the length of the college course it is all a fiction. Four years are none too long; and true progress is not to shorten the college course but to make it more valuable by better discipline and methods of teaching, and better selection of work to be done. As a matter of fact no one need go to college who does not wish to do so. Further-

more no one going to college need study subjects which he does not desire. The colleges now very generally provide for special students, so that anyone who wishes to pursue one or more courses and is able to do the work with the class may do so and may omit all other subjects not to his liking. Doubtless all desired provision of this kind would be made if there were a demand for it. It is possible, then, for anyone to take up any course whatever which suits his taste or which in his judgment is best adapted to his special gifts or circumstances, and all that he loses in that case is the college degree. And since the work is the thing, the degree it would seem is no matter; but to desire the degree without doing the appropriate work does not indicate the highest type of mind or character.

It was further objected that the college course takes up too much time and prevents the youth from getting to work. But this cannot be helped. If any have not the time for proper preparation let them go to work without the college training. This would be far better than to fail to give the proper training to those who have the time, for it is not merely a question of the students themselves, but also a question of the community. The college is here not merely to educate the students for their own gain, but also to render a great social service, and if for any reason some are not able to get or receive the training then it must be given to others. There would be no advantage to anyone in giving inferior training in shorter time and calling it just as good. That would be fiatism again. Moreover in most cases lack of time is not the fault of the College. With students of average health and ability from families of scholarly tradition, there should be no difficulty in reaching graduation by the age of twenty at the outside and that would be early enough for beginning most professional studies. And as we expect the parents of poor children to keep them in the elementary schools up to a certain age, although those parents would be very glad to get them to work,

there seems to be no reason why we should not equally expect the parents of college students to keep them at college until they have acquired the requisite breadth of outlook necessary to the best service of the community.

These questions of educational policy are not to be settled by popular clamor nor by the wishes of the students themselves. Scholars must decide them in the light of social needs and obligations, and they as little need to concern themselves respecting the opinions of the ignorant as physicians and legislators need concern themselves respecting the vote of dwellers of the slums against sanitary laws. It is the duty of the university to counteract popular errors and to set up a standard against them and not to yield to them. It is the duty of the college to lead, not to follow. It should express the opinion of the educated world as to what constitutes a liberal education, and for the sake of guidance it is desirable that there should be some standard degree which should have a fairly definite meaning other than a quantitative one. Let the persons who do the work leading to this degree receive it and let all others be free to do what they please, on condition that they shall show proper industry in the work they choose. Such a rule would tend to clearness and would do no one any injustice. If this be thought a counsel of perfection then another course is possible. Let every diploma state the work for which the degree is given. If it were given chiefly for a course in Italian novels or something else of the same sort, let it appear in the diploma. There certainly would be no hardship in having the diploma state precisely what the student has done. In this way we might unite the extremest freedom of choice and get all the benefit of the youthful student's self-knowledge together with the little wisdom which might be added by the wise counsel of friends, and we should also not be doing business under false pretenses. It might also be well to give some hint of the amount of class-room work by the student, as this would be a good index of his mental life. No

school superintendent would then be in danger of having some crammed and unprincipled illiterate palmed off on him as a teacher of subjects he had never really studied. This suggestion is warmly recommended to those who have great faith in youthful wisdom and in the equality of all educational values.

In the great wealth of educational material now at our command there is need for reconsidering this entire subject, but some things we may look upon as established. There is no royal road to learning and no amount of proxy labor can replace the student's own faithful effort. All fiatism must go and all freedom which leads to laziness must equally go. The college owes it to the community and to elementary morality to deal with real facts and to secure honest and thorough work on the part of both teacher and taught. The courses of study also must be prepared by no means with sole reference to the wishes of the students but also with reference to the broader needs of society. The dangers of a narrow professionalism are equally apparent and the college course must be arranged with reference to counteracting them. It is easily possible to fill up the four years of college study with fruitful work, which shall not be a preparation for a profession, but which shall fit the student to study for any profession and also to be a large minded and useful member of civilized society.

The renewed insight into the importance of the college as the center of our American education leads to the further suggestion that probably much of the money now spent on graduate work would be very much better spent in improving college instruction and securing better teachers and more of them. It is well known that there has been a great deal of pretentious graduate teaching of a mechanical sort that has paid very small dividends either in increased power for the student or in the extension of valuable knowledge. It is far easier to find a man who can teach Romance or Germanic Philology than it is to find one who can teach French or German well.

This neglect of the college in the interest of rather barren graduate study is partly to blame for the discredit into which college work has fallen. Let the college be made first and central and then there will be some intellectual insight and also some intellectual power for advanced work.

APRIL

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

THE CAPTIVE

April lured me with her eyes,
 Bound me with her yellow hair—
 Samson-like and not too wise—
 April lured me with her eyes.
 O but she is all surprise!
 O but she is fresh and fair!
 April lured me with her eyes,
 Bound me with her yellow hair!

THE YOUNG BEAUTY

April came so suddenly
 That her beauty burned my heart
 With its flame and ecstasy
 April came so suddenly.
 She will not remember me!
 All too soon will she depart!
 April came so suddenly
 That her beauty burned my heart!

SCHOOLMASTER PAIN

BY THE EDITOR

The man of the street seldom makes the proper distinction between error, pain and evil or thinks these distinctions through to their philosophical bases. They are the schoolmaster triad of life, but this not in their actuality so much as in their possibility. Error is an affair of mind or the intellect, and the care necessary to avoid it is the source of the mental discipline through which man masters that portion of his world amenable to thought. Pain is least easily understood but it appears to be the schoolmaster to physical well-being and the care of the body. Evil touches the soul and is the dark shadow which haunts spiritual and moral freedom. It should be understood at once that neither pain, error, nor evil are in themselves ever desirable or necessary. The important thing is that man should learn the power of banishing them from the earth and in the learning come into the fullest and highest possession of his own powers. The greatest confusion arises from the failure to distinguish between their possibility and their actuality. Too often we think of them as existing abstractly as something apart from concrete instances and thus apotheosized it seems necessary to retain them in a universal relation. So much emphasis is put by some upon the existence of a devil, apart from devilish activities, that if he and all his works were eventually to be cast out it would ruin their main theological conceptions. Such an attitude of divided power in the moral realm amounts in some cases to little less than demon worship. The triad represents the profoundest problems that are raised for man's understanding. Error is the bugbear of every theory of thought or knowledge and can be even partially met only as it is carried up into metaphysics. It is distinctly the rock on which all materialisms break. Pain and evil are the perplexity of Theistic types of thinking. There is no hope that in this brief chapter we

shall solve problems which have been the despair of the world's sages, but there are some considerations which, taken into account, make the problems less intolerable. These suggestions are not new and they lie along the beaten track, namely the disciplinary character of error, pain and evil.

The problem of error is insoluble from any theory of knowledge that is fundamentally materialistic. Whether knowledge be taken as the product of the writing upon the mental organism of external impressions over which the will has no control or if it be the result of finer psychological reactions implied by the functioning organism, the result is the same. No distinction is possible between truth and error. All mental products must be equally true. Mechanism has been able to settle this problem in only one consistent way and that has been the way of philosophical skepticism, the denial of the possibility of knowledge. If we are going to reach such a conclusion, there certainly are less painful and less complicated ways of reaching it. There are minds that profess to find intellectual peace in the denial of knowledge, but this attitude calls for a peculiar intellectual disposition. Most penetrative minds can tolerate anything but an intellectual deadlock.

If we discard mechanical theories of knowledge, while the result may not be altogether satisfactory, it is at least less difficult and less conflicting with the practical issues of life. In the *possibility* of error seems to be the whetting of intellectual curiosity from which may have come the prime intellectual development of man. It is impossible to say who would give himself to painful effort to pursue knowledge if the realists were correct and everything is immediately seen, *as it is*. The likelihood of mistakes, the conflict of opinion, lies at the very basis of scientific effort. It is to remove the individual chances of error and to conform observations to uniform and reasonable laws that the scientist works. Scientific knowledge is distinguished from common knowledge in just this way, that insistence is made on facts not just as they

appear to the individual, but as they appear to many or all who have been trained to observe the facts. The possibility of being mistaken in spite of the most exceeding pains is what has added exactness to man's mental operations and has thereby prepared him for a moral and spiritual exactness which were otherwise impossible.

Let no one say that error is necessary to knowledge. The possibility of error only is needed and in that careful distinction lies the hope of man that some day he shall know even as also he is known. Some exalt the intuitional faculties as if it were a step backward in evolution when man struck out to rationalize his world instead of depending upon instinctive knowledge of it. But if there was such a time in racial history it should be looked upon as the *magna charta* of man's mental kingdom. Better far many blind mistakes if only in the long run he shall learn to use his brain, than a dull following of instincts. In rationalization lay the coming creative power of man which will eventually make him a new world. Mankind would seem to owe its mental equipment very largely to the possibility of error.

As in the case of error and evil, perplexity arises from the failure to distinguish between pain and its possibility. As the possibility of error is the source of man's mental activity, the possibility of pain is fundamental to his physical and social well-being.

The existence of nerves which cause intense suffering under abnormal physical conditions is not an evil but a great good. Thus it is that the body is able to hang out the distress signal for its own preservation. If physical violence were unattended by pain, we should most of us go through life maimed and deformed by acts done in ignorance and before our minds had arrived at the possibility of knowledge. Nerves are as necessary in equipment of a sound body as any other part of the organism and are absolutely necessary to save us from self-destruction. The possibility of pain is thus seen to be neces-

sary to physical existence. Has it any effect of a social nature?

Here we hit upon a use of pain which goes outside of individual well-being into the wider reaches of social welfare. The recognition of the possibility of pain is one of the strongest impulses making for social welfare. If our neighbor, friend, or enemy is incapable of pain, there is no call for us to spend energy upon any welfare than our own. If he is capable of pain arising from our action we have social responsibility. Any teaching that pain is an unreality is fundamentally anti-social. Out of the possibility of pain has grown the ameliorative agencies of society and the successive stages of civilization may be marked exactly by growth in these agencies. It is moral sensitiveness to pain in others that has abolished slavery and ended peonage and led the path of every social reform. It is leading the way out of brutality and animality to man's higher self-realization. Its increase is the sign of civilization. It will some day end the injustices and miseries of time, when pain shall have at last been put under leash and conquered.

In none of these dark problems is there likely to be so much of unclearness and of confused thinking as in the problem of evil. The average person fails after many explanations to see any distinction between the possibility of evil and the existence of evil. Show him that moral character is dependent on moral choice and that moral choice is impossible without contrasting alternatives, and he will assent. In the very next breath he will be assuming that evil as an act is identical with evil as a possibility. However difficult it may be, nevertheless there is a distinction and a distinction which is the turning of the ways for theism. Distinguish evil as a moral act and one can reasonably save the moral character of God. Fail to make that distinction and one can keep moral character in God only by a resort to an eternal dualism which denies His power. If evil is to be defined as a moral act of the will, it can be distinguished from temptation, it exists only where there are evil-willing personalities. Each individual can conquer it for himself

and there is hope for a world in which all men shall be of good will, and the kingdom of God shall have come in power.

The animal world knows no evil because it cannot reflect upon the moods of its own consciousness. There is no moral "oughtness" in the animal except as it learns to connect certain of its acts with punishment. Human reflection rises above this instinctive plane of action. Because of the sense of "oughtness" man reflects on his choices, can restrain his impulses and direct his energies into what appeal to him as the higher channels. Out of this moral experience of freedom grows moral character. We cannot now see how, as things are constituted, moral character or moral freedom could issue from any other state. Surely no man could be called actively good who was good simply because he could not be bad. The possibility of evil for each one of us gives the value to our right moral choices which come by struggle and self-mastery. Just as the possibility of error has helped to produce man's mental development, and as the possibility of pain has taught the care of the body and social amelioration so the possibility of evil has led the way to the development of moral character, the building of the human soul.

Let no one say that we have thus declared evil a necessity for goodness. We need not "sin that grace may abound". It is quite sufficient evidence of grace and of character that the sin is not entered into. One is quite as much saved from sins never committed as from those once actually entered into. The best evidence of moral character is not only reformation but steadfast and life-long refusal to enter into sin.

We can make no headway with the problems of error, pain and evil so long as we remain on the impersonal plane. We can never account in a general and wholesale way for the wandering of whole races of men through the dark mazes of superstition and error. We cannot justify the destruction which follows in the wake of wholesale disaster. We cannot even account for the suffering and death of one other human

being. Hardest of all is it to gather from the field sown with evil deeds any harvest of hope. Why the world has so long been allowed to exist as the field of exploitation for evil is beyond the power of any man to explain. We are able to read but a single chapter from the book of life, and we catch but occasional glimpses of that Creative Mind behind all.

There is one sort of solution, however, of which each is capable. It is possible for each of us to see that pain, error, and possibility of moral evil, work in us a growing mastery of nature, of our physical powers and the self-discipline of our souls. Out of the struggle with the chance of error we can build a mental life that can see straight and solve problems which reach into the field of the hitherto unknown. It is not so much necessity that is the mother of invention as it is the mental power which grasps the idea of what is necessary.

Out of our struggle with pain and disease can come for us individually both sweetness and light. We can bear patiently and not be embittered and we can learn lovingly to care for the less fortunate and so build the structure of the family, society and civilization. Out of temptation we can gather to ourselves the moral power of continuously right decisions; and when all men have truly learned that lesson we shall have a heavenly society not because from us has been taken away the possibility but we have conquered the will to sin.

The general problem is in a wiser and an all-understanding Mind. The particular problem is specifically our own. Just why error, pain and evil should have been permitted, we do not know and cannot say. But it may be that to God the final mental, social and moral outcome was worth the venture, and to his eye there may be a goal far off of such supreme worth for every son of man as to far outweigh every distress. It is the part of religion to live as if this were true.

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

The Shropshire Poet-Professor

BY BELLE COOPER

The story goes that when, in 1896, A. E. Housman sent the manuscript of his now famous "*A Shropshire Lad*" to Grant Richards, the London publisher, the latter accepted it forthwith. In the letter of acceptance was a query as to when a second book of verse might be expected. Housman replied: "As it has taken me twenty-three years to write this volume, maybe after another twenty-three years I'll send you another."

And then, in November, 1922, at the end of twenty-six years, after all poetry-lovers had given up hope of a second volume, Professor Housman gives the world another collection, which he calls "*Last Poems*." Henry Holt and Company secured the copyright on his new book in this country, and brought it out uniform with their authorized edition of "*A Shropshire Lad*."

As in the case of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Professor Alfred Edward Housman belongs to a remarkable family each member of which is distinguished in his or her chosen field. His clever brother, Laurence, six years his junior, is a well-known author and illustrator; whose pre-Raphaelite drawings, which appeared first in *The Yellow Book*, are engraved on wood by his sister, Clemence Housman, who lives with her brother Laurence in London. She wrote "*The Were Wolf*", which is full of imaginative quality; but her main occupation is wood-engraving, for her brother insists that his work shall be reproduced by this process. Laurence dedicated his first volume of verse to his sister in the following appreciative terms:

I hang my green arras before you
Of the lights and the shadows I wove:
Could the worth of my gift but restore you
One half of your watchings and love. . . .

Yet though Time bring the torch of the spoiler,
Or the years lay their dust on its sheen,
This gift's to the hand of the toiler,—
To make your name's music be seen
Amid arras of green.

Alfred Edward Housman's reputation as a poet rests on one small volume of lyrics, *A Shropshire Lad*, which is, however, of so unique and simple a nature that it has won for him an enviable reputation. Shropshire is his native shire, that midland county of England bounded on the west by North Wales, and on the east by the counties of Stafford and Worcester. Salop—as it is often called, from an ancient name for Shrewsbury, its county-seat,—is situated on the Marches of Wales, and early became noted for the number and luster of the great families connected with it. Earl Godwin, Sweyn, Harold, “the Last of the Saxons”, Queen Edith, Edward the Confessor, Edwin and Morcar all held lands here in the days before the Conquest.

To defend this border county against the Welsh, numerous castles were erected. Out of some two hundred castles in England, Shropshire alone is credited with no fewer than thirty. The most noted Salopian castle is Ludlow—the “Prince's Palace”—one of the finest mediaeval castles in England, erected in the twelfth century, and splendidly situated on a commanding height in Ludlow Town at the confluence of the Teme and the Curve. It was once a royal residence, surrounded by walls, one of the seven gates of which still exists, Lynney Gate, at one end of Broad Street. Edward IV selected Ludlow as the residence of his sons, the Little Princes of the Tower, who played in their happier early years in its spacious courts and prayed in its circular Norman chapel. Here Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII, celebrated his marriage with Catherine of Aragon, afterwards the queen of his brother Henry, and it was here that the prince of sixteen summers died. The betrothal of Catherine, six years his senior, to Henry, who was only eleven, was undoubtedly to save the large dowry

which she had brought with her from Aragon. It was an ill-starred *mariage de convenance*. For generations Ludlow was the seat of a vice-regal court; in fact, it has been called the "Star Chamber" of Wales. At one time some sixteen Welsh and English counties chafed under Ludlow jurisdiction. 'From Ludlow and the Court of the Marches, good Lord deliver us,' became an additional local petition in the liturgical service.

Ludlow has literary as well as historical associations. Here, in a lovely half-timbered house fronting the castle walls, John Milton, the "Lady of Christ College", is said to have written his masque "*Comus*", to celebrate the appointment of John, Earl of Bridgewater to the office of Lord Marcher, or Lord President of Wales and of the Marches.

Here, also, within the renowned walls of Ludlow, in a room over the gateway, was written a great part of Samuel Butler's "*Hudibras*", that inimitable "*Don Quixote*" in meter, of which the hero, a canting Puritan knight, is said to have been one of Butler's masters—Sir Samuel Luke, of Cople Hoo, near Bedford. Butler, a native of Streusham-on-the-Avon, Worcestershire, was at the time of writing "*Hudibras*" steward of Ludlow Castle, an appointment he had received from the Earl of Carberry, the first Lord Marcher after the Revolution. The hoary castle had been denuded by the Roundheads of most of its furnishings, and Butler on taking up his abode there spent a considerable sum of money in furnishing his rooms.

Ludlow Castle, which was finally dismantled in 1689, now belongs to the Earls of Powis. It is a magnificent ruin, and its rich historical and literary associations have impressed the imaginative youths of Shropshire.

Alfred Housman, the modern Shropshire poet, makes Ludlow symbolic of all Shropshire in the lines of a poem replete with local patriotism:

THE RECRUIT

Leave your home behind, lad,
 And reach your friends your hand,
 And go, and luck go with you
 While Ludlow tower shall stand.

Oh, come you home of Sunday
 When Ludlow streets are still
 And Ludlow bells are calling
 To farm and lane and mill,

Or come you home of Monday
 When Ludlow market hums
 And Ludlow chimes are playing
 "The conquering hero comes,"

Come you home a hero,
 Or come not home at all,
 The lads you leave will mind you
 Till Ludlow tower shall fall.

A parallel expression of sentiment from the same pen, but containing a more detailed description of Ludlow youths, is a charming lyric which might be entitled "*Ludlow Fair*":

XXIII

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
 There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
 The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
 And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
 And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
 And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
 And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
 The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
 And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
 And watch them depart on the way that they will never return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
 But brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not to be told
 They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
 The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

The sentiment that recurs in the last line of the stanzas is a favorite one with the poet.

The Salop capital, Shrewsbury—literally “wooded hill”—is picturesque'y enthroned upon twin hills surrounded on three sides by the Severn, which is crossed by four bridges, the Welsh, the English, Kingsland and Greyfriars. Shrewsbury is noted for its cakes, and visitors may still enjoy

“A Shrewsbury cake of Pailin's own make,”

lauded by Barham in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and also by the poet Shenstone:

“For here each season do their cakes abide,
Whose honoured name the inventive city owns,
Rendering through Britain's Isle Salopia's praises known.”

The town has an excellent Grammar School, an Edward VI foundation, which in 1822 moved to new buildings erected on a site of nearly sixty acres, and now accommodates about three hundred boys. The old buildings were purchased by subscription for a Free Library and Museum. Bishop Butler, the classical scholar, was at one time head-master here, and former pupils were Philip Sidney, William Wycherley, George Jeffreys and Charles Darwin; and, in fiction, Dickens's lion and his jackal—“Stryver” and “Sidney Carton”. The birthplace of Darwin still stands on The Mount among the quaint houses of the Franknell district. When Philip Sidney was a student at Shrewsbury School, his father was Lord President of Wales and resided at Ludlow Castle, from whose splendid halls the worthy parents wrote wise and tender letters to their “little Philip”. Philip's mother, Lady Mary Sidney, had lost her beauty by smallpox contracted while nursing Queen Elizabeth through an attack of that disease, and she now voluntarily lived in comparative retirement at Ludlow.

John Leland also lauds Shrewsbury in an autobiographic ballad treasured in the Bod'eian Library at Oxford:

The merry town of Shrousbury
God bless it still,
For it stands most gallantly
Upon a high hill.

It standeth most bravely
For all men to see.
Then every man to his mind,
Shrousbury for me.

"*A Shropshire Lad*" pays tribute to Salop's county-seat in the pictorial lines of

THE WELSH MARCHES

High the vanes of Shrewsbury gleam
Islanded in Severn stream;
The bridges from the steepled crest
Cross the water east and west.

The flag of morn in conqueror's state
Enters at the English gate;
The vanquished eve, as night prevails,
Bleeds upon the road to Wales.

Shrewsbury has been immortalized by the genius of Shakespeare. Battlefield Church, some three miles north of Shrewsbury, marks the scene of the battle in which Henry IV overthrew Henry Percy, or Hotspur, the insurgent son of the Earl of Northumberland, and his Scottish allies in 1403. To the historical list of characters, Shakespeare added the immortal knight, Sir John Falstaff. It was on this occasion, as narrated by Shakespeare in "*Henry IV*", that Sir John fought "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock." As he lay pretending to be dead, Prince Hal uttered the epitaph:

"Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man."

The dead body of Hotspur was exposed in the town, and later beheaded and quartered, and the parts distributed to various cities. From "Shelton Oak", a fine but now decayed tree, over forty feet in girth, Owen Glendower is said to have watched the progress of the contest.

The county has many natural attractions, such as meandering lanes, bosky trees, spacious green meadows, venerable village churches, vine-embowered farmhouses dozing in the sunshine, and purple hills. The northern part of the county is generally level and well-cultivated; the southern section is hilly and mountainous—indeed, an Alpine district in miniature. There the Clee hills—from which bright beacons burned in 1887

“Because ’tis fifty years tonight
That God has saved the queen.”—

rise to an altitude of 1800 feet. Cattle-breeding is extensively carried on in this section, and a breed of horned sheep is peculiar to this county. The Forest of Clun yields good mountain ponies, and a small breed of sheep, the mutton of which is much prized by gastronomes.

The Severn, which is navigable throughout the county, is the principal river, pursuing a southeast course of seventy miles across the county in a comparatively narrow trough between steep and often wooded hills. It has two considerable tributaries, the Tern and the Teme. In the Severn salmon and lampreys abound, while in the Teme and its feeders trout and grayling afford excellent fishing. Both in regard to scenery and sport, Salop is a most attractive spot, especially for youth. “*A Shropshire Lad*” looks back with commingled pleasure and pain on the youthful days he spent in his beloved county.

XXXIX

’Tis time, I think by Wenlock town
The golden broom should blow;
The hawthorn sprinkled up and down
Should charge the land with snow.

Spring will not wait the loiterer’s time
Who keeps so long away;
So others wear the broom and climb
The hedgerows heaped with May.

Oh tarnish late on Wenlock Edge,
Gold that I never see;
Lie long, high snowdrifts in the hedge
That will not shower on me.

Or again he writes, with the compressed reticence of sorrow:

XL

Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.

The keen difference between the wooded hills and flowered meads of Shropshire and the crowded humanity of London finds expression in lyric:

XLI

In my own shire, if I was sad,
Homely comforts I had:
The earth, because my heart was sore,
Sorrowed for the son she bore;
And standing hills, long to remain,
Shared their short-lived comrade's pain. . . .

Yonder, lightening other loads,
The seasons range the country roads,
But here in London streets I ken
No such helpmates, only men;
And these are not in plight to bear,
If they would, another's care.
They have enough as 'tis: I see
In many an eye that measures me
The mortal sickness of a mind
Too unhappy to be kind.
Undone with misery, all they can
Is to hate their fellow man;
And till they drop they needs must still
Look at you and wish you ill.

He longs to be again

In valleys of springs of rivers,
 By Ony and Teme and Clun,
 The county for easy livers,
 The quietest under the sun,

but must needs repine in London walls, though his spirit is
 still in Shropshire.

LII

Far in a western brookland
 That bred me long ago
 The poplars stand and tremble
 By pools I used to know.

There, in the windless night-time,
 The wanderer, marvelling why,
 Halts on the bridge to hearken
 How soft the poplars sigh.

He hears: long since forgotten
 In fields where I was known,
 Here I lie down in London
 And turn to rest alone.

There, by the starlit fences,
 The wanderer halts and hears
 My soul that lingers sighing
 About the glimmering weirs.

The Shropshire man never forgets the land of his birth and
 loves to keep the Shropshire name unsullied. This is the
 theme of

XXXVII

As through the wild green hills of Wyre
 The train ran, changing sky and shire,
 And far behind, a fading crest,
 Low in the forsaken west
 Sank the high-reared head of Clee,
 My hand lay empty on my knee.
 Aching on my knee it lay:
 That morning half a shire away
 So many an honest fellow's fist
 Had well-nigh wrung it from the wrist.
 Hand, said I, since now we part
 From fields and men we know by heart,
 From strangers' faces, strangers' lands—
 Hand, you have held true fellows' hands.

Be clean then; rot before you do
A thing they'd not believe of you.
You and I must keep from shame
In London streets the Shropshire name;
On banks of Thames they must not say
Severn breeds worse men than they.

No wonder that a county so beloved by her loyal sons has given the world so many celebrated men! Robert Clive, the English lad of genius whose achievements laid the foundation of the British Empire in India and whom the natives sur-named "Sabat Jung", or "the Daring in War", came of an ancient Shropshire family, whose manor-house, Styche, near Market Drayton, dates from the reign of Henry II. His strange struggle with destiny forms the subject of Browning's poem "*Clive*". Other Salop'ans of eminence are Bishop John Longland, the 14th century poet, and Thomas Churchyard of 16th century fame; Richard Baxter, the 17th century non-conformist divine, who resided in youth with the chaplain of Ludlow; Bishop Thomas Percy, compiler of "*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*"; Benjamin Whichcote, an early Provost of King's College, Cambridge; Dr. Beddoes, the 18th century chemist and man of science; Sir Archibald Alison, the historian; Rowland Hill, the preacher, and Lord Rowland Hill, his nephew, the peninsular hero; Charles Darwin, the distinguished naturalist; and Admiral John Benbow. Another name worthy of mention is that of Dick Tarlton, the best-be oved clown of the Elizabethan court.

It is not surprising therefore that Alfred Housman is content to sink his identity in that of '*A Shropshire Lad*'. He's a man of great reticence—a quiet Cambridge don who avoids publicity, and feels that his poetic fame is no excuse for modern idle curiosity about his personality. So little has been written regarding him that biographical data will be welcomed. He was born March 26, 1859, the same year as Francis Thompson and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. He received his early educa-

tion, not at Shrewsbury, as might have been expected, but at Bromsgrove, a boarding-school for boys in the suburbs of the little market-town of the same name in Worcestershire, on the Bristol-Birmingham line of the Midland railway. Bromsgrove lies about twelve miles north of Worcester, and about fifteen miles from Birmingham in a pleasant undulating district lying near the foot of the Lickey Hills and watered by the Salwarpe river. The ancient town touches the manufacturing district, and is now noted for the production of needles, pins, nails, fish-hooks and buttons. It contains on its one long street a number of picturesque half-timbered houses. A beautiful church stands on a high elevation ascended by steps; its tower, nearly two hundred feet high, forms a conspicuous object in the vale. There is also a well-known Grammar School, which enjoys a wide reputation, and was founded by Edward VI with university scholarship taking the successful pupils to Worcester College, Oxford. Bromsgrove accommodates about two hundred boys; and being high priced and enjoying a reputation for selectness, it is patronized by parents of ambitious boys in the neighboring counties.

Upon completing his secondary education Alfred Housman took up his residence at St. John's, Oxford, whose venerable buildings are half-hidden behind the giant old elms on its terrace walk. Picturesque oriel windows look out on the beautiful gardens of the college, a favorite resort of visitors; for though situated only a few steps from the thoroughfare of St. Giles', and in the very heart of the city, the gardens are a scene of quiet loveliness, and form a delightful retreat. Everything has grown old gracefully here at Oxford—spires, towers, buttresses, walls, gardens and courts. Time has turned the stones to a fine mottled black and gray. The architect did his best, and tradition, romance and nature have each added their charms to enhance the beauty of the scholastic city. Dan Rogers, who was Clerk to the Council to Queen Elizabeth, eulogizes this seat of learning in the epigram:

He that hath Oxford seen, for beauty, grace,
And healthiness, ne'er saw a better place.
If God himself on earth abode would make,
He, Oxford, sure, would for His dwelling take.

Houseman passed his Responsives or matriculation examinations, colloquially called "Smalls", with credit; his Moderations or "Mods", two years later with honor; and his finals, or 'Greats', *cum laude*. After receiving his bachelor's degree, he continued his classical studies and obtained his *master's* degree soon after reaching his majority.

At the age of twenty-two he was appointed as a Higher Division Clerk in Her Majesty's Patent Office; there he followed faithfully for a decade the humdrum pursuits of a Civil Service position. In 1892 he was elected Professor of Latin at University College, London, a position he held for nineteen years. Then he was appointed to the Chair of Latin at Cambridge University, a position he still occupies, though nearing his grand climacteric. He was made a Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, and he also attained the distinction of an honorary fellowship of St. John's, Oxford, the only Oxford college that has no married fellows.

"If Oxford were not the finest thing in England, Cambridge would certainly be," remarks Henry James. A similar expression of sentiment might be expected of Professor Housman, who knows well both universities, and finds them equally attractive. Trinity College, Cambridge, with which he is now affiliated, is the largest college in England.

His volume of verse, "*A Shropshire Lad*", first published in 1896, when the professor was in his late thirties, still breathes the indomitable spirit of youth. The songs have been reprinted many times, most notably in a sixpenny edition brought out by the Four Seas Company of Boston, with a preface by William Stanley Braithwaite. The songs were set to music by C. F. Manney in 1914. Meanwhile the scholarly don has edited for publication *Manilius*, Bk. I, (1903) *Juvenal* (1905),

Manilius, Bk. II (1902), *Manilius*, Bk. III (1916), besides contributing learned papers to the *Journal of Philology*, the *Classical Review* and the *Classical Quarterly*. Now, after twenty-six years of silence,—except for eight lines printed in the *London Times* during the Great War—there comes from his pen a slight volume called “*Last Poems.*” It is thoroughly characteristic of Housman’s style. In an introductory note the author says:

“I publish these poems, few though they are, because it is not likely that I shall ever be impelled to write much more. I can no longer expect to be revisited by the continuous excitement under which in the early months of 1885 I wrote the greater part of my other book, nor indeed could I well sustain it if it came; and it is best that what I have written should be printed while I am here to see it through the press and control its spelling and punctuation. About a quarter of this matter belongs to the April of the present year, but most of it dates between 1895 and 1910.”

What is Alfred Housman’s style? It is replete with the simple virtues of the classics: keen joy in the battle of life; realistic pictures of experiences etched with broad lines; dignified, pensive reflection; pastoral loveliness; the gift of reticence; a mastery of simple forms; simple, tuneful, original expression; well-conceived imagery; a fitness of words; and a fineness of thought and feeling, which clothes the ironies of life in bucolic attire. Housman may be called the Lucretius of Shropshire. Though a poet of the 90’s he is unlike all the others. His apt diction is probably his most outstanding characteristic. This exact choice of the fitting word or phrase is the direct outcome of experience in making a “nice” translation. It is lamentable that the study of the classics in the original is neglected to-day, for how else can a literary student acquire more adequately the nicety of expression and the skillful use of the adjective than by constant practice in translation?

In conclusion, these two passages may be quoted as typical of Alfred Housman's verbal and pictorial excellence.

REVEILLE

Wake: the silver dusk returning
Up the beach of darkness brims,
And the ship of sunrise burning
Strands upon the eastern rims.

Wake: the vaulted shadow shatters,
Trampled to the floor it spanned,
And the tent of night in tatters
Straws the sky-pavilioned land.

Surely a master's touch is on these lines:

LIV

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

SHELLEY'S PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

An Interpretation

ALLEN R. BENHAM

The greatest stories of literature are constantly being retold in forms to suit the changing demands of humanity. One of this group of tales is the story of Prometheus which in 1818 Shelley selected as the subject of a work of which he frequently speaks as his greatest.

In Shelley's letters from Italy we can follow the progress of the play from the first reference in October 1818 to its completion, about a year later. During all this time it is clear that Shelley's interest in contemporary English politics was very keen, that he thought the outlook dark but not hopeless. He never did reach the latter state, for like his father-in-law, William Godwin, he was a systematic believer in human perfectibility. Curiously enough, however, he also believed in pantheism, though this perhaps is not altogether consistent with his perfectionism. These three phases of Shelley's intellectual outlook—his eager study of contemporary affairs, his perfectionism and his pantheism—are all illustrated in *Prometheus Unbound*.

The preface to the play prepares us for a treatment of the story which is quite original and which finds primary expression in the four salient characters, Prometheus, Jupiter, Demogorgon and Asia.

In the opening scene, Prometheus is represented on the rock of his suffering where he has been chained for three thousand years, because he opposed the tyrannic power of Jupiter and conferred useful gifts on man. In his first words, the Titan expresses the desire of recalling the curse which, in his first defiance, he had pronounced on Jupiter. But unfortunately the exact words of the curse which Prometheus must have in order to recall it have been forgotten. The Phantasm of

Jupiter at this point enters and repeats the curse, on hearing which Prometheus repents and recalls it. Jupiter now thinks that his enemy is ready to submit to his rule and reveal a solemn secret, the knowledge of which is necessary to the continued happiness of the King of Gods and Men. The substance of this secret is that if Jupiter marries Thetis, their son will be stronger than his father and will probably put an end to his power. Mercury, messenger of the Gods, here visits Prometheus to learn the secret and is accompanied by the Furies to torture him should he refuse to divulge it. Prometheus does refuse and, though he is tortured, pities his tormentors without cursing or defying them. With this ends the first act.

Act II centers about the character Asia, who by the power of Jupiter is separated from her beloved, Prometheus, and in her speech at the opening of the act expresses her desire to hear news of him. Her sister Panthea, whom we found in Act I at the feet of Prometheus, has been dispatched to bring this news. On Panthea's arrival she relates that she has had two dreams which she tells over to Asia and thereby inspires the latter to start toward the rock where Prometheus is chained. On the way they pass through a forest, over a pinnacle of rock among the mountains and into the cave of Demogorgon, to whom Asia puts six questions which are satisfactorily answered. After this Asia is transfigured, though she does not find Prometheus.

At the beginning of Act III Jupiter is discovered on his throne, calls Thetis to his side as his wife and is in expectation of the final submission of his troublesome foe. Instead of this, however, Jupiter is himself deposed on the entrance of Demogorgon, and Prometheus is released by Hercules and reunited to Asia.

These three acts of his play, involving all the action, Shelley composed at various places in Italy between October, 1818

and March, 1819. He finished them among "the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla" in Rome. "It was not till several months after", Shelley informs us, "when at Florence", that he "conceived a fourth act, a sort of hymn of rejoicing in the fulfillment of the prophecies with regard to Prometheus, ought to be added to complete the composition". But the fourth act carries the action no further and hence for our purpose, we need not review it.

So much for the story of the play, which the preface leads us to think appealed to the poet as having a bearing on human experience in general and on that of England in particular. An appreciation of this fact is necessary for a sane interpretation of the play.

The general lines of this interpretation are laid down in the preface: but we shall make more specific progress in understanding the play, if we first understand the four primary characters mentioned before.

Prometheus is to be interpreted as the human soul, as we gather from line 5 of the first scene of the third act. Jupiter is addressing the congregated powers of heaven and remarks that his omnipotence is limited in but one way; namely

. alone
The soul of man, like unextinguished fire,
Yet burns toward heaven with fierce reproach, and doubt,
And lamentation, and reluctant prayer,
Hurling up insurrection, which might make
Our antique empire insecure.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti in the *Shelley Society Publications*,² makes a comment on this conception which I should be willing to endorse if the term *soul* were substituted for the term *mind* throughout. Mr. Rossetti says, "Prometheus is the mind of man. I wish to emphasize this point, for I think the amplitude

1. All the references to the text of the play, the preface and Mrs. Shelley's notes are from *The Complete Poetical Works of Shelley*, ed. Thomas Hutchinson, M. A, Oxford University Press, 1909.

2. Vol. I. p. 59.

and precision of meaning in this great ideal drama are only elicited when we have realized the definition to ourselves. Prometheus is not in a vague general sense man, collective humankind; he is the *mind* of man—human mind—the intellect of the race—that faculty whereby man is man, not brute. The unbinding of the human mind; the deliverance wrought to mankind by the unbinding of Prometheus is the deliverance wrought to man by the unbinding of his mind”.

Jupiter, I gather from Act III, Scene 4, is to be regarded as the *status quo* thought of as sacred or divine.

Asia, unfortunately, is not defined in the play even in the sort of terms used in the preceding instance. But the part she takes in the action supports the description of her given by Mrs. Shelley in her note on the work as follows: “Asia, one of the Oceanides, is the wife of Prometheus—she was, according to other mythological interpretations, the same as Venus and Nature. When the benefactor of mankind is liberated, nature resumes the beauty of her prime, and is united to her husband, the emblem of the human race, in perfect and happy union”.

Demogorgon is the personage in the play who has caused the commentators the most trouble. When the “tremendous gloom” enters early in Act III Jupiter asks,

Awful shape, what art thou? Speak!

Demogorgon replies,

Eternity. Demand no direr name.
Descend, and follow me down the abyss.
I am thy child, as thou wert Saturn's child;
Mightier than thee: and we must dwell together
Henceforth in darkness.

Mr. Rossetti in the article already referred to and Mr. Ellis in his *Shelley Concordance* both define Demogorgon as Eternity, but neither goes any further and the name is certainly not self-explanatory. I was at a loss to know what the character might signify until I noticed in Shelley's early biographers that in

the years from 1817-1822 the poet was much engaged in the reading and translation of Spinoza and then my difficulties with regard to Demogorgon began to clear up. For among the fundamental concepts of the Dutch philosopher's system is this: that nothing is ever seen in its true light until it is seen, as he says, *sub specie aeternitatis*. Thus, among the definitions in Part I of the *Ethics* is this, "By eternity I mean existence itself, in so far as it is conceived to follow necessarily from the mere definition of the thing that is eternal".³ And the proof to Proposition XXX in Part V of the same work reads, "Eternity is the very essence of God, in so far as this involves necessary existence. Hence, to conceive things under the form of eternity is to conceive things in so far as they are conceived as real beings through the essence of God, that is, in so far as they involve existence through the essence of God. Therefore, our mind, in so far as it conceives itself and the body under the form of eternity, necessarily has a knowledge of God, and knows, etc."⁴ Demogorgon as Eternity is the essence of the one all-pervading substance of the universe, an essence being in the language of Spinoza "that which being given, the thing is necessarily given, and which being taken away, the thing is necessarily taken away".⁵ Spinoza, like Shelley, was a pantheist, in fact the great modern type of pantheism, His influence is very marked upon Goethe, Lessing, Herder, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel and Novalis who applied to him the famous term "the god-intoxicated man", the very contrary of the name "atheist" and "materialist" so consistently applied to him in the century after his death⁶. All this finds a curious parallel in the case of Shelley who called himself and was by his contemporaries called an atheist, but whose opinions as

3. Fullerton's tr. in *Series of Modern Philosophers*, Henry Holt and Co. 1892, p. 20.

4. *Ibid*, p. 176.

5. *Ibid*, p. 67.

6. *Ibid*, p. 16.

read today exhibit a modern humanistic Christianity of a very acceptable sort. Coleridge, "who regarded the '*Ethics*' as one of the three greatest works since the introduction of Christianity, brought him [Spinoza] from Germany into England".⁷ Medwin in his *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley* compares Shelley and Spinoza, quoting with approval a passage which Mr. Forman thinks is copied from Lewes, *Biographical History of Philosophy*. Dowden in his *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley* says, "From Hookham he [Shelley] obtained a copy of Spinoza's '*Tractatus Theologicus-Politicus*' and perhaps a copy of the '*Opera Posthuma*'; but although Shelley afterwards worked at a translation of the '*Tractatus*' at three several times, we find no evidence that he received in youth any adequate or profound impression, as Goethe did, from the purest and loftiest spirit among philosophical seekers after God". Shelley died at thirty and it is difficult to say just when his youth ended, but I think Dowden is right to the extent that Shelley probably did not thoroughly assimilate what he got from Spinoza; if he had he could hardly have had Asia (Nature) and Demogorgon (Eternity or Essence of God or Essence of Nature) as separate characters in the same play. But I insist that there is abundant evidence that Shelley was interested in Spinoza and read him hard and long.⁸

But now if Demogorgon is the essential principle of things and this principle according to Shelley is Beauty, what is the meaning of all the horrors surrounding his cave and why is he spoken of as "a tremendous gloom" and an "awful shape"? This is to be explained by Shelley's relation to William Godwin. It is a well-known fact that Shelley was a frank disciple of his father-in-law, the author of the once famous and influential *Political Justice*. Godwin was a perfectionist and passed on

7. The general relations of Shelley to Spinoza are covered in Sophie Bernthsen, *Der Spinozismus in Shelley's Weltanschauung*, Heidelberg, 1900. Demogorgon, however, in this connection is not discussed.

8. cf. H. N. Brailsford, *Shelley, Godwin and Their Circle*, Henry Holt & Co., n. d., pp. 181-184.

his views, ways and means to his son-in-law. " 'To do my part to free the human mind from slavery', that in his own words was the main object of Godwin's life'. This purpose found expression in *Caleb Williams*, *Political Justice* and his religious essays which Mrs. Shelley timidly suppressed. When they did appear as *Essays Never Before Published*, in 1873, the work which their author would have had them do had been done by others. But they still have a historical interest and some of Godwin's best writing, as a recent critic avers, is to be found in them. I have not had access to these essays and shall have to depend for my knowledge of them on Mr. Brailsford's resume; he says "The book opens with a protest against the theory and practice of salutary delusions; and Godwin . . . pours his scorn upon those who would cherish their own private freedom, while preserving popular superstitions, 'that the lower ranks may be kept in order'. The foundation of all improvement is that 'the whole community should run the generous race for intellectual and moral superiority'. Godwin would preserve some portion of the religious sense, for we can reach sobriety and humility only by realising how frail and insignificant a part we constitute of the great whole". But the fundamental tenets of dogmatic Christianity are far he argues, from being salutary delusions. At the basis alike of Protestantism and Catholicism, he sees the doctrine of eternal punishment; and with an iteration that was not superfluous in his own day, he denounces its cruel and demoralizing effects. It saps the character where it is really believed, and renders the mind which receives it servile and pusillanimous. The case is no better when it is neither sincerely believed nor boldly rejected. Such an attitude, which is, he thinks, that of most professing believers, makes for insincerity, and for an indifference to all honest thought and speculation. The man who dares neither believe nor disbelieve is debarred from thinking at all.

"Godwin's own view is in the main what we should call

agnostic: 'I do not consider my faculties adequate to pronouncing upon the cause of all things. I am contented to take the phenomena as I behold them, without pretending to erect an hypothesis under the idea of making all things easy. I do not rest my globe of earth upon an elephant . . . and the elephant upon a tortoise. I am content to take my globe of earth simply, in other words, to observe the objects which present themselves to my senses, without undertaking to find out a cause why they are what they are'.

'With cautious steps, he will, however, go a little further than this. He regards with reverence and awe 'that principle, whatever it is, which acts everywhere around me'. But he will not slide into anthropomorphism, nor give to this Supreme Thing, which recalls Shelley's Demogorgon, the shape of a man. 'The principle is not intellect; its ways are not our ways'. If there is no particular Providence, there is none the less a tendency in nature which seconds our strivings, guarantees the work of reason, and 'in the vast sum of instances, works for good, and operates beneficially for us'. The position reminds us of Matthew Arnold's definition of God as 'the stream of tendency by which all things strive to fulfill the laws of their being'. 'We have here', writes Godwin, 'a secure alliance, a friend that so far as the system of things extends will never desert us, unhearing, inaccessible to importunity, uncapricious, without passions, without favour, affection, or partiality, that maketh its sun to rise on the evil and the good, and its rain to descend on the just and the unjust' ".⁹ Now it is noteworthy that the term "tremendous gloom" is applied to Demogorgon by Earth; that it is Jupiter that calls him "awful shape"; and that the horrors around his cave are described before Asia and Panthea have come into contact with him and the former has been transfigured. Hence, I think I am justified in holding that by these names and this impersonation Shelley is setting

9. *Quarterly Review*, October 1821 (Vol. 26), p. 172. The reviewer is unable to find any such account.

forth the popular or superficial view of Eternity with its terrors of mystery and punishment, a view of the sort censured by Godwin.

It may seem that I have devoted a disproportionate amount of time and effort to an exposition of the meaning of this one character Demogorgon; but I should defend my course on three grounds; namely, he is the one who has caused earlier commentators most trouble; he is the central figure of the drama; and, as one of the earliest reviewers says, "As he is the only agent in the whole drama, and effects the only change of situation and feeling which befalls the other personages; and as he is likewise employed to sing or say divers hymns, we have endeavored to find some intelligible account of him".¹⁰

Briefly to sum up our interpretation of the characters so far, we would say Prometheus is the human soul; Jupiter, the *status quo* regarded as sacred or divine; Asia, Nature; and Demogorgon, Eternity.

With these interpretations before us I think we can make out a plain meaning for the entire drama. Prometheus and Asia, the Human Soul and Nature kept apart—for that is the important thing in Shelley's version of the story, not the torturing of Prometheus nor the withholding of his long-desired secret from Jupiter—they are kept apart, I repeat, by Jupiter and are only reunited when Jupiter himself is confronted by his child Demogorgon and falls. In other words we have here a presentation in a curious dramatic form of the doctrine, made well-known in Europe through the writings of Rousseau, that man can reach an ideal state of existence by what was called the Return to Nature. Godwin and his wife, Mary Wollstonecraft, though critical of many points in Rousseau's writings—they can hardly be called a system—such as his doctrine of the social contract and his view of the position of woman, were nevertheless the recognized leaders of a band of

10. *Shelley's Letters*, ed. Roger Ingpen, I. Pitman, 1912; Vol. I, p. 77. c. f. Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, ed. Dowden, p. 219.

his disciples in England and we have already seen that Shelley shared Godwin's beliefs. Shelley had read a great deal of Rousseau, and though he says that the *Confessions* is "either a disgrace to the confessor, or a string of falsehoods, probably the latter",¹¹ he later refers to "the divine beauty of Rousseau's imagination, as it exhibits itself in 'Juliet' ".¹² Further, in his *Essay on Christianity* the poet remarks, "The dogma of the equality of mankind has been advocated, with various success, in different ages of the world. It was imperfectly understood, but a kind of instinct in its favor influenced considerably the practice of ancient Greece and Rome. Attempts to establish usages founded on this dogma have been made in modern Europe in several instances, since the revival of literature and the arts. Rousseau has vindicated this opinion with all the eloquence of sincere and earnest faith; and is, perhaps, the philosopher among the moderns who, in the structure of his feelings and understanding, resembles most nearly the mysterious sage of Judea. It is impossible to read those passionate words in which Jesus Christ upbraids the pusillanimity and sensuality of mankind, without being strongly reminded of the more connected and systematic enthusiasm of Rousseau".¹³ The attainment of equality is one of the things which Rousseau holds will be secured by the return to nature, and we have already seen that the same result comes of the fall of Jupiter in Shelley's play. Later in the same essay Shelley explains what in his opinion Rousseau meant by the return to nature, as follows: "Rousseau certainly did not mean to persuade the immense population of his country to abandon all the arts of life, destroy their habitations and their temples, and become the inhabitants of the woods. He addressed the most enlightened of his compatriots, and endeavored to persuade them to set the example of a pure and simple life, by plac-

11. *Shelley's Letters*, ed. cit., II, p. 489.

12. *Shelley's Essays and Letters*, Camelot ed., Walter Scott, n. d., p. 106.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 107.

ing in the strongest point of view his conceptions of the calamitous and diseased aspect which, overgrown as it is with the vices of sensuality and selfishness, is exhibited by civilized society".¹⁴ This may, or may not be a correct view of Rousseau's purpose, but it at least shows that Shelley was familiar with his work and had his own opinion of its significance.

There is one further point in the allegory to be commented upon before we conclude, and that is the time when the fall of Jupiter is determined. This comes, you recall, as soon as Prometheus begins to pity his tormentor rather than defy him. This is a symbolic presentation of Shelley's ethical doctrine that morality, to use a mathematical term, is a function of sympathy and the latter in turn of imagination. Thus in his *Speculations on Morals*, the poet says, "The only distinction between the entirely selfish man and the virtuous man is, that the imagination of the former is confined within a narrow limit, whilst that of the latter embraces a comprehensive circumference." The difficulty with the reign of Jupiter was that man was kept unrefined, his imagination was restricted, hence his sympathies were narrow, and a real human society was impossible.

To sum up, what has been the object of the paper? First, to show that Shelley's pantheism has determined some matters in the technique of his play; second, that a closer reading of the text will indicate the import of certain characters, namely, Prometheus, Jupiter, and Demogorgon, and thus lead us to see its meaning; third, that the character of Demogorgon is the fruit of Shelley's long study of Spinoza; fourth, that in its general meaning *Prometheus Unbound* is a presentation of the theme that human redemption will come about by a return to Nature, as taught by Rousseau.

14. *Ibid.*, pp. 127, 128.

RENUNCIATION IN MODERN LIFE.

FRED SMITH

There is a sense in which every man is called upon to practice the renunciatory principle in life. It is an event in the life of all human beings. As such it may or may not have ethical significance. "In nature's scheme for us, every act of ours, every volition, is a renunciation. To get something we have to give up something. If we cannot do this we cannot do that."¹ For on turning from the self life of the individual to his social life we find that this principle takes on added importance. As Benjamin Kidd reminds us: "It is a feature of organisms that as they rise in the scale of life the meaning of the present life of the organism is to an increasing degree subordinate to the larger meaning of life as a whole." It is only when we come to the study of this principle in the light of the teaching of Jesus, however, that we come to realize how deeply significant it is for the progress of all true and good life. So vital was this principle accounted in the past that it gave to Christianity one of its most characterising names. Christianity became known as "the way of the Cross". In a very distinctive way the renunciatory principle is a natural and unavoidable corollary to the practice of the Christian life.

Nevertheless we are confronted with the fact that the present age is not thinking in terms of renunciation, and because of this strange silence, some have prematurely concluded that the principle is omitted from its practice also. In any case the religious thinker of today faces a peculiar situation with regard to the matter of the renunciatory principle. On the one hand, he is convinced of its necessity; on the other hand, he realizes its unpopularity. The modern man avoids the vocabulary of the renunciatory attitude. He is not enamoured of the words: self-sacrifice, self-denial; renunciation. His attitude has been

¹Renunciation. J. B. Christian World. Sept. 4.'13.

clearly and forcefully stated in the article by Jonathan Brierley, to which reference has already been made. Writing under the date of September, 1913 he says: 'Renunciation! 'Tis an ugly word. It smells of the Middle Ages, of the monk's cell, of a starved life. It is 'not to be mentioned to ears polite'.' But what has happened in the intervening years of 1914-1918? Another chapter (and a noble one) has been added to the long and varied story of renunciation. Here were heroisms manifold, and sacrifices innumerable. The diary of the race was writ in blood. That same generation which ignored the word 'renunciation' practiced, in a superlative degree, the principle. The religious croaker is always with us, however, and again his voice is heard in the land. Because the lurid glare of war lights not the heroisms of men, he, forsooth, sees nothing of them. He seems not aware of those "who labor quietly, endure privations and pains, live and die, and throughout everything see the good of life without seeing its vanity".³ Men are again silent in 'seven languages' concerning renunciation, but this is by no means the same as saying that they have discarded the practice of it. Then why this silence?

The reasons are many and, unfortunately, are to be found chiefly in the field of ecclesiasticism. So far as the modern man is concerned, and in proportion as he has responded to the quickenings of the social conscience, the word 'renunciation' and its synonyms are not clean in his sight. Because they smell of 'the Middle Ages' it has seemed advisable to him that they be shelved. This may be a mistake; it has to be admitted however as a fact. The history of monasticism is by no means an ignoble one, nevertheless the average man thinks of renunciation as associated with the weird stories of the ascetics; the anchorites of the desert; the pillar saints of the Middle Ages. And in support of his conclusions he can still point to those in our own day who persist in interpreting renunciation in terms of ecclesiasticism. Fastings, vigils,

3. *My Confessions*. Tolstoi.

constitute for them the narrow of self-denial. Furthermore, the reaction of the modern man to the afore-mentioned tremors has been reenforced by the writings of certain mystics. Thomas a Kempis rightly holds an honored place in the religious life of the ages through his "*The Imitation of Christ*". The subjoining of three of his chapter titles will at once indicate why some parts of that work make little appeal to the men of today. They are as follows:—

Book: 3. Chapter X. That to despise the world and serve God is sweet.

Book: 3. Chapter XXXI. Of the contempt of all creatures in order to find out the Creator.

Book: 3. Chapter XLI. Of the contempt of all earthly honor.

On these matters the social conscience and the ecclesiastical mind are somewhat at variance.

Another fact which needs to be mentioned in explaining the reactions of the modern man to the vocabulary of renunciation is that he often interprets it unconsciously against the background of Augustinian theology. Common people are generally very conservative in their theology. Interested in business, pleasure and sleep; persuaded that the windows of theology do not open on the horizon of practical living, the average man gives little heed to the theological aspect of life. To change the figure, he places his theological concepts in the attic of his mind. The nature of these concepts stand revealed occasionally when one finds a non-churchgoing man interested in the baptism of his children. To him the ancient orthodoxy that unbaptised children are out of grace is not without its power. In so far as he is informed theologically, he tends to regard men *sub specie mali*. His theology still retains a Manichaeistic strain. Being more of a teleologist than a theologian he rejects an interpretation of renunciation which is synonymous with the repudiation of the body.

One other reason needs to be presented before passing to the more positive aspect of our topic. It is an unusual word which cannot be used for the purposes of evil, and it is not surprising to find that the word 'renunciation' is no exception to the general rule. The renunciatory principle has been advocated oftentimes for shrewd and selfish purposes rather than for spiritual ones. Simon N. Patton has pointed out that "the habit of renunciation, which has been made easier by being named a virtue, has become a social quality acquired by the poor, not in their struggle with nature, but in their economic relations with the classes above them."⁴ Those were the days when a time-serving priesthood was willing to interpret the selfishness of an aristocracy in terms of submission to the will of God.

We would not have it thought, however, that the average man of today has consciously rejected the vocabulary of renunciation, except perhaps as he has seen its mis-application in the economic field; rather would we say that this rejection was made inevitable by the trend of modern thought. Men have come into a new concept of man, due to the rise of the social sciences, which has meant a new attitude to the universe in general, and to man in particular. Men today are thinking sociologically rather than theologically. They have become socially conscious. Fifty years ago the thought content of men in general was individualistic and theological; today it is social and sociological. Then man thought of himself as a soul; now, he thinks of himself as a *socius*; then, he stressed ways and means; now, he stresses ideals and ends. The trend of thought was foreshadowed in the words of T. H. Green in his *Prolegomena to Ethics*. Standing, as it were, between the old and the new, he saw that "it is not because it involves the renunciation of so much pleasure that we deem the life of larger self-denial which the Christian conscience calls for, a

4. *The New Basis of Civilization*. Patton. p. 76.

higher life than was conceived by the Greek philosophers, but because it implies a fuller realization of the human soul.'

In our day we find this truth stated in the vocabulary of our time in the writings of a Tagore on the one hand, and in the findings of a Conference of Christian Leaders on the other hand. Speaking from the East, Tagore presents his message under the strangely significant title of "Sadhana: The Realization of Life". It surely is a fact worth noting when India, the mother of the renunciatory religions of Buddhism and Hinduism, produces a teacher who speaks in terms of 'realization' without compromising (so he himself says) the essential meaning of his ancient faith. Turning to the West we find the leaders of Christian thought following the same trail. Respecting the type of world order for which Christians are working we are told that it is "a co-operative social order in which the sacredness of every life will be recognized and everyone find opportunity for the fullest self-expression of which he is capable; in which each individual will give himself gladly and whole-heartedly for ends that are socially valuable; in which the impulses to service and to creative action will be stronger than the acquisitive impulses, and all work will be seen in terms of its spiritual significance as making possible fulness of life for all men."⁵ Which is to say that East and West agree in saying that realization rather than renunciation is the action-inspiring dynamic of the man of today. Whatever renunciation means it must issue in realization.

The results of such a conclusion are at once made manifest in the life of the individual. The new orthodoxy declares the body to be no mean factor in the realization of life. It must not be despised. No one has given better voice to this emphasis than has Newman Smyth. Writing in his work on *Christian Ethics*, he says: "There is no profounder or more comprehensive conception of evolution than that afforded by the law of the increasing fitness and service of the material to the

5. *The Church and Industrial Reconstruction.*

spiritual." He also adds that "this body, which is man's first external possession, exists to be made the organ of the spirit". We find the same thought expressed by Patton when he says: "To be religious we do not need to deny that we have material elements in our nature, but only that we are not dominated by them We can be spiritual even though we are material."⁶ Curiously enough these words find unlooked-for corroboration in the words of William Law, the mystic, who tells us that "the soul and the body are so united that they each have power over one another in their actions. Certain thoughts and sentiments in the soul produce such and such motions and actions in the body; and, on the other hand, certain motions and actions of the body have the power of raising such and such sentiments in the soul." Whatever our age may think of the renunciatory principle, it has done once and for all with the idea that it means the repudiation of the body; whatever sacrifice may mean, it cannot mean 'the immoral disregard of the self'. The belief of the modern man has been well expressed by Professor Wright in his work on Self-realization, when he says: "As natural, man's sensuous impulses and 'fleshly desires' may rightfully claim a share of his attention Moreover, certain of these impulses constitute the roots from which spring some of the most esteemed 'spiritual gifts'."⁷ Regulation of the body, not its repudiation, is the modern man's interpretation of renunciation as applied to the physical life.

It is only when we come to the study of man in his social relationships that we realize how fully the new ethic (as manifested through the social conscience) has given a new name and place to the renunciatory principle in life. It is essential to remember that man is not merely a soul but a *socius*. He is a 'conjunct being'. "One person is no person." The recognition of this fact makes it possible to answer those who think

6. *The Social Basis of Religion.* p. 30.

7. p. 189.

that one life is not wide enough to include both renunciation and realization. We would remind such that we have here more than a mere restatement of the ancient antithesis of Hellenic self-realization and our Christian self-denial. It has been customary to say that the two were incompatible. If that were true for the past it is not so for the present. The self-realization of the modern man has a different significance from that of the ancient Greek, even while retaining some points in common with it. The 'self' of the Greeks and the *socius* of the modern man are poles asunder. The Greek realized himself at the expense of society; the modern man realizes himself in and through society. That is to say, the modern man with a social conscience recognises that as a conjunct self he is obligated to the practice of the law of subordination. Speak to him in terms of renunciation, and he does not understand; but speak to him in terms of subordination, and he sees the point. This is the new renunciation.

In conclusion we desire to note briefly wherein the new renunciation differs from the old. Certain differences have already been noted, which we have no need to recapitulate. In addition to these it may be noted that the renunciation of the modern man must have a social worth to society. He wishes to be counted in, not counted out. Hence his preference for thinking of life in terms of subordination. He does not luxuriate in martyrdom. He prefers to be a maker rather than a martyr. He believes that we are here to serve and, if it be necessary, to suffer through serving. But he does not care to talk too much about this latter aspect. Without being acquainted with the words he has come to realize the truth of what Samuel Rutherford said, namely, that "our sufferings are washen in the blood of Christ as well as our souls".

It is not true to say that the modern Christian has discarded the practice of renunciation. The facts are more simple and moral than that. He prefers another viewpoint. He recognises that religion has its price; nevertheless he prefers

to think of it as discovery rather than as denial; service rather than as sacrifice; realization rather than as renunciation. Therefore "he rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race". Whatever the cost, Christianity is worth it. Wherefore the vocabulary of the modern Christian has little in it of the fact of suffering. Having seen the rich worth of religion he will not make of it a wail.

"The men of the East may watch the skies
And signs and seasons mark;
But the men signed with the Cross of Christ
Go gaily in the dark."

QUESTIONING

BY AGNES CORNELL

I think—
God sent me here,
And yet that day I couldn't move my lips;
I think—
He sent that little bird
And this frail weed in bloom
Before my door.

And that dark army
Against the sky last night—
Seeds of enigma,
Suckled at Titonic breasts—
Did God Send that?
And who is God?
And why am I!

CURRENT THOUGHT

Is Soul Scientifically Commensurable?

This question seems not to occur to Vernon Kellogg in his discussion in *The Yale Review* entitled "*Science and the Soul*". He properly denies that scientific men are to be generally considered as disbelieving the soul, pointing to their religious activities as one of the indications. Dr. Kellogg has a very clear and correct definition of that element which distinguishes man from the brutes and gives rise to the belief in soul. This is as he says the consciousness of the soul or of conscience and with it he names the corollary of independence for justification or cause on biological advantage. We feel free to say that if science customarily spoke in such understanding terms there would be no basis for misunderstanding either with philosophy or religion.

It is unfortunate that after laying so unassailable a foundation he should fall back into the dogmatism of science that all reality is scientifically commensurable. It is generally accepted, since the work of Comte has come to be understood, that science has for its particular field the observance of phenomena. We may stop at this point with Comte, denying reality to everything which cannot be measured or weighed, but modern man stands in the sight of too much mystery to be satisfied with this. Why should he not admit the incommensurability in any terms which science affords of the finer human values? Failure to do this in psychology is making the doctors ridiculous. Increased blood-pressure and nerve reaction may attend human thoughts of love but they cannot determine the value, meaning or worth of love because itself is beyond the field of scientific computation. If the author finds it difficult to say God made soul, hoping to find some more material cause that science can estimate, we should like to ask him if the law of the sufficient reason would really allow its explanation as springing from anything less than soul. If so, why is not a world-soul or God as reasonable a term as any? As a matter of fact, it is quite as difficult for him to explain the origin of the first atom as it is of the first soul. Both are beyond science in that they are metaphysical and cannot be scientifically demonstrated. Metaphysics can show that belief in God and the soul are reasonable. It cannot demonstrate them. God and the soul are subjects of faith and are demonstrable as all other human values are only in living experience, the assurance which comes of following them. This demonstration will always seem inadequate to a blind follower of the test-tube. It will always be open to experience in the man of faith who takes this faith as the center of a life.

Religion a Matter of Faith and Experience

That religion is a matter of faith and experience rather than of proof is evident to Professor John Baillie, who writes in *The Hibbert Journal* for October on *The True Ground of Theistic Belief*. He somewhat depreciates

the Platonic hope of basing theistic demonstration upon either the argument from design or from analogy of causation in mind. Professor Baillie shows quite rightly that the effort to prove God by scientific demonstration is a vain one because God is a spiritual value and must be demonstrated in the field of spiritual experience. While agreeing with him in this contention, we think he underestimates the value of these arguments from the metaphysical standpoint as indicating that a belief in God is not only not in conflict with scientific knowledge, but also inherently reasonable. Neither can we consent to his inference that the teleological argument has been made void by the principle of "natural selection". It is time for the thinking world to come to the realization that logically the principle of "natural selection" is a *petitio principii* upon which it is impossible to base any explanation. But Professor Baillie recognizes just the principle which Professor Kellogg overlooks and the two articles dovetail admirably.

Has Relativity any Light to Shed upon Religion

In the same journal quoted above, Mr. Austin Hopkinson tells us it has. With many a fling at the theologians and an utter damnation of philosophy, which in his judgment can be essayed from no standpoint save his own, of mathematics, he reaches rather ponderously the conclusion that the new doctrine of relativity indicates that God is to be reached only by revelation. How this conclusion differs from the identical conclusion of the "anthropomorphic" theologians and philosophers, he does not state. It seems to be quite characteristic of the headiness of modern mathematical philosophy to wish the destruction of all opinions except its own. Above all does it seem willing to throw away all historic values and come to the same old conclusions by bizarre methods only.

A knowledge of engineering while interesting cannot be supposed to endow one with philosophical omniscience so that he can safely despise all other cultures. That one should for the moment imagine such to be the case might perhaps be attributed to the over-confidence of specialization, a sort of intoxication of limitation.

The New View of the Basis of Religion

Under the title *Present Day Tendencies in the Philosophy of Religion*, R. F. A. Hoernle indicates the striking changes which have taken place in the discussion of religion from the standpoint of philosophy. He points out that philosophy is no longer admitting a distinction between revealed and natural religion. Hence the problem is no longer to prove the teleological necessity for God nor to affirm God by reason of the need for first cause, but rather to look to the inherent qualities of religion itself for its justification. He points out as the outcome of such an assumption the often overlooked fact that a discussion of the philosophy of religion implies an actual knowledge of religion or a religious attitude on the part of the philosopher himself.

Of modern movements in the philosophy of religion he distinguishes three, the personalistic, which views God as a person, the anti-personalistic, and the man-made God. He discusses the difficulty in this first supposition,

that it has a tendency to localize and limit deity, while on the other hand it does bring undoubtedly a richer content of experience to the individual. This school of thinking is in his mind represented in Hocking, Webb, and Pringle-Pattison.

The second view, that represented by Bosanquet, is strongly anti-personalistic, assuming that God is that super-personal Reality, perfect in character, after which we strive.

"Compared with the concrete imagery of current theology, such a rendering of religion will inevitably seem pale. The theist's language has the advantage there. But it is to be noticed that the pallor of the language reflects not thinness of experience, but a fullness and intensity to which the more familiar terms of religious speech seem inadequate."

The third type, the "we-make-our-own-God" type, is set forth by Alexander in his *Time, Space and Deity*. The article is of great value as showing the modern drift of religious speculation.

Our Dispirited Literati of Decadence

According to some of our most-in-evidence writers, an amazing artistic degeneration is taking place in America. We can no longer expect genius to plume her wings. All true poetry is dead and we have fallen on the lamentable days of mediocrity. We have no wish to contradict gentlemen of such literary eminence, who take themselves and their judgments so seriously. We wish only to indulge in a bit of quiet laughter. For according to these gentlemen, the present literary decadence is not primarily due to the effort to write shocking and sensational manuscripts that will win immediate fame and dollars. Neither is it due to a yielding to the demand of the time for bare flesh, and pornography, but primarily to the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. Strangely enough this sad state of affairs seems to have taken place at the same time these same gentlemen tell us "there is more of it than there ever was before". Thus our literati scream our decadence from the house-top and try to make us believe they are not of it. One Dante of a troubled age stopped long enough in his wanderings to leave a manuscript at the monastery gate of Santa Croce. For answer to the request of the welcoming Padre who demanded to know what he sought, he uttered one word "Peace". He sought that peace not in the world but in God and through the reality and intensity of that search produced literature that was eternal. Perhaps his moral seriousness was a factor in that literary effort, which thought we commend to our dispirited literati of decadence.

The Demand for Jazz

Close association with the youth of our time is likely to impress one with the feeling that the demand for jazz is our dominant characteristic. It seems to be based in part upon the desire for speed in action which has become the neurotic obsession of the day and in part upon that which is easily the psychological outgrowth of action, impatience of all restraint. This impatience of restraint is both external and internal. It is not only a rebellion against order imposed from without; it is also disregard for and incapacity for self-restraint. It has many manifestations which are an interesting evidence of deep pathological conditions. Politically it manifests itself in studied disregard for law and a widespread outbreak of press propaganda against laws that are obnoxious to a minority. In music it is shown in the hectic demand for syncopated airs with an ever wilder assortment of noise-making instruments played in ever faster time and with greater disharmony. In the theater it has manifested an increasing daring and indecency, which in the movies particularly has run its course of possibilities for degenerate and jaded appetites. Socially the movement is to be seen in the prevalence of cheek

dancing and the revolt against chaperonage. Everywhere we find hatred of discipline, scorn of self-restraint.

The reason why we must be always occupied with the yellow newspaper, our ears deafened by the tintinnabulations of a harmony-murdering orchestra or our eyes dazzled by a sensational picture, is primarily because we are mentally and spiritually poverty-stricken. We dare not be left alone to our thoughts because we no longer have thoughts, at least none that can satisfy our souls. We are incapable of sustained effort in any direction and live a hand-to-mouth existence, in our pleasures, in our work and in our religion.

The fact of significance to our age is this, that all lasting government, society, literature and art are built on the basis of self-restraint. Self-restraint means strength, power and control. All lack of it is some form of weakness.

In government, true liberty lies in the ability of individual citizens to conform themselves to the laws which make for the common good. Society becomes mutually pleasurable and beneficial through the self-restraint of its members evidenced in what is called good manners.

Art cannot be true without the practice of that austerity which gives us right relative proportion. The beauty of any line lies in the restraint in freedom which it indicates. And all this to many of our friends is like the babbling of the despised mid-Victorian. It is not necessary to return to the stultified forms of the Victorian period, which to us at least seems to have rejoiced in its stultifications, but we might be at least allowed to say a word for that beauty which moved the Greek mind, beauty which was beautiful by reason of its self-control. The modern demand for jazz, put in its best light, is essentially barbaric and disintegrating.

The Weeping Angel

On a height of land not far from the western sea, at the entrance to a place of flowers and trees and graves, there sits in granite semblance a weeping angel. The proportions of the statue are noble and the lines are very beautiful. The whole is expressive of unassuaged grief and will continue long after the generation which set it there has passed. I have not called up the scene for its funereal but for its practical significance. I wish to speak of the lives that have erected at the gate a weeping angel. Sometimes such an attitude arises from experienced calamity, deep sorrow, misfortune, the hostility of others or the consciousness of failure. Always in such a life the sorrow or the failure becomes the dominant note. Frequently it takes the selfish aspect of a moody reminiscence. The tragedy of such a situation lies in its needlessness. Most of the failures of life could be made the foundations of a larger success. Tempestuous sorrows could work a deepening of character that would be for all around both sweetness and light. One should learn that at least one of the basic facts of life is this, that nothing can permanently overwhelm him whose spirit is set upon the things which time and sense cannot take away. There is a half-forgotten line of Dunsany's which runs something like this: "Fate cannot hurt us if we smile at her". Blessed is he whose heart is fixed on the Eternal, there shall be no weeping angel at his gate.

Along the Bookshelf

God and Values in Modern Thought

A STUDY IN MORAL PROBLEMS, by B. M. LAING. Pp. 279. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York, 1922.

Assuming mechanism, this book modifies morality as Jack, assuming morality, modified the giant. Human will is "too unintelligible an entity to be a basis for theory". Desire is always for what is desirable, and morality consists in controlling natural conditions to effect what is desired. "The moral process differs from purely natural processes in having its basis in desire and thus in conscious individuals; and secondly in being directed solely toward the desirable." Sin is a social weed, a pimple, a fly in the cream. Hoe the garden, purify the blood, destroy pests and control society and there will be no regrettable incidents. Morality derives its complications from conditions. Virtue does not demand knowledge, for morality ought to be easy and, outside of skill, knowledge cannot add anything essential. In fact, since knowledge is not necessary, we find at the end of the book that we need not have looked for knowledge at the beginning of it. We agree. We might better have spent the time sharpening pins. Honesty and self-control and sacrificial burden-bearing and other self-masterships may be weeds, psycho-analytically speaking, but some of us still think them worth cultivating whether natural conditions are controlled or not. However, if determinism is the proper cry, we are prevented by determinism's hypothesis from rendering the author either blame or praise, for he wrote as he had to. The book gave the reviewer a sense of great fatigue, and we hope that we are not undignified in saying so.

C. G. BEARDSLEE.

A STUDENT'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION, by WILLIAM KELLEY WRIGHT, Ph. D. Macmillan Company, New York, 1922. P. viii-472.

There has long been need for a compact, yet sufficiently detailed work in the Philosophy of Religion to form a basis for college courses in the subject. This task has been admirably accomplished by Dr. Wright in his *Student's History of Philosophy*. And the task is necessarily a delicate one for there is in no other subject so great a chance for misunderstanding and misinterpretation. As he has accomplished it, it will scarcely escape the criticism of some who will be dissatisfied with the scientific atmosphere which to them will seem to come short of spiritual appreciations. On the other hand, the more thorough-going scientific will probably mistake the reverential attitude toward religion as a weak deference to religious feeling. To say this is probably to say that Dr. Wright has done his work well. We believe that the tolerantly religious, realizing the handicaps under which he was compelled to labor, will find it an excellent basis for discussion which can easily be infilled by class lecture, collateral, and discussion. The only party that we esteem likely to be dissatisfied will be that one who insists that the sole basis of religion is animistic, magical, and naturalistic. As this coterie

seldom studies seriously the philosophy of religion it may safely be neglected.

We believe that many teachers will rejoice in a text which is so temperate, so scientific, and so well arranged to cover the entire field.

Dr. Wright begins by a consideration of the primitive and historical religions, giving a large portion of the book to the historical feature before taking up the fundamental problems of religion. He lays considerable stress on the evolution of religion from lower to higher forms which we consider a questionable procedure. In doing this, however, he shows himself the child of the present scientist age and is following the assumption laid down by his great forerunners in this field.

Does religion spring out of previous superstitious practices, which gradually develop into more spiritual forms, or does it spring ever from the religious instinct of man himself, and are the forms it assumes dependent upon the general culture, knowledge and receptivity to revelation of the men who exercise it? We believe the latter. That portion of religion which comes through inherited customs, traditions and taboos, can scarcely be called progressive and evolutionary. The great advances have been made by the moral and spiritual inspirations that have come direct to the great religious leaders of all faiths.

Some day the attempt to bend all the facts of the universe to fit an unthinking evolutionary dogma will appear as ludicrous as Plato's efforts to distinguish the spiritual and the animal souls by giving them residence in the head and liver respectively.

The book is made additionally valuable for class-room use by most excellent bibliographies appended to each chapter, and copious notes placed at the end of the book.

Bergson in French Letters

SOME MODERN FRENCH WRITERS, by C. TURQUET-MILNES. Published by Robert M. McBride and Company, New York, 1921. Pp. xiii and 295.

If one wishes to know the depth and breadth of that movement in French letters and philosophy which gathers about the work of Henri Bergson, if one wishes to know the relation of the whole movement to the past, and to the modern French spirit, he cannot do better than to read this book.

In a delightful series of essays abounding in wit and epigram the author sets before us the work of the modern French school. The result is both gratifying and heartening. It indicates that the reign of positivism is over and the spring of freedom is in the air. Bergson has been the chief factor in this movement from a depressing scientism to a new appreciation of the spiritual values. The greater part of the *litterati* mentioned have been at some time his students. Bergson's influence is thus set forth:

"Bergson, by affirming that the reigning intellectualism of his youth misread life with its countless aspects, and nature with her infinite fecundity; that our concepts were but schematic designs of a fluid and complex reality; that there was such a thing as Psychological Time, and that we were free precisely on account of this Psychological

Time; that life is the ultimate reality; that we live in a universe in which *tout n'est pas donné*, in which something new happens at every moment, in which there is freedom at the heart of things,—rendered invaluable assistance to the young generation which was seeking to break the chains which weighed so heavily upon it.”

Of the disillusionment in the older scientific faith he writes:

“ ‘Science, to whom all men turned to find happiness, has created a rough, violent, terribly agitated and panting world’. M. Faguet wrote those words before the great war; and in their light one would fain inquire: What manner of German did science make?

This world which is so tired, so drunken with unsatisfied desires, this feverish, restless plutocracy powerless to find happiness, cannot exist indefinitely without a moral and intellectual ideal”.

Of Bergson he writes:

“What scientific feeling revealed to James, aesthetic feeling revealed to Bergson: the absolute error of scientists in claiming to measure the scope of our sensations; the folly, in a word, of the science called psychophysics. Every sensation as it grows becomes transformed. It is no more possible to conceive the sum of our difference between two sensations than it is to draw a boundary line between memory and consciousness”.

He thus appraises the work of Maurice Barrés:

“Barrés is therefore a symbolic figure. His story is the history of countless young men who began with subjective idealism and individualism and ended in collectivism or nationalism; that is why the evolution of his books has so much significance. It is from the desert of his own soul, from the homelessness of his philosophical world, that Barres turns to the conception of another world, a world of moral, spiritual and at the same time physical agencies”.

Paul Bourget's insight into modern life is clearly set forth:

“His characters are for him typical of their circumstances. . . . They are the children of a century of romanticism which has given free rein to their impulse and thus destroyed the tone of their character.

Then—and it is here that he finds the greatest opposition to his views—M. Bourget goes a step further. If anarchy reigns in the family through selfishness and luxury, anarchy must necessarily reign in society. How can it be otherwise? Others are affected by what I say, what I do, what I am. These others have their spheres of influence; so that a single act of mine may spread in widening circles through a nation”.

Thus beside those already named, this fine volume deals with the work of Anatole France, Paul Claudel, Jules Romanes, Jean Moreas, Charles Peguy, Emile Clermont and others.

Reappraising the Middle Ages

PHILOSOPHY AND CIVILIZATION IN THE MIDDLE AGES, by MAURICE DEWULF. Princeton University Press, Princeton. Pp. vix 313.

MEDIAEVAL PHILOSOPHY, by MAURICE DE WULF. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1922. Pp. x 153.

The day has passed when it is safe from the standpoint of reputation for any man laying claim to scholarship to disparage the Middle Ages. Much work is being done by many masters to recover to modern thought the place of mediaeval effort in later European civilization. Perhaps the element of that period which was more anathema than any other was the development of philosophy known as scholasticism.

In these works of Maurice De Wulf we have clearly and concisely set before us first the place in and relation of scholasticism toward civilization and second, the content of scholasticism as achieved in the work of Thomas Aquinas.

De Wulf declares the sentiment about which both feudalism and the development of the Church centered was the sentiment of the value and dignity of the individual; and he seems fairly to make out his case.

Added to the consciousness of the worth of the individual was a consciousness both in philosophy and elsewhere of building for eternity.

It seems that the peculiar genius for organization which characterized the Roman world passed with political disaster into the higher levels of the spirit and out of it there grows organization of philosophy into a system, of the church into ecclesiasticism, the founding of the great universities, and the institution of the Gothic. Each of these was an achievement of profound significance and it seems strange that the glamor of the Renaissance and the predilections of the Reformation should have so long held these profound influences in obscurity.

The philosophical and theological advances the author holds to have been headed up in the *summa theologica* of Aquinas. For this reason the two volumes are complementary and can very profitably be read together.

The author shows the differentiation in institutions which was brought about in England, France, Italy and Flanders through the perpetuation of the Aristotelean system in contrast with that neo-Platonism which through Master Eckhardt in Germany set the pace for German thought and institutions.

There is doubtless much to be said for this differentiation of the Gallo-Roman and Anglo-Celtic from the Germanic outlooks, but it is one that many will refuse to admit and some will fancy has grown from the feeling rather than the scholarship of the author.

There are apparent also tendencies to exalt the work of Aquinas into a perfected and infallible system and to look upon it as above criticism. This has been perhaps the peculiar misfortune and inadaptability to new ideas which has so largely removed Thomism as an influence in the philosophy of our modern age. It is good, however, to have the importance of mediaeval philosophy set before us by so great a scholar and so sympathetic a spirit and these two books will, we predict, be deemed necessary to the average philosophical library.

Religion and Psychology

THE TRUTHS WE LIVE BY, by JAY WILLIAM HUDSON, Ph. D. D. Appleton and Company, New York, 1921. Pp. 308.

THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND, by FREDERICK PIERCE. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, 1922. Pp. ix 323.

THE QUIMBY MANUSCRIPTS, edited by HORATIO W. DRESSER. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, 1921. Pp. 446.

This is a welcome book in these days of a flabby hedonistic outlook on things, which calls upon science to add to man's comforts; while science, in making the response, considers that it has fulfilled the whole duty of man. The Puritan with his stern message of divine law and self-sacrifice is regarded as a survival of antiquated conceptions that stand in the way of rational development. Professor Hudson, like other alert thinkers to-day, will have none of this discarding of the religious bases of life which form the cement of our civilization; this deadly revival of Paganism. "If the Pagan and the Puritan are not happy with each other," he declares, "they are still more unhappy without each other. . . The Pagan gives the Puritan the art treasures of the world; the love of nature; music; joy of living; health of body and mind. The Puritan gives the Pagan the moral inspiration; the far ideal". Certainly the Puritan has given the world the higher conception of nationality, so needful in the call today for a fuller psychology, not tied to a selfish individualism. A moral order with a Personal God at its center is what the soul demands. "Such a moral order proclaims that personality is first of all a social conception. . . Consciousness apart from the being of others is a psychological absurdity. For my consciousness of myself is my consciousness of a self in terms of others; take away from me my relatives, my friends, my state, my nation, with all that these mean, and what sort of self have I left? My consciousness is social."

The Professor's three fundamentals, the "Truths we live by", are first of all, a Personal God. He agrees with Tennyson, from whom he often quotes, that personal immortality is equally a demand of the man who believes in the moral order of nature and wishes to satisfy his soul. And lastly, as the essential precondition of all the other moral qualities of the Self, is the free moral choice between good and evil. It is here, in his recognition of a dualism in life, the warfare between good and evil, that the author seems cursory and complacent; and he gives no place to prayer. These are some of the limitations of a timely book. A disciple of Howison and Josiah Royce, he strikes a fine idealistic note.

JAMES MAIN DIXON.

The Unconscious Mind by Frederick Pierce appears to us as the sanest presentation of the psychoanalyst standpoint that we have seen. Properly read and applied, it will be of undoubted benefit to a great many. It bears contemporary interest through its reference to the work of Coue by putting in popular form the psychological principles involved. One of the pleasing

omissions is the details of sex imagination which are allowed to fill to nauseation the works of many psychoanalysts. There is nothing of that objectionable nature here and we commend the work as a valuable one.

Of course the old question will arise whether the man who lives after the highest order of religion will be troubled with the inhibitions that psychoanalysis arises to drive away. Is psychoanalysis or religion the best method of solving "conflicts"? The author seems to have but one answer, which is psychoanalysis. We believe psychoanalysis safe and conducive to most desirable results only when it is accompanied by the highest religious ideals.

Because the deepest "conflicts" are spiritual rather than physical, we do not share the unblushing faith of the author when he declares:

"It has nothing to do with philosophy or ethics. It is an experimental and descriptive science. Based soundly on the physiology of the automatic system, the involuntary and voluntary muscular systems, and the endocrine chemistry, it proceeds by adequately checked experiment to a working understanding of the deepest riddles of human conduct, and of how effectively to change the conduct toward steady betterment, with the least possible difficulty and hindrance."

This seems to us a larger contract than science can fill unassisted by religion.

The author shows one example of that economy of argument so common to psychoanalysis. You will note how a thing and its opposite are equally proved by a single psychoanalytic principle. We know no other pretended science which can resort to such argument so blandly or with such unconscious nerve,—should we say "unconscious mind"?

"The young woman who seeks always the society of women much older than herself is warping her social conduct to gratify a persisting infantile wish for a world consisting of self and mother. But there are many false-goal strivings which are not at all, or only partially, explained by this mechanism. Another young woman, whose conduct exactly parallels that of the one just referred to, may point out that until she grew up she had not only never been particularly fond of her mother, but had in fact treated the mother rather badly. In this case we have a compound reason for the false goal. Recreating the childhood image of herself and a woman much her senior, not only serves as a symbol for a period which held strongly emotionalized affects—perhaps unsquared, hence seeking expression—but also in the devoted friendship now shown to the older person she is compensating for an unconscious feeling of reproach over not having given the mother that affection which she has been taught was due a parent".

That is to say, we have exactly similar psychical reactions springing in one case from love of a mother and in the other from dislike.

The exact nature of the *Quimby Manuscripts* and Mrs. Eddy's relation to them in the formulation of her so-called science of health has been a matter of long dispute which seems to be cleared up at last by the publication of the documents themselves. It is perhaps unfortunate that they were not set forth sooner. Many will be inclined now to pass over charges of plagiarism in the light of the very effective

personality which Mrs. Eddy seems to have imparted to her writings. This effectiveness they did not achieve under Doctor Quimby. While he may have written it, it was she at least who caused the writing to be effective and to gain wide credence. Since the world is most interested in what succeeds, we anticipate the new document will be relatively neglected. Nevertheless it is a very important one, perhaps the most important in the whole controversy, and also presents a lucid survey of facts and theories about mental healing. It sheds much light on what has been hitherto very largely in the realm of guess and hearsay and will be welcomed by students who desire to reach the facts.

Miscellaneous

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY SINCE 1800—A Critical Survey. By ARTHUR KENYON ROGERS. The Macmillan Company.

There are many men bearing the name Rogers who are active in literary and scholastic circles to-day that the authors of this excellent survey might well have indicated his base and affiliations. Brought up in a well-known Baptist college of New York state, he finally found himself at Yale University as professor of philosophy. Some three years ago he resigned, and is now devoting a well-earned leisure to private study and literary work. In the year 1900 he published a work, "Essays in Critical Realism," in collaboration with Durant Drake, who taught at Wesleyan University and is now at Vassar, Arthur O. Lovejoy, who graduated at the University of California and is now at Johns Hopkins; the late George Santayana of Harvard, and three others. One of them, Charles Augustus Strong of Columbia University, is associated with what is termed Panpsychism, the distinctive element in which is its "unqualified repudiation of the assumption that we first know sensations or internal presentations and then make an inference from them to the external cause, and its substitution of abstract characters or essences for concrete presentations, as that which alone is immediately apprehended." They may all be classed as "Neo-realists".

The first chapter of the book is even to an extended and sympathetic discussion of Thomas Reid and the Scottish school of "common sense" philosophy. Fifty years ago a handy compendium of philosophy for students was George Henry Lewes's "*A Biographical History of Philosophy*", which gives short shrift to this school, "Reid's philosophy"; it declared, "made a great stir at first, but has for some years past been sinking into merited neglect". Practically it was the forerunner of the pragmatism of William James; and it is alive to-day where the Positivism of Lewes is dead and buried.

As the names of the six collaborators might indicate Dr. Kenyon Rogers is not consciously unfair or hostile to religion and idealism. He gives due credit to the California school, whose leader for half a century was George H. Howison. But he hardly seems to grasp the significance of the dualism of Joseph Le Conte—also a Californian—and of George Romanes. "Man's own spirit," according to Le Conte (page 199), "is a spark of the divine energy individuated by a process of evolution which passes through a line

of lower psyches to the point of self-consciousness; here it not only becomes separated from nature and capable of an independent life, but it enters into a new relationship to God, who now operates, not by natural law, but by a revelation to the reason and the conscience." This is practically the stand of Romanes in his later convictions, and of the Personalism of Borden P. Bowne. To the last he gives only the most cursory notice. And he makes no mention whatever of the strong and illuminating Neo-Platonism of Paul Elmer More and his school of thought, with which Irving Babbitt and Stuart P. Sherman are in full accord; a school which recognizes a divine "law of inhibition" that comes directly into conflict with the "instinct" school of Rousseau on which intellectualists like Bertrand Russell have to fall back to give them the explanation of "life". These are two cardinal omissions in an otherwise satisfactory compendium.

JAMES MAIN DIXON.

AESTHETICS: a Critical Theory of Art. By HENRY G. HARTMAN. R. G. Adams & Co.; Columbus, Ohio.

This is an honest attempt to define art and systematize our views on things aesthetic while ignoring all the while the fact of religion. Thus in dealing with "Formulas and Methods in Art-Theory," the heading of one of his eight chapters, the author mentions four methods of treatment:—art and utility, art and nature, art and science, art and morality. Thus the most important of all, art and religion, is ignored. That the omission is deliberate seems evident by the curt reference to the mystic under the sub-heading "Art and Truth" in the same chapter, for he evidently identifies truth and science:—"What, then, does the intellectualist imply when, with Ruskin, he holds that good painting is the embodiment of 'the greatest number of great ideas':—If he happens to be a mystic, it would be no profit to inquire what he may have in mind; for if he really had a mind, he would scarcely be a mystic." Now Ruskin must be classed with the mystics; for in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture"—a field of aesthetics that the writer does not enter—his first "lamp" is the Lamp of Sacrifice, a term wholly in the mystic or religious field. And how can an inquirer define art adequately, if he leave out religion, when one of the great facts in the growth of civilization in Asia has been that art follows mysteriously on the steps of the Buddhist faith? The most valuable function of art, indeed, is to furnish a symbolism for the mystic truths of religion. His remarks on poetry in Chapter VI show that he does not recognize the dualism of a higher life, which calls for inhibition of the lower life; and that it is this very inhibition that gives birth to art in its loveliest forms. The treatise is lifeless.

J. M. D.

LITERARY CULTURE IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND, 1620-1730, by THOMAS GODDARD WRIGHT, late Instructor of English in Yale University, edited by his wife. Yale University Press, New Haven. Pp. 322.

It is well that the Yale Press has seen fit to publish this valuable collation of fact concerning the literary life of New England during the little known first century of its history. As one reads with interest the story of the early

community of interest between England and New England and how this changed after the Restoration to a mutual coldness and indifference, there is disclosed the beginning of that misunderstanding which eventuated in the Revolution.

Many relevant and little known facts concerning colonial culture are set forth with such care as to indicate a vast amount of research. The book is a real contribution to a complete understanding of the period under review and is printed with a distinction characteristic of the Yale University Press.

PREACHING AND PAGANISM; by ALBERT PARKER FITCH. New Haven Yale University Press.

Half a century ago the Lyman Beecher Lectureship on Preaching was established at Yale University, and year by year there has appeared a contribution in the form of a printed volume. Such preachers and thinkers as Phillips Brooks, Fairbairn of Oxford and J. H. Jowett have furnished their quota, all clergymen; but six years ago the tradition was broken by an invitation to the distinguished lawyer, George Wharton Pepper, whose "*A Voice from the Crowd*" was a brilliant addition. The present volume, by a professor in Amherst College, is good and stimulating, the opening chapter particularly so. It recognizes emphatically the "absolutism of good and evil", so ignored by our neo-paganism, and declares that "preachers who regard sermons on salvation as superfluous have not had much experience with either." Its inspiration, as stated at the close of the introduction, has largely come from Irving Babbitt's "*Rousseau and Romanticism*". Where the volume fails is in its historical grasp and exact scholarship. For instance, the author classes together "the golden mean of the Greeks, Confucius' and Gautama's law of measure." But Gautama's law was a law of inhibition, of spiritual warfare, leading to mystic peace. Nor can this other triple junction hold together;—"the reaction from Protestant scholasticism" culminating in "Unitarianism, Universalism and Arminianism." Unitarianism was a reaction from Calvinism, as Universalism was a similar reaction from Arminianism. The Latin hymn of Xavier's misquoted on page 70 is unfortunately not the only unscholarly blunder, which bad proofing will not fully explain.

J. M. D.

A SHORT HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN THEOPHAGY; by PRESERVED SMITH, Chicago; The Open Court Publishing Co.

The very name "theophagy" or "eating of God" used in the title of this book is a give-away. The writer is devoted to those destructive and unspiritual methods used by German "higher criticism" at its worst, which have done so much to prejudice ordinary people against legitimate literary research. In discussing the beginnings of a rite so hallowed as the Lord's Supper there is no need whatever of going beyond the records of civilization that take us to the Nile and the Euphrates. Consequently such a statement as the following is meaningless and repulsive:—"Compared with the first mystics who brooded over the problem of union with the divine, Caliban was a gentleman and a scholar, the exquisite flower of a long refinement by civilization." Now surely Shakespeare in Caliban gives us a type of the

savage who had never come under the influence of a civilization that recognizes good and evil, giving him a spiritual law that makes him a "man". The chapter on Calvin is—as might be expected—full of prejudice, and wholly unappreciative of a great thinker and spiritual force.

J. M. D.

HOW TO KNOW THE BIBLE: by ROBERT ALLEN ARMSTRONG. New York; Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

The other title for this able and scholarly volume is "Mastering the Books of the Bible". While cautious and conservative in method, it does not ignore the results of modern research, as in its references to Isaiah, Daniel and the Psalms. There is a closing chapter on the Apocrypha, and a valuable appendix.

J. M. D.

LES "PAUVRES" D'ISRAEL (Prophetes, Psalmistes, Messianistes).

PAR A. CAUSSE, Professeur a la Faculte de Theologie Protestante de l'Universite de Strasbourg. Librairie Istra. Strasbourg et Paris. 1922. Pp. 173.

This is one of the "Studies in Religious History and Philosophy" published by the French scholars who have fallen heir to the very well-equipped university of Alsace-Lorraine; and it is at once erudite and timely. The light thrown upon past Babylonian, Persian and Egyptian history by the wonderful records of the past, discovered and interpreted by scholars, gives a fresh and intense meaning to the Holy Scriptures. Instead of being treated as a single miraculous record, furnishing the reader with texts, when properly used it explains the meaning of civilization. As the author remarks in his Preface, "Our spiritual origins are found there. Greece has given us the city and Rome has founded the state—soldiers, judges, laws—while Israel has left us the protest of the conscience against the brutalities of history; the appeal to God; the vision of the new humanity and of the Jerusalem of the future."

In place of the old attitude to Babylon and the pagan world which regarded their influences as only evil, the new scholarly attitude of devout inquiries is to look upon the statement that Our Lord came "in the fulness of time" as demanding respect and gratitude towards great rulers like Hammurabai, who prepared the way for Him. Professor Causse takes the first of the beatitudes as the theme for his learned survey of history from the fourteenth century, B. C. All leads up to the climax, printed in capital letters at the close of the last chapter,—HEUREUX LES EBIONIM CAR LE ROYAUME DES CIEUX EST A CEUX: "Blessed are the poor, for the kingdom of the heavens is for them". He thus follows Luke in omitting the qualifying phrase "in spirit", found in Matthew. A close and scholarly acquaintance with the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments is needed for an appreciation of the Professor's excellent study, and the reader had also better have his Apocrypha beside him. His treatment of the Psalter—*Le livre des Pauvres d'Israel*, as he calls it—to which he devotes the second of the three sections of his treatise, is conservative and yet enlightening.

J.M. D.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- THE VALIDITY OF AMERICAN IDEALS, by SHAILER MATHEWS.
Published by the Abingdon Press, New York, 1922. Pp. 207.
- THE IDEALS OF FRANCE, by CHARLES CESTRE. Published by the
Abingdon Press, New York, 1922. Pp. 326.
- FRIDAY NIGHTS, by EDWARD GARNETT. Published by Alfred A. Knopf,
New York, 1922. Pp. 377.
- FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY CREDITORS, by HINCKLEY G. MITCHELL.
Published by the Beacon Press, Boston, 1922. Pp. xxi 321.
- A HISTORY OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY, by SURENDRANATH DASGUPTA
Published by the Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, England
1922. Pp. xii 528.
- JESUS HISTORIQUE, by C. PIEPENBRING. Published by Librairie Istra
Strasbourg and Paris, 1922. Pp. vii 226.
- HARMONISM AND CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION, by CHARLES WALSTON.
Published by the Macmillan Company, New York, 1922. Pp. xi 463
- MAN AND THE COSMOS, by JOSEPH ALEXANDER LEIGHTON. Published
by D. Appleton and Company, New York, 1922. Pp. xi 578.
- A THEORY OF MONADS, by H. WILDON CARR. Published by Macmillan
and Company, London, 1922. Pp. viii 351.
- THE GOLDEN BOUGH, by J. G. FRAZER. Published by the Macmillan
Company, New York, 1922. Pp. vii 752.
- WE ARE HERE—WHY? By EDNA WADSWORTH MOODY. Published by
Marshall Jones Company, Boston, 1922. Pp. 312.
- THE PRINCIPLES OF LOGIC, by F. H. BRADLEY. Published by Oxford
University Press, London, 1922. Pp. xxviii 388.
- THE RECONSTRUCTION OF RELIGION, by CHARLES A. ELLWOOD.
Published by the Macmillan Company, New York, 1922. Pp. xiii 323
- TERTIUM ORGANUM, by P. D. OUSPENSKY. Published by Alfred A.
Knopf, New York, 1922. Pp. xv 336.
- HEGEL'S ETHICAL THEORY, by HUGH A. REYBURN. Published by
Oxford University Press, Oxford, 1921. Pp. xx 268.

Our Contributors' Page

Josephine Hammond has been a contributor to *THE PERSONALIST* from the beginning. Her brilliancy as an essayist as well as her philosophical grasp are well known to our readers. Her work in pageantry and in literature are distinctive and she has filled lecture engagements before the Twentieth Century Club of Boston. Whatever she writes is sure to be of interest.



The work of **Lizette Woodworth Reese** adds distinction to any periodical in which it appears. We are indebted to *The Lyric* for permission to print this beautiful verse: *A Rose*.



Dr. Benjamin Scott is a newcomer to *THE PERSONALIST* pages, but those who believe in fundamentalism and those who do not will read between the lines of his caustic pen the parable of thought and life. He is professor of philosophy at Nebraska Wesleyan University.



James Main Dixon whose editorial judgment and assistance has proved so valuable to *THE PERSONALIST* from its very inception, writes in his usual interesting vein of æsthetics and religion. Dr. Dixon has been gaining new literary and scholarly victories after more than thirty years of literary activity.



Ruth Irving Conner is the granddaughter of Washington Irving and writes from the midst of constant pain and invalidism. She sees deeply into life and we are certain will find some day noble expression for the deeper lessons life has taught her. We are glad to present in this number her poem "*And His the Glory*."

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To the Gentle Personalist

A SUBSCRIBER adds his remonstrance to those of others by writing of THE PERSONALIST: "I have one serious objection to register: *It does not come to my desk often enough.* Make it a monthly instead of a quarterly. To do this you will have to raise the price. I am willing to pay five or six dollars a year for it. THE PERSONALIST is worth it."

All of which is sweet music to the editorial ears. But advancing the price to so considerable a degree seems out of the question. There is another way, however, in which this might be brought about. If every present subscriber should locate among his friends those who might become interested, and should induce these friends to subscribe, it might easily attain such a basis that monthly publication would become possible.

Have you some friends that a sample copy would induce to subscribe? There is a blank for that purpose on the first page. We will mail them one copy free.

The Personalist

Volume IV

Number 3

JULY, 1923

THE QUILLURGENCE OF SHAW

(A Preface to the Theatre of George Bernard Shaw)

Lady Britomart: Stop making speeches, Andrew.

Undershaft: My dear, I have no other way of conveying my ideas.

MAJOR BARBARA

George Moore began it by calling the nervous Irish temperament *the wild goose*. Even so, I doubt if a quill has ever been part of Mr. Shaw's modern luggage: but the quaint word runs limpidly with urgency, and urgency, after all, is the cap of the caption, that is Shaw,—the quill, the pen, the typewriter, the press, the tail of the cart, the crystal spheres,—these but the unimportant media, the negligible channels, for the urgency, the torrent, the God-bearing-stream, that has come like a second flood upon the world. What a miracle was accomplished when, with quill rampant, Aaron's robe about him, Shaw smote the rock! You remember, perhaps, how the waters emerged, at first so sparkling, so refreshing, so enlivening,—waters that now are so multitudinous, so inundating, so devastating. For now the flood is full, and poor humanity must perish. Mr. Shaw has said it. He has retreated to his new Ararat, questing the secret of longevity for his coming super-race. When last signalled, he was deep in converse with Methuselah: they were both on the deck of the new Ark, waggishly dangling their feet in a waste of waters, a waste gleaming with Shavian iridescence beneath a diminished sun. Can

one doubt that Shaw, busily annotating Methuselah's ancients, is playing truant with one complacent eye, the better to survey his handiwork? It is so good! Is not all humanity, except himself and Methuselah and that arch jade, Lilith, perishing in the Flood, *his* Flood, and is not his Jovian-Shavian brain joyously preparing a eugenically perfect Minerva to beget the world anew? I write as one beneath the waters, but my impression is that the last heartening glimpse we had of the dear destroyer boded salvation for the world. We left him, just about to absorb Methuselah, heroically setting aside his vegetarianism to the end that there might remain on earth no mortal not of his own designing.

On the Diogenestic ark some super-erewhonian-ancient, aeons hence, will write Shaw's epitaph: we, perishing, can but salute him!

I

Words, words, words, they mould the ichthyosaurian flesh of Shaw's plays. His latest soliloquy, *Back to Methuselah*, exhibits the exhaustion of rhetoric. Perhaps he anticipated his epitaph in *Man and Superman*: "Never mind, Dear, go on talking, talking." Seldom has he created in the theatre the pregnancy of silence.

We would be dull, however, not to admit that there is matter worth thinking on, wrapped in the wit that has delighted two generations and in the verbiage that has often puzzled those who have looked behind the wit. We have Shaw's recent word that he has not "cut his cerebral capers in mere inconsiderate exuberance." He acknowledges, however, dizzying confluences in his torrent when he confesses, "The effect (of *Man and Superman*) was so vertiginous, apparently, that nobody noticed the new religion in the centre of the intellectual whirlpool".

Not as publicist or dramatist, socialist or critic, but as the apostle of a new religion would Shaw compel sufferance. It has been difficult to realize, bombarded as we have been by the

incessant fire of his opinions, that he is, essentially, a man with one dominant hope, one major idea,—the hope that mankind would lift itself, at a not-too-distant date, from mediocrity to vital intelligence, the idea that man has but to desire, *to will*, this creative evolution, to accomplish it.

This basic conviction was sensed but perhaps not entirely appreciated by our sane and genial critic, Huneker, when, nearly twenty years ago, he followed Shaw's *Quintessence of Ibsenism* by his *Quintessence of Shaw*. He wrote, as part of his comment on the Irish dramatist, "To be impertinent is not necessarily an evidence of wisdom; nor does the dazzling epigram supply the note of humanity. . . . Shaw is as emotional as his own typewriter, and this defect, which he parades as did the fox in the fable, has stood in the way of his writing a great play. He despises love, and therefore cannot appeal deeply to mankind. . . . In effect he says: 'To the devil with all art and plays, my plays with the rest: What I wish to do is to tell you how to run the universe: and for this I will, if necessary, erect my pulpit in hell:' " He has lately moved his exhortations to the garden of paradise, but his ambition is unchanged.

Shaw claims to despise love, affection, art, human institutions, and you and me. Since he really despises hypocrisy, cowardice, cruelty, baseness, injustice, stupidity, and intemperance, (whether in a passion, a dream, or a meal), he has a voice in the cosmic court. There his pontifical, Aaronistic pose rouses awe in the herd, but the discerning have found his strength and his weakness in the one passion he retains—and intemperately uses—the passion of indignation: to them, too, his frankness is priceless. Whether he is to be confirmed the chief prophet of our time we have yet to learn.

Without question, Shaw is an intensely earnest, forward-looking man who burns to lead the Lost Tribes out of their institutional captivities. He has loved his leadership more than he has loved his people, and as yet,—to change the picture from Aaron to Moses—there is no evidence that he con-

templates climbing Sinai. His life, nevertheless, shines on the page of writing men, and those who know him, know him to be kind. Huneker's commentary would be incomplete without these lines: "Behold, Bernard Shaw is a good man; he has lived the life of a saint, worked like a hero against terrible odds, and is the kindest-hearted man in London. Nearly all his earnings go to the needy; his was, and is, a practical socialism." We are left to wonder how so humane a mortal could taunt a nation when it mourned its dead on the lost Titanic, and how he could ignore the practical responsibilities of the better part in the late war. In a time of plenty Shaw's mockeries have been salutary: in a time of stress, were they not impotent, they would be impertinent.

But Shaw, apparently, cares little to establish himself as a man of feeling, even though he would found a new religion and write a new Bible. Will and a reasonable amount of reason are to make the measuring rod of the new dispensation. Sentiment is to be discarded. Again we are left to wonder—to wonder by what magic emotion is to be separated from reason and will in the intricate constitution of mankind. Happy, however, in any effort to clarify the muddy prejudices of the race, we follow Shaw's novel system of intellectual drainage until the question assails us—To have our septic mental circulation made aseptic, ought we to carry on with Shaw, or ought Brown to think for Brown and Jones for Jones? It is to the immortal honor of Shaw that he has fought for intellectual freedom: he is pragmatist and protestant enough to say: "Each man must be his own clarifier;" yet he is, also, so much the ratiocinator and programist that he cannot resist adding: "But mine is the wisdom, and these are the new commandments."

1. Thou shalt forswear the Seven Deadly Sins:

"The Seven Deadly Sins are respectability, conventional virtue, filial affection, modesty, sentiment, devotion to women, romance."

2. Thou shalt marry, but thou art misbegotten if thou labor-est not to improve the marriage state.
 "Marriage is the most licentious of human institutions."
3. Thou shalt remember, in youth and age, that woman is the pursuer, man the pursued.
 "The pretence that women do not take the initiative is part of the farce. Why, the world is strewn with snares, traps, gins, and pitfalls for the capture of men by women."
4. Thou shalt scourge the doctors.
 "Treat persons who profess to be able to cure disease as you treat fortune tellers."
5. Thou shalt suspect all professions.
 "They are all conspiracies against the laity; and I do not suggest that the medical conspiracy is either better or worse than the military conspiracy, the legal conspiracy, the sacerdotal conspiracy, the pedagogic conspiracy, the royal and aristocratic conspiracy, the literary and artistic conspiracy, and the innumerable industrial, commercial, and financial conspiracies, from the trade unions to the great exchanges, which make up the huge conflict we call society."
6. Thou shalt banish educational institutions.
 "Education is nothing but the substitution of reading for experience, of literature for life, of the obsolete fictitious for the contemporary real."
7. Thou shalt admire photography and despitefully ignore painting.
 "Selection and representation, covering ninety-nine hundredths of our annual output of art, belong henceforth to photography. . . . As to the painters and their fanciers, I snort defiance at them; their day of daubs is over."
8. Thou shalt espouse Socialism.
 "There is no future for men, however brimming with crude vitality, who are neither intelligent nor politically educated enough to be Socialists."
9. Put not thy faith in systems. Change in the nature of mankind must be brought to pass or the nations will perish.
 "Man will return to his idols and cupidities, in spite of all 'movements' and all revolutions, until his nature is changed. . . . The only possible socialism is the

socialization of **the selective** breeding of Man; in other terms, of human evolution."

10. Thou shalt know that the human stock, by its unaided moral courage, builds its spiritual heritage.

"We have reached the stage of international organization. Man's political capacity and magnanimity are clearly beaten by the vastness and complexity of the problems forced on him. . . . If the Superman is to come, he must be born of Woman by Man's intentional and well-considered contrivance."

11. Thou art immortal, but thy personality is of the moment and will pass.

"Imagine Roosevelt, the big brute, preserving his personality in a future state and swaggering about as a Celestial Rough Rider: or imagine me in Heaven, giving forth all sorts of epigrams and paradoxes, startling Saint Peter with my iconoclasm, being paragraphed in *The Eternal Herald* and cartooned in *The Aeon Review*."

12. Thou shalt cease to worship a Proletarian Democracy.

"We have yet to see the man who, having any practical experience of Proletarian Democracy, has any belief in its capacity for solving great political problems, or even doing ordinary parochical work intelligently and economically."

13. Thou hast a will to use: use it. Creative Evolution is thy salvation.

"If you have no eyes to see, and keep trying to see, you will finally get eyes. If, like a mole or subterranean fish, you have eyes and don't want to see, you will lose your eyes. If you like the tender tops of trees enough to make you concentrate all your energies on the stretching of your neck, you will finally get a long neck, like a giraffe. . . . Let us fix the Lamarckian evolutionary process well in our minds. You are alive; and you want to be more alive. You want an extension of consciousness and power. You want, consequently, additional organs, or additional uses of your existing organs: that is, additional habits. You get them because you want them bad enough to keep trying for them until they come. . . . Since the discovery of Evolution as the method of the Life Force, the religion of metaphysical vitalism has been gaining the

definiteness and concreteness needed to make it assimilable by the educated critical man. But it has always been with us. Above and below all have been millions of humble and obscure persons, sometimes totally illiterate, sometimes unconscious of having any religion at all, sometimes believing in their simplicity that the gods and temples and priests of their districts stood for their instinctive righteousness, who have kept sweet the tradition that good people follow a light that shines within and above and ahead of them, that bad people care only for themselves, and that the good are saved and blessed and the bad damned and miserable. In short, there is no question of a new religion, but rather of distilling the eternal spirit of religion and thus extricating it from the sludgy residue of temporalities and legends that are making belief impossible, though they are the stock-in-trade of all the Churches and all the Schools."

Assuredly, the new proscrip has flavor, and no monotony or consistency to stale its infinite variety. Even now I have omitted the tablets on diet, simplified spelling, Wagner, vivisection, war, the Christian religion, Nietzsche, economics, Shakespeare, and the Venusberg. But the record as it stands is, I believe, a true rescript of the Shavian matter and manner, although Mr. Shaw is, of course, innocent of the edited headlines of his (necessarily) expanded decalog. Petulance, exaggeration, incoherence, fabrication, clarity and wit are here, and here, too, is the nobility of a mind reaching past class, race, and creed in its mystical aspiration for the actual unity of human beings, or of such, at least, as are effective and fore-looking!

Mingled with odds and ends of generalities is Mr. Shaw's clearest article of belief, a repetition of a very old, a very simple, philosophy—that *good people follow the light that shines within and above and ahead of them, that bad people care only for themselves*, that the world is composed of these two classes and none other. He recognizes that the essential need of our age in its work of creative evolution is the need that every age must face—the prime necessity of *distilling the*

eternal spirit of religion and extricating it from the sludgy residue of temporalities and legends from which vitality has gone.

Of Shaw's aspiring intention there can be no doubt. He throws the weight of his talent on the side of the vitalists, combating materialism and determinism, and defending a point of view that is opposed to a mechanistic theory of life, but faithful to the explanation of life's changes as an evolutionary process. It is his manner and his shallow thinking, not his aspiration, that frequently belittle him. Despite many flashes of notable insight, his thought is often confused, incoherent, thin. His generalizations seldom hire the service of discrimination.

His faith, borrowing from many sources, chiefly from Schopenhauer, seems to interpret life as will; a Will is working in the universe, working through mankind; it is a force that man can increase by consciously using his heritage of it to ensure its development and conservation. Surveying the world, Shaw finds the rank and file of mankind, primed by their selfish desires to destroy, inadequate for this development and conservation. So he schemes a race of Superman and Superwoman. Once in power, it is conceived that they would make the welfare of the race their chief concern; they would discard the clutter of institutions with which man has surrounded himself, bound himself, starving his instincts, multiplying his hypocrisies. They would be both individualists and communists, reaching for personal integrity on the one hand and for social betterment on the other. Shaw's belief that man's intuitions stream from a Great Source and so have a validity no logic could give them, makes him an individualist, an anti-materialist, and, in response to a movement of his time, a feminist: his belief that man, to a certain extent, can, by the exercise of his reason, distinguish between the vicious and the useful, can, if he will, make choice of the better way, and so lift himself from mere bondage to his intuitions, makes him a rationalist, an anti-romantic: and his disbelief in the efficacy of existing institutions makes him a Socialist. But these labels mean little, after all: what Shaw's

faith comes to, as may be gleaned from a reading of his commandments, is a Shavian Shawism and what *that* is, only a diligent study of his work will discover!

Some of these attitudes were brought so sharply to a focus in Shaw's exposition of Ibsenism, first presented in 1890, that a passage from the *Quintessence* will lead us to the challenges that Shaw defends.

The sum of the matter is that unless Woman repudiates her womanliness, her duty to her husband, to her children, to society, to the law, and to everyone but herself, she cannot emancipate herself. But her duty to herself is no duty at all, since a debt is cancelled when the debtor and creditor are the same person. Its payment is simply a fulfilment of the individual will, upon which all duty is a restriction, founded on the conception of the will as naturally malign and devilish. Therefore, Woman has to repudiate duty altogether. In that repudiation lies her freedom; for it is false to say that Woman is now directly the slave of Man; she is the immediate slave of duty; and as man's path to freedom is strewn with the wreckage of the duties and ideals he has trampled on, so must hers be. She may indeed mask her iconoclasm by proving in rationalist fashion, as man has often done for the sake of a quiet life, that all these discarded idealist conceptions will be fortified instead of shattered by her emancipation. To a person with a turn for logic, such proofs are as easy as playing the piano is to Paderewski. But it will not be true. A whole basketful of ideals of the most sacred quality will be smashed by the achievement of equality for women and men. Those who shrink from such breakage may comfort themselves with the reflection that the replacement of the broken goods will be prompt and certain. It is always a case of "The ideal is dead: long live the ideal!" And the advantage of the work of destruction is, that every new ideal is less of an illusion than the one it has supplanted; so that the destroyer of ideals, though denounced as an enemy of society, is in fact sweeping the world clear of lies.

What Ibsen insists on is that there is no golden rule—that conduct must justify itself by its effect upon happiness and not by conformity to any rule or ideal. And since

happiness consists in the fulfilment of the will, which is constantly growing, and cannot be fulfilled to-day under the conditions which secured its fulfilment yesterday, he claims afresh the old Protestant right of private judgment in questions of conduct as against all institutions, the so-called Protestant Churches included.

Here, at the outset of Shaw's career, is clear definition of some of the theories he was to present in plays and prefaces through thirty years of playwriting; here is indication of his pragmatism, his feminism, his distrust of static institutions, his faith in a creative Will at work in the world. Choosing farce comedy for the conveyance of his ideas, Shaw has set forth his predilections and aversions in these large matters. He has never been minute in his analysis, never slavishly scientific, never above using facts as his always dominant will has chosen to assemble them, but he has stirred much discussion, and, when he has not sulked too much, not scolded unduly, he has been huge fun. His method has been that of an impassioned evangelist, a rhetorical, satirical evangelist. He is not a philosopher.

Any review of Shaw's work at this time would be best employed delineating him as a maker of mettlesome farces, a creator of certain radiant, histrionic, romantic characters, a literary artist of such gift for smartly-turned forensic dialog that he has made us debtors to him many times for quite unusual, live, luminous, entertainment in the theatre. But Shaw's ambition is not literary; he cares little for the moment of creation, still less does he care to produce amusement. A longing for apocalyptic mysteries is his; he wishes to be written down a prophet-philosopher. He told Dr. Henderson as much, when the latter was at work Boswelling him into a ponderous tome. That was, perhaps, just after he had told his biographer that he wished never to agree with any one on any subject! Shaw is so much part of his Diogenestic ark, so devoted to playing dialect game with *a priori* judgments that it is difficult to envisage him as a world-wise, open-minded seer.

Philosophy is no longer an exercise in dialectics, nor can it live, to-day, in any health, apart from the vast world of fact spread to view by modern savants. Worship, growing from emotional knowledge, needs not to intellectualize itself, but philosophical mysticism must relate itself to the world of objective phenomena to count enduringly. It is apparent that Mr. Shaw should have our consideration as the prophet-philosopher he desires to be. Yet how may we subscribe to a prophet who wishes to be alone in the world, how lay hold of his immediate jewel, his *metaphysical vitalism*, when it lies so deeply hidden in a clutter of gasconades and unscientific cockshies?

When, as in the preface to *Methuselah* (set down in the thirteenth commandment), Shaw states his belief that "the revival of religion on a scientific basis does not mean the death of art, but a glorious rebirth of it," we can but cry, "Encore! Encore!" But when he postulates that basis with the assertion that man has but to will an organ to have it appear, that the giraffe developed his long neck by desiring the tender top leaves of the trees, and by "trying until he succeeded in wishing the necessary length of neck into existence;" when he contends that Neo-Darwinism is, today, for the most part, inimical to a vitalistic conception of life, and that only good Lamarckians like himself shall inherit the earth, we have to out-clamor his clamor, calling, "Hold! Hold! where are the niceties of definition that should characterize a scientific basis, where is the open-minded scepticism that must always be part of an evolving theory of existence?"

It is a mystery how a student of Shaw's capacity could lend himself to such a loose summary of mooted points.

Discussion over *Entwicklungs-Mechanik* may well be left to the biologists, in a field where experimentation is still so new that generalizations are dangerous. I wish only to indicate the questionable basis of Shaw's metabiological prophecies. His vituperation of the gentle Darwin is sadly miscast, for, as Dr. Osborn puts the case—"This essential idea of Lamarckism

was refined and extended by Herbert Spencer, by Darwin himself, by Cope and many others; but it has thus far failed of the crucial test of observation and experiment, and has far fewer adherents to-day than it had forty years ago."

Although Shaw builds shakily as a philosopher and rises to no transcendent apocalypse as a prophet, he does, at least, share in a very noble phase of modern Stoicism, a belief in the power of humanity to create its spiritual heritage. There is much in Shaw's attitude that carries us back to Seneca and the Stoic school: there is the same high purpose, the rigorous ideal, with no allowance for the frailty of human nature; there is, too, the same division of the world into two classes, one composed of a few wise men, the other containing the vast multitude, the fools. There is the same disregard of the interlinkings of nature. Again, at this point, Shaw, posing as a scientist, disregards what he would exalt. A truer reading of the history of life discerns countless *cooperations* wherein each element plays its part; in which the earth-worm is not less useful than the Super-Man; in which even *Peter Bell* has importance, though not the magnitude of projection that a Cæsar effects; in which a Shakespearian dew-drop is as precious as a Shavian whirlpool.

As we seek a more modern drift of Shaw's thought, we shall find him following Shelley and Comte, as well as Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. There is less of the burning spiritual arrogance of the English poet and more of the sober altruism of the older Comte in Shaw's preachments. Like Comte, Shaw might define his religion as a religion of humanity: "Towards Humanity, who is for us the only true Great Being, we, the conscious elements of whom she is composed, shall henceforth direct every aspect of our life, individual and collective. Our thoughts will be devoted to the knowledge of Humanity, our affections to her love, our actions to her service."

Like Comte, too, Shaw would speak of the *Great Being* as feminine, a personification of the qualities that find their highest expression in woman. Ultra feminists, weary of their bur-

den of motherhood, have long claimed Shaw as an apostle for their self-indulgent cult, as they once claimed Ibsen, because he opened the house-door, but Shaw, like Ibsen, is chiefly concerned with woman, not to purchase her indulgence in personal eccentricities, but to safeguard her as the conveyor of life. It is life, the conservation of it, the fittest perpetuation of it, that is the keynote of Shaw's work.

Dona Ana, being a woman, is incapable both of the devil's utter damnation and of Don Juan's complete supersensuality. As the mother of many children, she has shared in the divine travail, and with care and labour and suffering renewed the harvest of eternal life; but the honour and divinity of her work have been jealously hidden from her by man, who, dreading her domination, has offered her for reward only the satisfaction of her senses and affections. She cannot, like the male devil, use love as a mere sentiment and pleasure, nor can she, like the male saint, put love aside when it has once done its work as a developing and enlightening experience. Love is neither her pleasure nor her study; it is her business. So she, in the end, neither goes with Don Juan to heaven nor with the devil and her father to the palace of pleasure, but declares that her work is not yet finished.

It would be idle to open the question whether or not the paternal urge be any less ardent than the maternal hunger, or whether or not the paternal heritage be any less important than the mother stock: Shaw's exaggeration of emphasis is signed and sealed and may as well be accepted. And when it is remembered that only recently Paul Elmer More finished his essay on Mrs. Ward with the astounding sentence (Dr. Osler would call it "pickled"), "At least one can safely say that a unique interest was lost to learning with the admission of women into Oxford's cloistered society and the banishment of God," it will be apparent that Shaw's honest advocacy of rich opportunities for woman's development is not without merit, and not without occasion.

Latterly, Shaw has been letting his imagination range to the time, when, the Venusberg surmounted, the propagation of the

race shall be no longer the concern of men and women. Like Blake, he dreams of a time when the spirit shall so transcend the flesh that mankind will be spared the hungers of the sex impulse; "When Blake told men that through excess they would learn moderation he knew that the way for the present lay through the Venusberg, and that the race would assuredly not perish there as some individuals have, and as the Puritan fears we all shall unless we find a way around. Also, he no doubt foresaw the time when our children would be born on the other side of it, and be spared that fiery purgation". This time, Shaw, in the last act of *Methuselah*, has prophetically set as 31,920 A. D. Then, presumably, the erring, short-lived humanity that we know will have vanished, and Lilith (she who embodied man and woman, preceding Adam and Eve, and who seems to have been the author of a good deal of our human cattishness) ! will be watching the antics of a new race, a race not conceived in the flesh.

Lilith (alone) : They (mankind) have redeemed themselves from their vileness, and turned away from their sins. Best of all they are still not satisfied: the impulse I gave them in that day when I sundered myself in twain and launched Man and Woman on the earth still urges them: after passing a million goals they press on to the goal of redemption from the flesh, to the vortex freed from matter, to the whirlpool in pure intelligence that, when the world began, was a whirlpool in pure force. . . . I gave the women the greatest of gifts: curiosity. By that her seed has been saved from my wrath; for I also am curious; and I have waited always to see what they will do tomorrow. Let them feed that appetite well for me. I say, let them dread, of all things, stagnation; for from the moment I, Lilith, lose faith and hope in them, they are doomed. . . . Of Life only there is no end; and though of its million starry mansions many are empty and many still unbuilt, and although its vast domain is as yet unbearably desert, my seed shall one day fill it and master its matter to its uttermost confines. And for what may be beyond, the eyesight is too short. It is enough that there is a beyond.

This is the latest evidence of Shaw's phase of trying to be a philosopher. Essentially, of course, as the lines indicate, he is a poet, an ascetic poet, a prose poet akin to, though never the peer of, Bunyan. He has a deep-based horror and repulsion for the sins of humanity, and he hates, more often than he pities, man in mankind's huggery-muggery way of working toward godliness. All that the poet might have told us of *the secret of his heart* (like his Marchbanks, he must have the secret) has been obscured by the verbosity of the dialectician: a triumphant dialectician is a poor philosopher, a poorer poet. My title is not, perhaps, amiss. Mr. Shaw, in method, is mediaeval; the theme for discourse has been changed from theological definitions of religion to economic, anthropological, and physiological aspects of it, but dialectics is still the game.

It is possible that the witty Shaw has not a deep sense of humour? Were he possessed of a fair share of it, would he not have profited, long ago, by the superb satire of his admired forerunner, Samuel Butler? It is possible he has missed Butler's painting of the Colleges of Unreason where Professors of Inconsistency taught courses in Hypothetics?

One would have thought that the dance they had been led by the old prophets would have made the Erewhonians for a long time suspicious of prophets whether they professed to have communications with an unseen power or no, but so engrained in the human heart is the desire to believe that some people do know what they say they know, and can thus save them from the trouble of thinking for themselves, that in a short time would-be philosophers and faddists became more powerful than ever, and gradually led their country-men to accept absurd views of life. Indeed I have no hope for the Erewhonians till they have come to understand that reason uncorrected by instinct is as bad as instinct uncorrected by reason.

Humour, compassion, the poet's intuitive grasp of the wholeness of life, the thinker's minute analysis of its diversity,—if Shaw lacks these attributes so necessary to the philosopher, lacks he, also, the crown imperial,—courage? He is a man

of admitted bravery, boldness, audacity, brazenness, yet he fears, or so it seems to me, many things. He fears the crowd, the salon, tenderness, passion, illusion, the welter of fecund life, the dullness of human intelligence, the labyrinths of man's emotional nature. He is, indeed, not a commoner; he utterly distrusts the proletariat. Nor is he a realist in the great tradition. And seldom is he that most democratic of aristocrats, the artist. Most often he is an autocrat-communist, a maker of Utopias, and his writings, despite their apparent iconoclastic denunciations and their real idiosyncratic spice, take their place with our present-day utopian literature, which, in the honest words of William James, "tastes mawkish and dish-watery to people who keep a sense of life's bitter flavors". Born of the day's discussion, much of it will pass as the present day goes by. Much of it is too timely to be immortal.

Although Shaw proclaims evolution as the manner in which God is making himself, he seems not to have mastered the primary lesson of the theory that the lesser is not to be despised since out of it may come the greater; and although he would found social behavior on a sound natural history, he seems not to believe that many of the durable satisfactions of creation are but sublimations of physiological necessities. Had he the power, he would scrap a meat-eating, child-bearing humanity for—what? Ah, there's the rub! His happiest imagination, reaching *As Far As Thought Can Reach*, to 31,920, (again in the last act of *Methuselah*) has achieved only the impersonal *He-Ancient* and *She-Ancient*, both bald, both having had eight hundred years in which to garner wisdom, yet both scornors of dancing, singing and mating, of children, friends, and art, of clothes and sleep, nature, roof-trees, and the beaded Hippocrene. Disease outmoded, the end of life then will come, as in George Eliot's novels, only by accident, through lightning, the fall of a tree, or the breaking of a neck. One phenomenon, alone, will make the *Paradiso* of the elderly elect—the torrent, the whirlpool, the vortex, of pure thought. The only marvel in the conception is that the contented ancients will have well-

nigh forgotten **how to speak**; no doubt Shaw plans to be there himself, in essence, if not in person, to proclaim the arcana.

It is easy to jest at a Yorick who has made so great a jest of us. Like all jesters, he has had, I doubt not, his tragic days. I venture as far as I may into his arcana: there I find a striking figure, one so much a man that no class or party or creed has bound him, one who has discarded so many swaddling taboos that he can face cleanly, freshly, nakedly, the blinding incandescence we call life. This is a man to honor, to rejoice over. But when, after this revelation, his handwriting on the wall posits postscript after postscript, I lose sight of the intrepid figure and see only a phantasmagoria of words. And when the words form the pronunciamento—

The world will be no more improved by its heroes than
a Brixton villa is improved by the pyramid of Cheops,
until there is an England in which every man is as Crom-
well, a France in which every man is a Napoleon, a Rome
in which every man is a Cæsar, a Germany in which every
man is a Luther plus a Goethe . . .

the image of sixty million Cromwells, fifty million Napoleons, thirty million Cæsars, ninety million twined Luthers and Goethes, having a holiday débacle, shatters my mind and I flee.

A ROSE

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Wisdom, look within this glass;
Crumble into dust and pass.

Sorrow, to your closet run,
This shall bide when you are done.

Laughter, is there aught of you
Pipes beyond the fall of dew?

Down may tumble cloud and clod;
This shall last till trump of God!

CREATIVE PERSONALITY

BY THE EDITOR

Our time has been marked by an increase of interest in the meaning and development of personality. The note of individualism fostered by the philosophy and institutions of medievalism, which burst into full flower with the enlightenment giving us the nature-philosophy of Rousseau, has changed in temper to a quest for personalism. It is not strange that individualism was the forerunner of this present temper, for to mistake individualism for personalism is the most natural of errors. In fact, personalism could not come into the foreground until individualism had been tried and found wanting. The philosophy of nature was characteristically a revolt from institutions which had proved inimical to the development of the individual. Everywhere the undertone of the age was a demand for self-fulfilment through political privilege. It was the age of reason and of individual rights, and it secured its charter from the inner consciousness of man himself who had slowly been learning his inherent dignity. The movement meant a great step forward in society. It accomplished not only the overthrow of remaining feudalism but also a new conception of government and essential democracy. Its weakness lay in its one-sidedness for, while emphasized individual rights, it relatively neglected individual duties to society as a whole. Thus it was given a tone and a striving wanting in the moral element. Great stress was laid on individual feeling and emotion, a straining at individuality which too often has separated the individual from sympathetic touch with his fellows, with his past and with his own widest fulfilment. Abundant illustrations are to be found in realistic art, literature, music and the present day formulas in education. Much energy is spent upon the fleeting emotions of the individual, his likes and dislikes, which is resulting in a culture cut off from the past which is so thin as to be lacking in both dignity

and power. How shall the lost balance be restored? This is the problem of the hour. The aspiration toward increased personality and the longing for creative power was never more deeply felt than now; yet the field of its study has been scarcely touched in philosophy and in psychology has been dominated by a single dogmatic tyranny, that of a blind and complete materialism, impatient of logic, committed to mechanism. There is need that in this problem the two disciplines (if indeed they can be divided) of philosophy and psychology should work together. Personality presents a most interesting field of investigation, for it is that of which we are most conscious; it is at once that which is most alluring, most baffling, most deceiving and most important.

Our method here shall be to reduce to lowest terms and then to seek what is essential and what bears directly on life.

I

THE MEANING OF PERSONALITY

Reduced to the lowest possible terms we should probably be forced to define personality as the power of self-consciousness and self-direction, and a person as a unit of self-consciousness and self-direction, a unit, because to recognize either self-consciousness or self-direction as acts to be identified with personality will lead us very far astray. The person is that which knows itself and its world and which is able to act, but no summation of conscious states nor of acts can give the person. One might as well expect to get Rembrandt by gathering all his pictures into one gallery. Rembrandt was that subtle mystery which transcended both his conscious states and his pictures, which was never able to realize its fullest experiences in any picture and which, had time and occasion been given, would have expressed itself far more completely.

It will be seen that to such simple principles have we reduced our definition that it cannot be applied exclusively to humanity. Have the animals personality? Doubtless just to the extent that they possess a self-consciousness and can consciously direct their efforts after an experienced desire. The tide of animal

self-consciousness seems to rise with all functionings which are in any way social and are particularly manifest in mating, care of offspring, and gregarious activity.

But granting the highest possible content to that type of personal consciousness which we find in the animals, it is obviously far removed from that which we discover in man because of this very great and often neglected distinction—the presence in man of reflective consciousness. This distinguishing feature of human personality has in philosophy been called consciousness of consciousness. The animal consciously reacts to whatever impulses move him, man, though following impulses with the greatest rapidity, carries on a moral censorship upon his own reactions. He has power to discuss his own moods, to question the rightness of his own mental attitude and to improve it. In other words, his responses to external impulses are consciously free and this fact endows him with moral responsibility. It is the investiture of the soul and lifts all his activities out of the plane of the animal world. Whatever animality he may fall to, he does under protest from the moral censor.

The chief distinction between man and animals is, then, the principal value in man and must be the prime consideration. With the power of reflective thought has been born freedom, for freedom is possible only to a being who can relate the past and the future to its present consciousness and who has also power to reflect upon it. This freedom is man's unique gift in the world of nature and it enables him to become, within his limited field, creative. His creativity is in the nature of the case limited to the intelligent combination of natural forces about him and such choices within himself as are creative of moral values and character.

What personality might mean to a supreme intelligence which is not limited to time, space and matter for its self-expression, it is impossible for the finite person to declare. Its apparent power of self-realization without the slow and painful method of human learning and discipline are too unspeak-

ably great to realize, but inasmuch as it must be both intelligent and free in order to be creative, it must also be moral, and being moral must be the complete realization of those highest qualities which in man at the best are dim and shadowy.

Our own experience with personality leads us too often to assume bodily existence as necessary to personality, but to a being not holden of the temporal and spatial order, personality would not demand bodily form for its expression, it would be simply the power of self-consciousness and of free creative self-direction.

II.

THE MEANING OF CREATIVITY.

The older philosophers used a phrase which is at present relatively neglected and indeed positively rejected by the scientism of our time. This phrase is a hard one, because it seems to take us outside the realm of fact, yet it is a necessary one if there is to be any causal explanation. This term the medievalists ascribed to the First Cause as the power to create *ex nihilo*. Far be it from us to attempt to revive a term musty with memories of a perished latinism and scholasticism but may we be permitted to point to two facts, first that there is no causal explanation without it or its equivalent, and second, we do each of us experience it in every truly creative act. The object of the ancients in asserting the "creation-out-of-nothing" doctrine was to end the infinite regress from cause to cause in order to arrive at explanation. The reason which is as cogent now as it was then, is that we get back to the fundamental reality only when we reach the uncaused or undetermined cause. To refer to an illustration already used, we do not deny the reality of the picture by Rembrandt; but there is a deeper reality than the picture, namely Rembrandt himself. And the real Rembrandt is deeper than the Rembrandt impulses, the Rembrandt environment, the Rembrandt heredity or education. All these external things might be reproduced without producing a Rembrandt. What we have in the last analysis was a soul giving

unique expression to itself in reaction to heredity, environment and impulse. The work possesses a unique character in that it contains elements of expression which had never before been given to the world and will never be again achieved by any other individual. Creativity means this uniqueness which constitutes Rembrandt's message to the world and which is inexplicable on any naturalistic basis. We can only say Rembrandt did it. When we have ascribed it to a person, we need, and indeed can, go no further. We have arrived at a first or efficient cause. We have an illustration of how to personality alone is given the power of creating *ex nihilo*.

The oversight of the necessity of causal explanation is the great weakness of modern philosophy and of the philosophy upon which the greater body of scientists uncritically depend. We arrange the series of biological evolution, for instance, in ascending order, we show how close the simple species is to the more complex and then, with the ingenuousness of the magician, point to the simple organism as the explanation of the complex. In other words, we point to the non-existent as the source of the existent. It is the ancient assumption of the *ex nihilo* doctrine of the scholastics but without either rhyme or reason. They based their *ex nihilo* in a personal will; we leave it hanging in the air. They were careful to make their assumption logical and intelligible; we do neither, and we are so blind as not to discover the difference between an arrangement of facts and an explanation of them.

When we trace an act down to a person, we come at last to a will which transcended all environmental and hereditary influences, or might have done so, to choose its reactions. We have happened then on a first cause. The person then must be claimed as the place of creative causality. Many influences were present to lead me to daily exercise in the gymnasium to take off cellular tissue from where I didn't like to have it and to put it on where I wanted it, but in the last analysis it was neither the weight machine, law of gravitation nor gymnasial

environment but my own creative will which was the ultimate cause of my expanding biceps.

To deny creativity in the person brings a train of unthinkable consequences. Its immediate effect is to raise the problem of error to a Frankensteinian significance. In such a case, perception not being attended by freedom cannot be attended by error and all that I think I see is real. This means in the end denial of the power of knowledge, a universal scepticism. But there is for society another consequence worse than this. If I am not free I am not morally responsible. Upon the assumption of moral responsibility all social and political institutions are built and in accordance with this faith in freedom alone can they survive.

III.

RELATION OF CREATIVITY TO PERSONALITY

Personality, being fundamentally the power of self-consciousness and self-direction, must be developed and enlarged by its correspondences and activities. The multiplication of helpful correspondences must depend largely upon creative effort. Knowledge of the world, of life, of history, of one's fellow men and of one's own powers can never come as a gift or as a free revelation. These can spring only as a man creatively grasps them. Truth is not something to be poured into the mind. To be effective it must be grasped. As the personality bends itself upon the pursuit of truth, upon the fullest realization of its environmental relations putting itself in tune with its world, its fellowmen, its God, its own highest ideals, only so does it grow in power. It may thus be said measurably to be self-creative, for what it is springs out of its own repeated choices. The richest personality is then the one with the widest range of enriching knowledge, of sympathetic human contacts, and of highest moral and spiritual ideals.

IV.

THE RELEASE OF THE HIGHER POWERS

There was a Teacher in the long ago who declared that the light of the body is the eye and that, if the eye be single, the

whole body should be full of light. He was pragmatically and psychologically correct in this statement. Really creative work, work of the highest order, at least, can be done only when the whole personality is undividedly working toward self-expression. The finer and more delicate the task, the higher the powers demanded, the more complete must be the harmony within the self. There are in our day as in every day a multitude of distractions which bring "conflicts," as the psychologist names them, and every "conflict" is an impediment to creative effort. These conflicts, by whatever name, spring out of faulty correspondence with environment. By this I mean what might in the very widest sense be called environment. It applies to physical and social environment and also to the spiritual environment of moral responses and ideals.

For creative effort it is necessary for one to be in accord with his physical environment. The painter cannot have a quarrel with paint and canvas and be successful. The successful orator cannot despise the people whom he hopes to move. Even the stones of the field are in league against the agriculturist who hates the plow, and the result is seen inevitably in the harvest. There was never more futile struggle, one so depriving of power, as the struggle against environment. The man who would do things "if his environment were not against him" advertises a fundamental weakness. His environmental conflict means apathy and fruitlessness. It is the old story of the king's son who grasped the sword thrown away by the coward because it was broken, but which was wielded by the prince to carve his way to a kingdom. Environment is always kindly to him who works with a single purpose. Even harsh environment creates an addition to his power.

A great many of the conflicts which prevent creative work spring from faulty correspondence with society. The story of our jails is largely a story of men who have not learned to adjust themselves to the social order. Because the fundamental organization of society is the home, many of these conflicts

hinge about the sex relations. This has led the Freudians and psychoanalysts falsely to assume that practically all internal conflicts spring from sex sources. This has led them to strange and nauseating perversions in the interpreting of dreams, by their attempt to trace all neuroses to this single source. It is true that much trouble comes in this way because of the high nervous complexity of the sex-functions making it the continuous and fertile field for neurotic manifestation. As elsewhere, he who would do creative work cannot be of a double mind in his relations with his fellow men. If he is untrue to his friend his disloyalty becomes a blur on his poem, his picture or his sermon. By so much does he see less clearly in his business. Keeping on correct terms with men, both the good and the bad, is one of the conditions of successful work. A proper hostility toward and evaluation of the evil-minded man are as much a part of success as a correct appreciation for and attention toward the good man. But our contempts can never drop to the meanness of personalities without injury to ourselves. Many a man has ruined his power for creative work in business because of a dual or divided love or sex response; and does not realize the sources of his failure, or the inevitable failure which must come.

The deeper fact which lies behind all faulty correspondences and which the psycho-analysts as a class overlook is, however, the conflict in moral and spiritual ideals. This field embraces all the others. If there be spiritual health, there will be correct adjustment of the person to physical and social environment. Without this higher element there cannot be complete recovery from neurotic conditions. The failure to understand this is fatal to Freudianism and constitutes it a moral menace to society. We must not only know the sources of our neuroses in order to cure them. When a moral attitude is involved, that moral attitude must be corrected. This is the point where religion and spiritual ideals come in. The pathos and tragedy of life lie in the countless multitudes who are not at peace with their own spiritual ideals. It is impossible to estimate the

human wreckage and failure which springs from this common source. There are too many men writing books to which they cannot give their souls, making speeches which do not express their profoundest convictions, writing alleged poems which do not manifest their worthiest aspirations, attempting to build businesses which have but the half-consent of their moral ideals, engaged in the creation of institutions to which they give the hours of life but not their souls. Out of this moral conflict in this divided mind comes poor achievement and most frequently downright failure. However popular and promising a success such may achieve, it can be only temporary and passing. It cannot be eternal.

So much has been said of the impeding nature of these psychic conflicts in creative effort that it remains necessary but briefly to indicate the positive means for the release of the higher powers. Here the terms sub-conscious, or unconscious mind, which are commonly used, should be avoided as being at least misnomers of fact. Nevertheless, an atmosphere conducive to highest creativity seems to be provided when the individual has solved all conflicts, physical, social and spiritual. In no way can singleness of purpose be so completely achieved as by an absolute surrender of one's life, work, aspirations and future, to his highest spiritual ideals, or as some would say, to God. All other things then fall in line and take their natural places of relative importance. With such solution of conflicts fear and the inhibitions of fear are wiped out. There is no fear of man nor the social order. Even the fear of failure is no more, because the future is committed in faith to a greater power. Under such a psychology, in which religion has become something more than theory or theology and takes hold on life, the individual is prepared to do creative work. Just to the extent that he is able to do this comes the release of mental, physical and spiritual powers. Not only does he contend with a whole heart and life, with undivided interests, but in-so-far as his God is true to the universe, in just that degree he has the whole course of nature fighting with

him. He is grounded in power and he cannot ultimately fail. This was the artistic and spiritual significance of the work of the Greeks, and the Gothic of the middle Ages. Both were the result of great spiritual revival.

In order to get more closely at psychical factors involved, one might be permitted perhaps to touch upon the relation of such a solution of conflicts in singleness of purpose to constructive imagination. Whatever future psychology may write concerning sub-conscious or unconscious mind, it is certain that the imagination is greatly stimulated by this cooperation of faculties. And it seems to be the fact that when the imagination is profoundly stimulated, the thoughts and activities of moments when attention is mainly directed toward outward things, or at least the intervals of attention, are all directed at what has become the main drive of life. In other words, what we want with all our souls to be, that we shall eventually become. Under the stimulus of imagination even the moments of sleep and dreams seem to contribute toward the single end. Work is done with less fatigue or without fatigue and solutions are presented that seem to the subject as revelations and inspirations. Of course such results cannot follow unless there has been a careful mastery of technique. We must laboriously prepare the paths for inspiration or the inspiration will not come. To us this is the significance of what is commonly called the sub-conscious or unconscious mind.

Will humanity ever arise to the realization of efficiency here set forth? Individuals occasionally have in history and individuals occasionally do. But when they do, they stand out like beacon-lights of leadership, power, invention and discovery. This is no reason, however, why the great mass of us should not rise to the rank of creative personalities.

THE YORKTOWN ROAD

VIRGINIA TAYLOR McCORMICK

Dust-grey, with tawny stripes on either side,
Unfolding like a ribbon, flat it lies,
The Yorktown Road, and every season of
The year it calls me with insistent charm.
The sullen grandeur of a winter's day,—
Grey trunks of trees and wind-bared limbs against
A sky less grey stays in my memory
To merge into a deeper loveliness
When Spring, expectant, quiet, marshals there
Her troops of Chasseurs bleus, wild lupin massed
In scented ranks, each bonnet jauntily
Set sideways, each slim figure held erect,
Forever symbol now of men across
The sea, whose daring stirred a world to hope.
There wood lilies, shy pink-skinned maids peep out
From damp cool places in the rustling wood,
To breathe the cry "vive, le Chasseur bleu!"

The Yorktown Road, and all its bordered blaze
Of honey-coloured broom, Scotch broom, that waves
Like armies of Plantagenets, their plumes
Tossed on the air, poignant with memories,
And dreams we know in childhood's hours come true,
As crested hosts rush by to victory.
Beauty of Spring, in phantom blue and rose,
Passion of Summer, quick with golden heat,
You lie entombed in narrow aisles of thought,
For I have passed once more the dust-grey road,
Where Autumn's lean brown fingers lie upon
The throat of Summer and her blood is poured
In crimson flood on every tree and shrub;
Where garnered sunlight filched from dying grasp
Is hung upon the beeches like a cloak,
Till visions of the honey-coloured hosts
Of gay Plantagenets crowd back on me,
As if each beech, a Titan, had absorbed
That countless army, and the sky has steeped
Its seamless width in the wild lupin's stain,
To hold the colour of les Chasseurs bleus
Lest we forget the glories that have passed
Before the splendour of the sumac's flame,
Or blood-dipped fingers of the dogwood tree,
Turned in, as if it would caress its own
Departing loveliness before the tide
Of sap has run its length, a withered line
Where passion surged and knew its one brief hour.

The Yorktown road still lies a dusty tape,
And by the flare of Autumn's splendid torch
A vision is vouchsafed of nailed hands,
Stretched on a tree whose boughs spread like a cross,
And fluttering leaves, like drops of blood, fall from
Invisible torn feet, while over all
Out of the Indian Summer haze put forth
Sharp points as from a crown of thorns. A mist
Is on my eyes, a silvered veil, but I
Have pierced for one brief flash the curtained way
Where hangs the hope of Immortality.

THE GIFT OF WONDER—IRIS, CHILD OF THAUMAS.

BY BENJAMIN D. SCOTT.

"Wonder is the feeling of a philosopher, and philosophy begins in wonder. He was not a bad genealogist who said that Iris is the child of Thaumas." Plato represents Socrates as having addressed to Theætetus the foregoing shrewd remark upon a passage in the Theogony of Hesiod. He was, indeed, not a bad genealogist who said that Iris, the messenger of the gods, was the daughter of Thaumas, the god of Wonder. All "bringers-down of flaming news from steep-walled heavens" are born of wonder. The feeling of wonder is not the exclusive property of the professional philosopher; every inquirer after truth, every discoverer of some new message from the gods, knows its exquisite thrill.

The indebtedness of men to those who have felt this thrill is quite incalculable. Much that in the vulgar judgment is set down to the credit of others is in reality their gift to their kind. Blind chance and grim necessity have not built up for the race its heritage, material and spiritual. Necessity is not the mother of invention, proverbial opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. It is wonder that brings invention to birth and nurtures it,—wonder, fructified, it may be, by chance or by necessity, but wonder always in the fostering mother role.

What we have said in a figure might readily be borne out by the heaping up of masses of brute facts. From the humblest rule-of-thumb arts of daily routine to the intricate techniques of modern applied science, the way has been won by wonder. Nature answers only when interrogated, and that intelligently and with insistent importunity. Incurable wonder, and that alone, can prompt such questioning. Insatiable curiosity procured a trunk for the elephant's child in *The Jungle Book*. It has procured for man every great utility into the possession of which he has come.

Nor have its contributions to human welfare been confined

to utilities, in the cruder sense of the term. It has not only furnished the tool-using animal with the implements of all of his trades and thereby enabled him to remake his physical environment nearer, if not entirely, to his heart's desire. This massive material scaffolding and framework of civilization is not even its major benefaction to human kind. Its greatest boon to man is that vast spiritual legacy, forever growing richer with the passing years, which is from generation to generation bequeathed to the

“ . . . heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.”

Included within that legacy is all that we mean when we speak of our culture system. Iris, child of Thaumias, has brought it to us from on high, for not only does philosophy begin in wonder, but art and religion spring from the same fertile source. No dull, incurious head has in it a poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling. No saint or sage or seer but has stood abashed in wonderment before the awful majesty of life and somber death. This is the spark which disturbs our clod. Iris has delivered messages far more important than any which she brought from Jupiter to beleaguered Troy.

He would be a rash assessor who should attempt to appraise the net value to humanity of these messages. To be sure, this cultural heritage does not bring a high price in the world's sordid marts, though one appraiser has discovered enough profits of religion to justify devoting a book to their discussion. It takes a fine thumb and finger to plumb the deeper values of religion and of art; they, like philosophy, bake very little bread; but they, again like philosophy, make all bread taste vastly better. These useless things give life its keenest tang; they add to it its greatest zest and transform it from a dreary journey into an adventure.

It would seem that, in view of her rich and varied gifts to them, men would cultivate the child of Thaumias and encourage visitations on her part, but such appears to be not, in general, the case. A deadly inertia grips the human mind. Men are prone to allow others to do their wondering for them, to effect

a sort of vicarious intellectual atonement in their stead. Thought tends inevitably to become static; it sinks, like water, to a dead level. The overwhelming majority of men do most of their thinking by proxy or by rote. They do not feel the urge and goad of wonder. Wilhelm Wundt writes somewhere, "I myself am inclined to hold that man really thinks very little and very seldom." We might go farther than this and say:

"How few think justly of the thinking few;

How many never think who think they do."

The fact that popular thought is thus generally becalmed does not argue that the masses of men are intellectually incompetent. It may argue indolence or indifference or inexperience. It may argue only intellectual slumber, as in fact it often does, for intellectual insomnia is very rare. There are, moreover, influences which tend subtly to lull back to sleep those who have opened their intellectual eyes. The fields of thought are heavy with the drowsy breath of poppies. One of these dull opiates arises from a very needful flower,—economy of thought. Without presuming arbitrarily to settle the current debate as to whether or not thought is purely instrumental and instrumental in ways that possess biological survival value, we may with complete assurance assert that such pragmatic uses constitute a capital part of the function of thought. It is obvious enough that devices of thought which have proved capable of floating human enterprises without entailing outright shipwreck tend to be popularly accepted as final and so to be conserved. The enterprises of life must get on; they take the vehicle next at hand. Action must not be slowed down or held up while thought devises a new and better mode of procedure! Thought must, therefore, be conservative in the interests of economy.

There is another and a very graceful blossom that exhales its Morphean fragrance on the fields of thought. It grows on the stalk of sentiment. Intellectual children come by travail of spirit. We cherish them and take fond—and blind—parental pride in them. That which has been won at so great a

cost we judge too precious to relinquish. Thus we not only tend to make on our own initiative very few changes in our idea systems, but we resent violent disruptions of our body of belief and practice, admitting readily only such changes as leave the darling structure substantially intact.

With such powerful deterrents blocking its progress, there need be little wonder that thought moves slowly to its conquests. Its progress is further impeded by the sheer difficulty of real thinking. Thinking is an art, with a hoary tradition and a technique all its own. It is of the essence of this art always to envisage a problem and to seek an adequate solution. Success in such an endeavor requires a high degree of skill in abstraction, in analysis and synthesis; it requires distinguished ability to discriminate between the accidental and the essential, a fine sense of proportion and value. Such skill and such ability are gifts with which nature is far from prodigal.

In view of what has been said, it is to be expected that there should be somewhat of the same inertia in the matter of the thinking of social groups, large and small, that marks the thinking of individuals. Thus idea systems tend to crystallize and to gather about themselves sacrosanct *aureolae*. There is never lacking the doleful voice of the prophet who despairs of his own decadent day, lamenting its sad apostasy from better *tempora* and *mores*. The voice of warning lest the ancient landmarks perish is forever being raised. Indeed, it is said that the most ancient cuneiform inscription yet found is the lament of an old man that the good old ways of the good old days are gone past recall. This will to save the precious yesterdays is evidenced in every field of human activity. Whether the issue be buttons on coat sleeves or planks in political platforms, this will holds sway. From the making of bread to the formulation of a foreign policy, from the serving of tea to the canons of aesthetic criticism, from the tipping of hats and the shaking of hands to the high concerns of ethics and religion,—from one end of man's employments and reflections to the other, this will extends its reign. Whenever a new point of view concerning anything

whatsoever presents itself at the bar of popular judgment for acceptance, it is roundly accused and put on trial, the presumption throughout the trial being against the accused!

Iris, child of Thaumatas, is courted all too little, and appreciated all too little when she does deign to visit men. All of which moves us to remark with much regret the persistent efforts on the part of certain shapers of American thought to discredit the deliverances of the goddess and to deter her from making further visitations to our shores. In particular, they are anxious that she shall convey no additional word concerning the mode of organic evolution on our planet and the manner in which one should think touching problems theological. The picturesque figure of the chief protagonist, like a plumed knight leading the crusade to save the holy sepulcher of cherished thought from infidel hands, catches the popular imagination and kindles its enthusiasm. The lesser leaders exert no such powerful influence, but the effect of their leadership is subtle and pervasive. The result of the fervently repeated warnings from these watchmen on the walls of conformity has been a widespread alarm for the safety of the most precious values in our cultural inheritance. Coupled with this alarm has gone grave suspicion of the singleness of motive, the moral soundness, of any man who presumes to announce the receipt of a message from the goddess of the tinted bow.

If the counsel of these watchers on the wall were to be adopted and incorporated in a policy of procedure, twentieth century educational ideals would suffer one of the most amazing reversals in the history of pedagogy. Twentieth century theology and ecclesiastical polity would register a similarly amazing reversal. Instead of the method of frank, open inquiry, which is fast coming to characterize our whole educational system, from the free project enterprises of the kindergarten to the original research work conducted under the direction of graduate faculties, we should introduce the method of dogmatic instruction in a body of doctrine all of which must be government inspected and passed. It would all have to be inspected and

passed, moreover, by a board of examiners who agreed in assuming a certain restricted theological position. Such a public and official strangling of the child of Thaumás is an inconceivable scandal to the modern educational mind. In the field of religion, the adoption of the counsel under consideration would result in a movement violently opposed to the great set and sweep of the tide in the religious world of this twentieth century. Everywhere that main current is setting in the direction of greater cohesion, more sympathetic cooperation, on the part of the various major religious forces. The counsel in question would run a divisive sword, not only between every existing religious body and every other such, but through each of the several bodies. The result would be one of the saddest dismemberments of the body of Christ that all of the centuries of schism and sectarianism have produced. The modern religious mind can not conceive it to be credible that the child of Thaumás is to meet her fate at the hands of these knights-errant of conformity.

Stagnation, intellectual and spiritual, would be the certain consequence of success on the part of these staunch conservers of the all-sufficient past. In all of our halls of learning we should resort to what Professor Leighton has dubbed the handing out of "cold storage pabulum" or "peptonized, predigested, after-breakfast knowledge-tablets" to blindly credulous youth. As educators, we should no longer ply the art of spiritual maieutics, as did Socrates, the master of all who teach, when he helped Athenian youth through the throes that brought knowledge to birth. We should rather fill the role of spiritual restaurateurs, stuffing our students to surfeit with patent process foods,—flat, stale, and unprofitable. Successive generations would be fed upon the same cloying diet so long as our method might be perpetuated. This method would never crown the efforts of a Socrates by producing a Plato; it would never rear the more than ample shoulders of an Aristotle to receive the falling mantle of a Plato. Such a method would turn us into a race of intellectual fossils buried beneath the

debris of a dead civilization. It would produce minds of the type of that mediaeval doctor's who, when a student reported having observed spots on the sun, settled the matter summarily by saying, "My son, I have read Aristotle many times and I assure you that there is nothing of the kind in him." If this method were to prevail in matters religious, religionists would conceive no new orthodoxies and enact no new dramas. The great propulsive power of religion, what Sir Henry Jones has called the faith that enquires, would be effectually stayed. The days of prophetic urge and mystic inspiration would be over and the spirit of man, holding fast the good of yesterday, would forbear to seek tomorrow's better yet. Had this method prevailed in Palestine during the second quarter of the first millennium B. C., that impressive aggregation of sights which made up the new prophetic conception of religion would never have been possible. Had this method prevailed in Palestine during the first half of the first century A. D., the consummate reaffirmation and enlargement of the prophetic view which came out of Nazareth would have been lost to mankind. Should this method prevail in the twentieth century A. D., the sublime venture of faith, the quest of the free human spirit for eternal verities and visions beatific of the Good, the active conquest of the richest realms open to the energies of man, would give place to a safe and unheroic hearsay acceptance of tales of conquests won by souls of more intrepid mould. Religion, as a momentous experience of the enfranchised, unfettered human spirit, would be impossible.

Even when conditions are most favorable, when every encouraging influence is brought to bear, invention lags drearily and origination delays. When a premium is set upon intellectual stolidity and spiritual self-complacency, when, by appeal to venerable sanctions, such qualities are represented as cardinal virtues of the good man, invention and origination, ranging themselves in the black company of the mortal sins, are looked upon as works of darkness for the undoing of souls. Those who give currency to such a view shackle the already

sufficiently impeded mind of man, adding to its native encumbrances needless trammels restrictive of its free movement. Mortal mind is halt enough, heaven knows, without being hobbled.

A word of explanation may be in order at this point to guard against possible misunderstanding. There is no intention on the part of the writer to suggest that everything that is old is, *ipso facto*, fit only for the cultural discard. Neither is there any intention to suggest that everything that is new is, *ipso facto*, surpassingly precious. The past is a vast mine of unexhausted, and well-nigh inexhaustible, treasures. It holds values which would abundantly repay the life-long toil of any delver into its depths. Thus, Gilbert Murray can conceive the religion of a man of letters to consist in worship at a shrine erected to the "high thoughts and great emotions" of the past. He can bring his *Religio Grammatici* to a close with such reverential words as these: "The Philistine, the vulgarian, the great sophist, the passer of base coin for true, he is all about us and, worse, he has his outposts inside us, persecuting our peace, spoiling our sight, confusing our values, making a man's self seem greater than the race and the present thing more important than the eternal. From him and his influence we find our escape by means of the *grammata* into that calm world of theirs, where stridency and clamour are forgotten in the ancient stillness, where the strong iron is long since rusted, and the rocks of granite are broken into dust, but the great things of the human spirit still shine like stars pointing man's way onward to the great triumph or the great tragedy; and even the little things, the beloved and tender and funny and familiar things, beckon across gulfs of death and change with a magic poignancy, the old things that our dead leaders and forefathers loved, *viva adhuc et desiderio pulciora*." A past that can elicit such worshipful adoration as this is surely not to be lightly regarded by the assessor of human values. It is to be remarked, however, that the worship which these chaste words commend is no blind bending before some single shrine.

It enjoins the burning of incense upon many altars and pilgrimages to fanes innumerable. It contemplates a perpetual quest of the holy grail of the vicarious spiritual sacrifice of man for man. It lures its devotees on to new ecstasies of communion with the majestic spirits of the past. Such communion could but spread the contagion of their magnanimity and impart a dash of their spiritual boldness to their devotee. Such adventurous worship of the stupendous past is very different from a faith that does not enquire and spends itself in prostration before a God that does not grow.

It is difficult to repress the suspicion that these heralds of alarm descry many grave dangers which exist only in their own strained sight. Their mortal fear of the faith that enquires and the science that, aware of its nescience, longs to learn recalls certain classic pages in Kingsley's *Water-Babies*. When little Tom, the water-baby, reaches the great land of Hearsay, he finds all of the people "high and low, man, woman, and child, running for their lives day and night continually, and entreating not to be told they don't know what." Presently Tom discovers why they are all in such head-long flight. Close upon their heels there comes the most preposterous old giant. Had they only known it, he has a heart, though it is considerably overgrown with brains. He is made chiefly of fish bones and parchment, strung together with wire and glued with balsam. He is furnished with most extraordinary gear,—“a great pair of spectacles on his nose, and a butterfly net in one hand, and a geological hammer in the other” and pockets full of “collecting boxes, bottles, microscopes, telescopes, barometers, ordnance maps, scalpels, forceps, photographic apparatus, and all other tackle for finding out everything about everything, and a little more too.” Upon questioning the grotesque

old fellow, Tom finds to his surprise that the giant is not pursuing the people. Rather, the reverse is true: they are in pursuit of him. For hundreds and hundreds of years, they, father and son, have been running after him, and hurling stones at him, and calling him malign names, which he, happily, does not understand. Yet all the while, he wants only to be friends with them and tell them something to their advantage. He is quite at a loss to explain their strange fear of him.

What if this precipitate old fellow does occasionally bump into the steeple of a great idol temple and send it toppling to the ground? Perhaps the entirely new *Oniscus* and the three obscure *Podurellae* which he finds in the wreckage are worth more than the steeple. What if, as he sits upon the nave of the temple to scrutinize his precious find, the roof caves in upon the idols, sending the terrified priests flying from the doors and windows? Perhaps the Buddhist bat which he rescues from the dusty ruin is the livest and most momentous thing in all the mouldering pile. But there is one temple with which he will never, even inadvertently, collide. Before its altar every reverent knee bows down. He himself is a worshipper there and, as he kneels, the heart of him, no longer overgrown with brains, lies revealed. It is the temple of Iris, child of Thaumás.

"AND HIS THE GLORY"

RUTH IRVING CONNER

His loaf was fashioned from the hardest grain,
And for his cup there ever waited near
Tall vessels of sweet water shouldered clear
From mountain courses for his body's gain.
No furry thing was ever by him slain
And feathered creatures put away all fear.
The good folk tell of joy refined to hear
Him chanting to the music of the rain.
So in this wise the seasons came and went
Their various ways. Then came an autumn day
Hurrying on, and in the passing lent
Unto his vision fond and final play.
A bird picked the last fragment of his bread.
A squirrel dipped the boughs above his head.

AESTHETICS AND RELIGION.

BY JAMES MAIN DIXON

One of the noticeable marks of recent books dealing with Aesthetics is their attempt to stop short with morality, and discard religion as completely as did the Positivists of a century ago. Auguste Comte, as we know, chose to regard religion as a mere phase of human development, preparing for the realities of life given us by intellectualism of a "Positivist" kind. Another mark of these books on Aesthetics is their deadly dullness. Dismissing the hunger after the eternal, the desire to get in touch with another and a higher life, they remove the very basis of both art and religion. To quote from a recent book, "*Aesthetics: A Critical Theory of Art*," by Professor Hartman; "A conception of beauty that is non-dependent for its definition upon the concrete facts of the different arts contains little of practical moment for an aesthetic scientist." And then he goes on to cite a passage from Plato, the classic example of the transcendent theorists. It is the only allusion to Plato in the treatise.

As if Plato were not a power in the intellectual and religious world today and in the sphere of aesthetics! It must be remembered that Aristotle explicitly kept to his more restricted field of analysis, and left the larger and deeper questions of life to the other exponent of their common master, Socrates. Aristotle claims for poetry that it has a *substance* that is beyond and above the mere process of versification; and that it is more philosophical and a higher thing than such arts as history. Virtually it touches the eternal and this is not his field of inquiry.

This same treatise has nothing to say of architecture, a prime form of art in its highest manifestations. The historian Gibbon's attitude towards such triumphs of architecture as Amiens Cathedral is a remarkable justification of Aristotle's inferior rating of history, as on a secondary plane:—"I darted a contemptuous look on the stately monuments of superstition."

This remark of his has the fatuous self-complacency of the rationalistic eighteenth century, which, with all its contributions to systematic methods and the regulation of thought, contributed little or nothing to the spiritual verities. Religious inquiry, which is so necessary to an appreciation of the fundamentals of life, was stifled in the Protestant church by a literal interpretation of the Scriptures, which discouraged all such inquiry as veiled infidelity; and in the Catholic churches by a papal and priestly assertiveness. Religion was stockaded.

The very name Aesthetics suffers from the fact that it was coined in this rationalistic century, and had not the sanction or goodwill of the Christian community. Its earliest definition in our language is no older than the year 1832: where it is characterized in the *Penny Cyclopædia* as "the designation given by German writers to a branch of philosophical inquiry, the object of which is a philosophical theory of the beautiful." It has therefore suffered from that cornering and handling in detail, which, while meritorious and valuable, is dangerous in its limitations. Particularly dangerous in this case, because an inquiry into the beautiful without due attention to the Good and the True is to build without foundations and mortar. The flower of Beauty demands a stem and roots where Religion, as interpreting Life, has a first say.

This "*what* of beauty, an ineffable something usually spelt with a capital letter", like Truth and Perfection,—a discussion which Aristotle left to Plato as not being in his field of intellectual analysis,—Professor Hartmann also drops summarily as not coming under a treatise on Aesthetics. As if the nature and value of this "juice of Life" were not as essential to Art and Aesthetics as the electric fluid is necessary to the cars that take us down to business in the morning and return us at night. The very word Aesthetic, from the Greek verb meaning "feel" implies a soul hunger after Perfection which is as un-rational as bodily appetite. Here the spiritual and the sensuous come close together, defying logic. Christianity gives us the meaning of life in the personality of our Savior—who is the Way,

the Truth and the Life—and has within it the vitality that is so strangely lacking in the rational definitions of the term. Here is the definition of life by Herbert Spencer—note that in this connection he gives it the dignity of a capital letter, as if the definition were complete and adequate :

“While Life in its simplest form is the correspondence of certain inner physico-chemical actions with certain outer physico-chemical actions, each advance to a higher form of Life consists in a better preservation of this primary correspondence by the establishment of other correspondences.

“Divesting this conception of all superfluities and reducing it to its most abstract shape, we see that Life is definable as the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations. And when we so define it we discover that the physical and the psychical life are equally comprehended by the definition.”

Towards the close of his life, however, Spencer had to admit that a universe of space without any central personality to give it meaning, lacks in finality. To quote from Novalis, a German of that very era of Illuminism which gave us the term Aesthetic, it is as if we gazed upon a figure noble and imposing, but when we looked for the eye, there was only an empty socket. More profound than any of the members of this school, he would not divorce poetry, philosophy and religion. Goethe's aloofness to the last of the three was his vital deficiency. A recent writer on “Art and Religion” would give to music perhaps the first place among the arts. But surely this place belongs to language and poetry. Language is the noblest of our functions, through which has come revelation. If Matthew Arnold had included the Psalms of David in the following category, it would have been more complete :

No painter yet hath such a way,
Nor no musician made, as they,
And gather'd on immortal knolls
Such lovely flowers for cheering souls.
Beethoven, Raphael, cannot reach
The charm which Homer, Shakespeare, teach.

To these, to these, their thankful race
Gives, then, the first, the fairest place;
And brightest is their glory's sheen,
For greatest hath their labor been.

There is a passage to the same effect in a heart-searching yet disappointing recent book, "*The Education of Henry Adams*"—"The mind is itself the subtlest of all known forces, and its self-introspection created a science (philosophy and religion—he would not divorce them) which had the singular value of lifting his education, at the start, to the first, subtlest, and broadest training both in analysis and synthesis, so that, if language is a test, he must have reached his highest powers early in his history."

The mistake made by writers on Aesthetics is to relate the study to biology and seek for its beginnings in the "play of savages and animals." But outside of civilized man we get no help in the study. It has been remarked of Buddhism that, wherever it goes as an influence, art follows mysteriously in its wake. The pagodas associated with its temple grounds seem to point to one supreme spirit, who lives above and controls the universe. The pointed top is like the incense going up to heaven, symbolic of the prayers of the faithful. The terraces in the towers represent worlds upon worlds above the round dome of heaven, to be traversed by the departed one ere he arrives at the perfection he longs for. Nestling at the foot is the temple garden, where every plant has a symbolic meaning, and suggests some religious ideal. All this has a soothing and elevating effect on the landscape, calling upon the observer to look up from Nature to the spiritual being who gives it its meaning. Then the vibrating tones of the temple bell, struck musically, are another foretaste of Heaven.

So with Mohammadanism; the exquisite beauty of the Alhambra has not lost its charm, and the glorious Taj Mahal is an object of art by far the most worth seeing in the whole of India. Religion in its essence is the hunger after Perfection, which finds its soul satisfaction in prayer, and its sense satis-

faction in the symbolic temple and garden. This deep human passion for Perfection, which demands a God, in whom we live, and move and are, is the cement of our national life, and the root principle in Aesthetics. While Puritanism has contributed little or nothing to the plastic arts, yet it has given an idealism to the national life that makes the Stars and Stripes a flag worth fighting for. And in the central field of poetry it has supplied its quota, from Spenser, through Milton to Burns, Wordsworth and Tennyson.

It is a mistake to suppose that our cherished English terms can be translated into any foreign tongue adequately. It took two centuries of Puritan life and ideals to make the word Love what it is today. In Shakespeare's time they had to use the colder term "charity" to render the Greek word "*Agape*" in Paul's immortal thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. And we cannot change the spelling today, and print it *luv*. The symbolism attached to these letters that are so dear to us makes scientific phonetic spelling an impossible innovation; the words themselves have an artistic quality.

The weakness of our present system of education, which persistently ignores the religious element in life, in the interest of state efficiency, is displaying itself in the manuals that are coming out and are widely read; dry-as-dust and fallacious to any real thinker, and killing the aesthetic element along with the religious. To quote again from an impartial writer like Henry Adams: "All state education is a sort of dynamo machine for polarizing the popular mind; for turning and holding its lines of force in the direction supposed to be most effective for State purposes." Here is a passage from one of these manuals. "*Mind in the Making*," by Professor Robinson: "Now, whether or no there are such things as spirits, Berlin and London have no souls, and Uncle Sam is as mythical as the great god Pan." The idea of a national soul is to be got rid of as "pure prejudice," one of those "preconceptions" which stand in the way of a sound practical education. But what teacher wishes to have youths in his class who are not good loyal citi-

zens, believing in the national soul? Such teaching directly saps the foundations of national life; which is the thing that is nearer and dearer than our individual life, so far as this world is concerned. For the patriot is he who can be relied upon to give up his life for his country when the call comes. The very meaning of epic poetry is this, that a nation, a people, has a soul; and the epic poet gives it expression. Has the Professor ever read "*The Man Without a Country*" and understood its profound significance? That great German, Herr Ballin, who was the organizing mind behind the marvellous expansion of the German mercantile marine which had Hamburg as its center, after vainly protesting against the cruel submarine warfare, felt that "Germany had lost her soul," and died a suicide. The flag of which he had been so proud, and which had floated over magnificent structures in every world port, was now degraded; and he could not survive the shock.

Another "preoccupation" to be got rid of in the interests of up-to-date education is a belief in the Fatherhood of God. The Professor is careful to mention this "prejudice" first of all among the beliefs to be dispensed with in beginning a sound mental training. At once he strikes at the root of loyalty in its most intense form; the loyalty to the spirit of righteousness and truth, which gives sacrifice its meaning. Ruskin is right when he places Sacrifice first among the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*; that principle which has to manifest itself in symbols of gratitude to the Giver of All Good. "The Christian conception of a personal God, symbolized most intimately by the term of Father," to quote the words of Professor J. N. Hudson, in his excellent "*The Truth We Live By*," is the keystone of our whole civilized life, the first among these fundamental Truths.

God the Father is the embodiment of final authority in life, and where we trifle with this great truth and its symbolism there results the blankness of anarchy.

The place of symbolism in worship and religion is ignored and misunderstood by those who recognize no higher life different from instinct, a life that can not be interpreted in intellectual terms; something as fundamental as instinct and yet higher than the intellectual. The distinction is beautifully brought out in a story by a Croatian writer, Milan Ogrizovitch, "*The Religion of my Boyhood*." He tells how his early life was spent under an uncle's roof, near the Bosnian border. The uncle was a village pastor, and first taught the boy that there was a God, that He was invisible, but that now and then He came to dwell among his people. "This he preached before the altar, but I could not clearly conceive what he meant. Sometimes I used to think that I might at any moment behold God's appearance on the altar. Perhaps He would come from behind the statue of the patron saint; probably I should some day behold Him in my uncle's orchard; or perchance God might loom up at dusk from behind a moonlit cloud, hovering above the dark outline of the mountains."

The lad longed to see God; and one night was so eager that he could not sleep, and got up to pray. Then he returned to bed expecting to see God in his sleep; but again he was disappointed. His uncle, unfortunately, was not easy of approach, and had fits of gloom and ill-humor; and the boy was afraid to ask him anything. But then something happened which supplied the longed-for illumination. Henceforth he ceased to sit by the window of evenings, expecting to see God appear from behind the clouds above the mountain; it made him try henceforth to "see God in the eyes of people."

His uncle was called to visit a dying woman, and give her the last consolations of religion. They arrived at the village and were shown the cottage where she lay in poverty and misery, close to the cows. After a long confession, he prepared to administer the Holy Communion to the woman. The rest must be told in his own words: "I shall never forget that woman's face. It radiated a wonderful light; a tear glistened in her eyes. I gazed at her face as I had gazed at the mass of

clouds above the mountain range. I didn't see God, but I felt He was there, that He dwelt in that sick woman, that He had come into that sick woman, that He had come into me and into uncle and into all these men, women and children around us."

Those who, like the writer of this article, have had the privilege of attending a Scottish communion service in the Highlands, in the open air, will surely never forget the devout atmosphere; the feeling of reverence; the reality of the prayers; the presence of the divine. Surrounding nature was ennobled and sanctified. Before the communicants considered themselves ready to go forward and break bread they had passed through a heart-searching investigation of themselves lest they might not be worthy. And the "token" they received—usually of bronze—which gave them admission to the Lord's Table, was a symbol of holy living and communion with God that made it sacred. When these tokens came to be disused, so loth were the church folk to have them carelessly dispersed that they were carefully placed in a jar and buried.

To the modern rationalist all this is outworn superstition, to be referred back to the idolatrous habits of followers of Bacchus and the other pagan gods; it is a mere modern development of the ancient custom of "eating the god." A recent book has a title that indeed begs the question—"Christian Theophagy," by Preserved Smith. The close of Chapter XII, which deals with the celebration of the Lord's Supper in the British Isles, has this sneering climax:—"It almost seems that the ancestry of the 'unco pious' Protestants at times harked back to a remoter civilization than that of the Catholics. The Calvinistic Scots' Confession would have delighted Luther and Justin Martyr, and, *mutato numine*, the Thracian mystes of Dionysus."

But wherever Religion is alive and influencing society, it clings to such sacred symbols. And vital Art has need of the same methods and lives in the same atmosphere.

CURRENT THOUGHT

BY CLAUDE G. BEARDSLEE

The Religion of Rousseau

Those who realize the influence Rousseau exerted upon the thought which went into the founding of this country are always glad to read a careful appraisal of his life, whatever the point of view. In the January-February number of the Strasbourg "*Revue d'Histoire et de Philosophie religieuses*" Maurice Lang writes on Rousseau's religion.

The article is largely devoted to an interesting discussion of the thinkers who moulded Rousseau's mind. After a reference to the influence of Locke, the English deists and the general current of rationalism, the writer refers to Voltaire "whom Rousseau admired even while writing that he hated him." Also, Rousseau is known to have read some of the writings of Huber and Muralt. The significance of this is that Huber and Muralt disdained theology and saw in natural religion a primitive form of Christianity more accessible to the human spirit than the revealed religions. Both rejected miracle and prophecy, both made individual conscience the source of authority in religion and both gave Rousseau what his admirers call his pragmatism.

Lang rejects M. Paul Seippel's suggestion that it would be interesting to study Rousseau in view of the recent theories of Freud. He remarks, quite properly we think, that Rousseau's essential positions were believed by many people before him and by millions after him; and that if Rousseau had a Freudian headache many others are also involved in the same diseased condition. We have to recognize that Rousseau's religion lacked the traditional religious factors, but we need not therefore conclude that Rousseau was a neuresthenic. The fact is, as our author says, that there have lasted over into the twentieth century the two old attitudes toward Rousseau. One is sympathetic gratitude. The other is the feeling that Rousseau's religion contributed more than any other force to bring about a decadence of Christianity.

The article is well written and will repay a careful reading.

Accepting the Universe

In the *Philosophical Review* for March, Professor Everett of Brown University reasons a long and careful way to an acceptance of the obligations which are involved in loyalty to progress. He defines progress as "an increase in the values consciously realized and enjoyed by humanity. Such an increase would take account of a scale of values and would give preeminence to the higher, spiritual interests." The professor thinks that there is less pessimism now than existed at other periods, the Greeks, for example, having been more unhappy than we realize. He feels also that,

however fragmentary and inconclusive our efforts may be, we are nevertheless called "to labor, to simple living and hard thinking, to the creation of beauty and to the love of our kind." This is admirable and is an improvement over the determinism which he defended in his "*Moral Values*" but we looked in vain for a satisfying assumption of theistic interest. Faith in a "Perfect Whole" sounds too impersonal in our ears, and in our judgment can hardly ground an adequate theory of the progress of either inanimate objects or sovereign persons.

Error in High Places

To those who are personalistically inclined, it has been an occasion of satisfaction to observe the recent suggestions that Freud should keep at least one foot on the ground. Such a comment is found in an article by G. Elliott Smith of the University of London, in the January issue of *The Monist*. The author gives credit to Freud for his serious contributions to our thinking in psychological method, but he calls Freud's book on "*Totem and Taboos: Resemblances between the Psychic Lives of Savages and Neurotics*" a "blot of nastiness and error and a volume of nonsense." He thinks it was enough that Freud should emphasize in earlier works the individual's own symptoms and in this book inconsistently stress "universal symbolism" but Freud has gone further. He has made claims unsupported by evidence, branched off into the fields of ethnology and mythology of which our author considers him ignorant, and has stirred up another mess which can be palatable only for those who are interested in pornography. He has given us again his obsession that "the beginning of religion, ethics, society and art meet in the œdipus complex," and has taken positions which in Professor Smith's judgment are so wrong that Freud must have had to have a truth-repression complex in order "to save his speculations from destruction."

We wish to be always willing to revise our opinions in the presence of new evidence but when an expert in nastiness and error feeds us misstatements, unsupported conclusions, bad logic and ignorance, we write in gratitude to anyone who like Professor Smith can make us seem a little rational in refusing to accept Freud's higher flights of psychopathic wit.

Transcending Sense-Data

In the April number of the *International Journal of Ethics*, George H. Mead asks whether or not natural science can provide ethical data. He observes that we have applied scientific method to our mechanical means, but not to our study of ethics; and he wants to know whether our social values and purposes may not also be scientifically formulated. In his view this method, applied to ethics, would not be teleological and would not guarantee a successful solution of any particular ethical problem. Also it would differ from scientific research in chemistry in that laboratory conclusions may generally be postponed while ethical action must generally be taken with little delay in particular cases and in general must defer to ideals which press for realization. "Such an ideal is democracy."

The author states the difficulty as follows: Our conduct must recognize all the moral values in the ethical problem but these values cannot be easily estimated because there are no absolute values and because cult values, such as patriotism, are incommensurable. His conclusion is that the only place for scientific method is within the actual problem. "The field within which we can advance our theory of states is that of the effort to avert war. The advance in our doctrine of criminal justice will be found in the undertaking of intelligent crime prevention. The problems of social theory must be research problems," as, for example, the problem of municipal politics. "It is the intensive growth of social interrelations and intercommunications that alone renders possible the recognition by the individual of the importance for his social life of the corporate activity of the whole community. The task of intelligence is to use this growing consciousness of interdependence to formulate the problems of all, in terms of the problem of everyone. In so far as this can be accomplished, cult values will pass over into functional values."

If science deals only with the natural order and deals with human society, it follows that human society is part of that order. But our author says also that the order of the universe is moral.

We suggest that as science is ordinarily defined, it is limited to the study of sense data. Earth is natural and loyalty is natural but they represent two sorts of naturalness, one physical and the other spiritual. We have not the slightest desire to speak ungraciously of science, for we greatly admire its true spirit, but we must say that this increasing attempt to pull all our human baggage in under the scientific tent demands a definition of science different from the common conception. In so far as we know spiritual facts in other persons by their physical expressions, as when we study happiness in smiles, science can study the expressions of spiritual facts, but we still cling to the conviction that the spiritual, moral, ethical data themselves are personal values which the physical senses cannot directly apprehend and that they can be studied only when the sense data are transcended by extra-scientific spiritual appraisals.

As Bowne says, our selves cannot be sensuously presented; they simply are what we know them to be. And do we know them through their physical expressions? Yes, but only because the physical laboratory data have been exceeded by rational speculation.

Time and Reality

In a paper by this title, W. R. Sorley, in the April number of *Mind* observes that when Bosanquet wrote of "The meeting of the extremes in contemporary philosophy" he was thinking of neo-idealism and neo-realism and their common assumption that time is real. Bosanquet considered this assumption an error, although admitting that the problem of the reality or unreality of time is "the fundamental crux of philosophy". He agreed that time is a form of experience, but held that "it masks the reality which experience reveals. Succession, purpose, morality are all

shaped by time and if we interpret the universe by them we misinterpret it. The universe is one though it has diverse finite appearances; it is complete though the things in it seek their ends by selecting one path rather than another; it is perfect though finite minds distinguish factors in it as good and evil. Even the finite intelligence is conscious of the unity, completeness and perfection of the universe. This consciousness he possesses in religion by faith and in speculation it is vindicated by philosophy. But the consciousness is lost or discredited if we hold with the neo-idealists and neo-realists to the reality of time and accordingly look upon the whole of things as in process, seeking an end, striving towards a perfection which it lacks at the present moment". Thus Bosanquet.

Sorley accepts time as crucial and applies it to the problems of order, life and morality. As regards an order of succession, Bosanquet says that the universe is not in time since time is part of the universe. Sorley replies that even so the universe may be historical and have a temporal character and suggests that we might think of minor totalities of time, changes being the modes in which the universe persists.

Life, for Bosanquet, has neither purpose nor history, since teleology, being temporal and selective, is not adequate to describe reality. Sorley thinks that the chief characteristics of teleology are value and consciousness rather than time and selection but he admits the latter as subsidiary features in that we select ideals and temporally achieve them. "The significance of time consists in its being the mode in which ideals are realized".

Morality and religion present difficulties here as everywhere. Mystics, Sorley observes, would tend to say that religion annuls the temporal in eternity, but the average man would adhere to his individuality even though "being born again by union with the infinite". Bosanquet dislikes moralism because it stresses human differences, exaggerates man's importance and requires time for its actions. Sorley aptly replies by observing that our ignorance of why the Absolute expresses itself in time does not alter the fact that it does so express itself.

We plead guilty to a dualistic position in this life for we see both personal and impersonal reality. In the sense that God need not have created matter, thought might have been the only substance, as Bosanquet claims it is, but since, as we would say, God did create matter, thought is not the only substance, matter has meaning for God and we have two orders of reality in this world, else our senses are to be repudiated. To fit in with this conception, we would make time a category of thought and say that it has mental reality as the form by which we relate events.

Psychology's Unsolved Problem

In the *Methodist Review* for May, Professor Wilm, of Boston University, presents a discussion of identity in change. After noting Hume's definition of the self as "nothing but a bundle or collection of different perceptions which succeeded each other with an inconceivable rapidity

and are in a perpetual flux and movement", he observes that psychology need not feel obliged in this connection to repudiate presuppositions. Biology has postulates and so have mathematics and physics, and psychology need not feel that it is still wearing scientific short pants just because it assumes as foundation something it cannot prove. Psychology may need to deny an enduring self for other reasons but it need not deny it just because it is a postulate.

With this attitude we agree but we cannot rest satisfied with the other reasons which the professor proceeds to expound. These are that an enduring self cannot possibly be empirically known, a self's permanence of sense-data cannot exceed the variability of the data synthesized, a self's unity can be no greater than the unity of the self's objects, the explanation of how a synthesis is achieved is made more difficult by assuming a hypothetical self, and psychology has refused to assume an abiding personality and yet has successfully explained the functions of the mind. There is also comment regarding purpose, to the effect that the argument for unity from a self's plans is overthrown by the fact that the plans are feeble, fluctuating and imperfect. This attitude toward purpose appears astonishing when we read further on that personal immortality "will probably depend upon the extent to which it (the self) has achieved unity of life through the consistent pursuit of some aim, interest or plan, and upon the degree to which this aim, interest or plan coincides with the fundamental plan of the universe in which the self is to exist". Must so great a result depend on so frail a basis as the "conative tendencies" appear to be?

Psychology's unsolved problem is the doctrine of the self. Wilm defines self as "the concrete stream of consciousness itself" and as "the stream of consciousness itself, viewed as coherent and continuous". The former is what he seems really to think, but the latter is the way in which he means to say it, for he intends to provide for continuity in vocabulary rather than in personality. But to name the stream of consciousness continuous does not make it so. What, then, is there in such a name? The solution of the problem of personal identity.

We disagree. Bowne's solution of the Heraclitan-Eleatic problem is in our judgment the only adequate one since it assumes an abiding personal center of conscious control. It may be imprudent in us all to transcend our sense-data, but all thinkers do it and do it, moreover, with a consciousness of their own abiding personal identity. We venture to say that the problem of the self will never be solved on the basis of overlapping sensations and behavioristic tropisms. A psychology professor of our acquaintance protests his devotion to Pillsbury but admits that when he comes to his chapter on the self he leaves Pillsbury's text and assigns collateral not to supplement but to replace. Professor Wilm apparently admires and shares Pillsbury's theory. In our judgment this impersonalism is to be deplored.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

Mountain Nights

One scarcely knows in the wilds which is the more glorious, the day or the night. We praise the boon of sleep and too oft forget the benefits of wakefulness. Were it not for the dark hours of waking many of us would fail altogether of reflection in these busy and care-littered years. In the long summer days under the searching heat much of nature seems slumbering. The moment of greatest silence is more often at noon than at midnight. The songs of birds are then hushed or heard only from the depths of the forest. The leaves show inert and lifeless under the scorching sun. Even the cataract seems to nod and all but fall asleep. It is when the shadows lengthen along the trail that I hear the rustle of wings and the stealthy steps of my squirrel companions. Just before even-fall the woods become voluble with the conversations of trees and water and birds and beasts. With gathering darkness the falls and rapids of my little river turn from a low murmur to a rushing sound like that of a great storm; I hear the tin dishes of my fireplace rattle as my near neighbor fox investigates the generosity and largess of my campside cupboard. From the cool depths there comes the waking cry of a bird. The sultriness of the summer air is suddenly gone as the first puffs of sea breeze sink into the canyon with a tingling chill of refreshment. It seems to have left its playground over the deep and its playmates the gulls now gone to rest, in order to search out my mountain home with all the particularity of the sure mercies of God. I hear it moving in the tree tops like a whisper of hope and refreshment and wrapping my blanket more closely about me, I fall asleep in the consciousness of a Divine and Eternal care. F.

Looking Backward for Religion

A comment on the recent New Era lectures of Bishop McConnell at the University of Southern California is worth noting. An elderly preacher, of the old school, on his way in the street car to one of the lectures, remarked to a fellow-passenger, a much younger man, that the Bishop had disappointed him; for he had nothing to say about the work of the Holy Spirit. Now it is just here, in his full appreciation of the work of the Holy Spirit in "guiding us into all truth," especially in the vital matters of national duty and civic conduct, that the Bishop is strong. More than most of his contemporaries, he dwells on this aspect of religious truth. But so taken up are good folks of a certain type with the supernatural gifts associated with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit at a Pentecost long ago, that they seem to tie up his wide functions to a certain time in the year and a certain aspect of divine help that has a very secondary place today, clutching at accidentals. A depreciation of religion

in the nation, a depreciation of the nation as an organism that must function for God, is not spiritual, but is apt to be intensely unspiritual. It is because of the Bishop's deep appreciation of the power of the Holy Spirit, that he looks forward, as he told his hearers in one of his latest addresses, not to a weakening of national life and national characteristics, but to a deepening of these:

For God reveals himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

What we desire is greater neighborliness among the nations, each nation, with its own language and ways, functioning for God by the aid of His Spirit.

JAMES MAIN DIXON.

Shall We Abrogate Anglo-Saxon Canons of Civilization?

This brings us to our own civilization and its fundamentals. With the call today that we go to the full length of brotherhood in modifying our imperative laws of conduct so that we may get into touch with other national types, there is a danger that we may insist on applying canons that are unsafe for our civilization, while another civilization like the French or Italian may follow them with impunity. To the Frenchman the word "Curiosity" has an intellectual flavor that is wanting in the English term. With him it means legitimate literary inquiry. There is a flavor of impertinence in our term. But the typical Frenchman, with his intellectual conscience, may go dispassionately into questions when it is impossible for the ordinary American, retaining his beliefs and his so-called "prejudices," to travel the same road innocuously. We are flooded today with stories that are written by authors who never mention religion or religious characters without a gibe or a fling. It is all very well to say that such forms of religion and such characters as they depict exist and are unworthy of respect; but to fail to balance them by the real types of religious faith, who are the mainstays of our civilization, is to fail to do one's duty as a patriotic American. Moreover, the family life on which our civilization is based—in a different fashion entirely from the French, for instance—requires that our intellectual pabulum be as suitable for boys and girls and women as for men or "emancipated women." It is a literature that is lowering the tone of chastity in a very perilous way; and the defense that is brought forward that such "emancipation" is considered good form elsewhere, is no real apologetic. The wonderful purification of moral tone in literature that followed the Great Awakening of the middle of the eighteenth century, is not a thing to go back on. The English novel, which began with *Pamela*, dealt with a heroine and a hero (to her) who fail to meet the requirements of a highminded woman or man of today.

J. M. D.

Along the Bookshelf

Science and Modern Thought

THE PSYCHIC LIFE OF INSECTS, by E. L. BOUVIER. Published by The Century Company, New York, 1922. Pp. xvi-377.

THE GRAND STRATEGY OF EVOLUTION, by WILLIAM PATTEN. Published by Richard G. Badger, The Gorham Press, Boston, 1920. Pp. xviii-430.

THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE, by J. ARTHUR THOMSON. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1922. Pp. xix-296.

These three make a somewhat formidable array. The first treats of a much disputed but popular attitude growing out of modern psychology. The latter two are written in pleasing style and are intended to meet the needs of the layman.

Bouvier's work on the psychic life of insects contains a large amount of valuable material gathered through direct observation or the observation of other writers. The layman finds himself unable correctly to gage the reliability of this material and having a mind to the high standing of the author, must accept it as representing facts conscientiously observed. It is only when Bouvier begins to apply the terms of psychology to scientific explanation that he comes to grief. Not that there is any sacredness in terms so that the non-professional should be forbidden to touch them, but only that they are too often employed in ignorance of their historical connotation. Obviously unless the mentality of man and insect are on the same plane and without distinguishing features of quality, one cannot apply the term "psychic" to both with exactly the same meaning. This remaining oblivious to the necessities of meaning, which is exalted into an enduring contempt by many scientific writers, must seriously discount conclusions which bear a metaphysical or epistemological meaning. Bouvier's work is no exception to this weakness. This is very obvious when the author talks of "memory" in the insect. Now it is the result of physical functions, now a trace "engraved upon the tissues", now something exactly equivalent to the memory of a reflective human being, now it is memory of a remote experiment acquired by the species, which "in the course of ages" has "been graven on the brain-centers and has left there a permanent trace". Everywhere there are in evidence the discarded notions of an archaic psychology. Even on the more technical theories of science there is no logical clearness. The attempt is made to erect a *dictum* of inheritance of acquired characteristics into efficient cause when required, and to deny it when convenient and against obvious fact. There is nothing more needed in modern scientific thought than an appreciation of def-

initions and the exercise of logical thought. In spite of the painstaking detail, and the valuable and interesting observation of Bouvier, it is a relief to turn to Patten's book on *The Grand Strategy of Evolution*. We have here the work of a trained and professional observer but of one who is far more than that. It is too bad that every man who looks upon science as inimical to religion might not be induced to read and understand this book. He deals with the subject of evolution in a thoroughly constructive way and has a fine analytic and synthetic grasp of the facts of scientific observation. He calls attention to the one-sidedness of the older shibboleth which makes evolution the result of struggle for survival alone and shows that by far the most important elements in progress are constructive and altruistic.

"The rapid growth of evolutionary doctrines in the past generation, while liberating religious thought, initiated a strong intellectual movement away from "the impracticable idealism" of an "artificial" social system, toward the so-called "realities" of a larger world life, and led to the widespread worship of a new God, a fictitious Nature-God, created by the biologists in the image of their own distorted mentality. The present over-emphasis of selfishness and the clashing of moral and intellectual purposes in social life are chiefly due to this error . . . Ruthlessness and selfishness there are in nature, on every hand, but they are no more creative and preservative there than in human society. In fact, as we shall presently show in more detail, in all her constructive processes nature is pre-eminently altruistic and benevolent".

The author's keen sensitiveness to logical reasoning also leads him to recognize the *petitio principii* in the ancient fetish of "survival of the fittest". In its place he would introduce "the struggle for others". We wonder if this would survive longer than the other without the concept of an enduring directing intelligence behind all.

In spite of the progressiveness of the book, one finds a tendency to revamp old claims, the peace-offering which we presume the scientist must pay in the interest of scientific dogma and conservatism, but it is a book all will wish to read and re-read as well as own.

J. Arthur Thomson's *Outline of Science* is already so widely known and popular as to scarcely need the attention of this review. It is written primarily for the man of the street and this to such a degree as to stand quite apart from the two previous works. We can remember back to our own childhood just sufficiently to have a lingering bit of envy for the child who has free access to the wonderful illustrations with which the book is filled. Fortunate indeed is the child and the home that possesses the four-volume work. It does exactly that for which it was primarily intended, it brings home to the layman such knowledge of the outstanding facts of science as forms a popular education in itself. It is marred only by the common modern fallacy of mistaking hypothesis for fact and gathering the proved and the unproved into an indiscriminate mass of so-

called fact and calling it science. The layman will, however, have little power of discrimination and cannot be expected to await in ignorance the coming of a surer and more critical popular science.

The Trend Toward Mathematical Philosophy

MATHEMATICAL PHILOSOPHY, by CASSIUS J. KEYSER. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, 1922. Pp. viii-466.

A TREATISE ON PROBABILITY, by JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES. The Macmillan Company, London, 1921. Pp. vi-466.

TRACTATUS LOGICO-PHILOSOPHICUS, by L. WITTGENSTEIN. Harcourt Brace and Company, New York, 1922. Pp. 189.

TERTIUM ORGANUM, by P. D. OUSPENSKY. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1922. Pp. xv-336.

There is a revival of interest in mathematical philosophy which gives great promise, for whenever in history there has been advance in mathematical discovery, there has been renewed activity in the philosophical field. This, Professor Keyser would declare, is to be expected because mathematics is the mother of philosophy. It might well be foreseen that moving from this foundation, *Mathematical Philosophy* makes assumptions that would little please the non-mathematical, non-dialectical type of philosopher.

Thus the author is led to affirm the unchangeable reality of ideas and with them would build up a world of reality as the foundation for science, philosophy, art and religion. He agrees with Plato that dialectic is the sole means by which the philosopher may gain a knowledge of the things that essentially are and a vision also of absolute truth, beauty and justice.

He comes thus to an undue dependence on form, resorting to the usual fallacies of mathematical philosophy. There is blind trust in the dialectical *form* of words. The mathematical method would make progress if the human mind could by reasoning penetrate and compass all truth. But truth can no more be measured in completeness by the standards of formal logic than it can be all gotten into the pint cup of scientific measurement and scale. The *form* of relations, as he would agree, cannot determine the importance, character, or value of the things related. What he would probably not recognize is that the value of the logical method is largely confined to the disclosure of fallacies.

The chapter on "Invariance" possesses more than a passing interest.

"The most obvious, the most embracing, the most poignant and the most tragic fact in the pageant we call the world is the fact of change. . . . And so the sovereign fact in the life of reason is the quest of things eternal. The mathematical theory of transformation—dealt with in the preceding lecture—is the logic of change; the mathematical theory of invariance—the principal theme of the present hour—is the logic of eternal things, the logic of permanence.

"It is my aim to give you just a little introduction to the matter, a clue to it, a good grasp of its central idea, a very slight acquaintance with its methods, and a fair sense of its general significance and its bearing as a prototype for that quest of abiding reality which has dominated all the great truth-seeking activities of man and has served to unite them—religion, philosophy, art, science—as but different aspects of one supreme enterprise: emancipation from the tyranny of change—discovery of a stable world—a haven of refuge from the raging tempests of the sea.

"An invariant, as the word indicates, is to signify something which, when other things connected with it suffer change, remains itself unchanged.

"Among variants are the properties of being a son, of being a man, of being a human, of being what Count Korzybski calls a time-binder, of being a visible object; another one, of extraordinary interest, is the property called *personal identity*. This last property, which runs through a long sequence of personalities, exemplifies an immense class of important invariants that no one has been able to formulate precisely, though their existence is manifest: we may call them unformulated or *qualitative invariants*".

When he hits upon the property of personal identity he has not only hit upon *one* of a number of invariants, he has unwittingly hit upon the only real *one* in the sense of possessing concreteness, for sonship, humanness and these so-called invariant qualities, so far as they have real meaning, are realized only in living relationships—the reactions of concrete personalities.

At times he rises to clearness of insight and idealism that makes it difficult to refrain from quoting. He writes:

"Art in its great moods and proper character as art, contemplates the world under the aspect of eternity, aims at what is permanent in the "fleeting show", devotes itself to goods that are everlasting. . . . It is not that any phrase or picture or poem or symphony or statue or temple will escape the doom of temporal things; nor that the joy they may give you or me will endure; it is that a certain quality—the quality in virtue of which a thing of beauty is such a thing—is timeless, unbegotten and, though its temporal embodiments must perish, is itself imperishable".

In his chapter on the "Group Concept", by eliminating the personal element of freedom, he turns all mental progress into the weary treadmill of endless repetition which he admits "is damnably depressing but not more so than the regnant mechanistic hypothesis of modern natural science". With this statement we agree but we do not see the necessity of accepting either dilemma. This denouement is due to the rigor and vigor of a mathematical method which though it casts much light cannot gather up and represent life itself.

The book is wholesome and good, written with a refreshing vigor of conception that is much needed and will do much good, however far the

reader may find it necessary to dissent. For the average reader the mathematical illustrations will at times cause perplexity, for occasionally the plain statement is more easily understood than the illustration. But this is to call attention to the one weakness of the book, the over-emphasis of form. We welcome the clearness, the thoughtfulness and the insight of this remarkable volume.

Of similar interest is the work by John Maynard Keynes, *A Treatise on Probability*. While giving high place to the service of mathematics to philosophy, he fully realizes that "It is possible, under cover of a careful formalism, to make statements, which, if expressed in plain language, the mind would immediately repudiate".

With so frank a start, there is much promise for a modern treatment of the problem of probabilities in which field Venn has so long been the master. And the early promise of the book is exceedingly well fulfilled.

He has no blind trust in the abilities of a formal logic to force conclusions in the face of individual judgment. In the last analysis "we must rely upon direct judgment for discriminating between the relevant and the irrelevant parts of the evidence. We can only discard those parts of the evidence which are irrelevant by seeing that they have no logical bearing on the conclusion".

The chapters on "Induction and Analogy" are of exceeding clearness and importance. He shows how "the validity of every induction, strictly interpreted, depends, not on a matter of fact, but on the existence of a relation of probability" and that some element of analogy must lie at the base of every inductive argument. Probability and analogy are thus given standing in knowledge along with induction. He writes:

"When we allow that probable knowledge is, nevertheless, real, a new method of argument can be introduced into metaphysical discussions. The demonstrative method can be laid on one side, and we may attempt to advance the argument by taking account of circumstances which seem to give some reason for preferring one alternative to another.

"Some of the most characteristic errors both of Bacon and of Mill arise, I think, out of a misapprehension, which it has been a principal object of this book to correct. Both believed, without hesitation it seems, that induction is capable of establishing a conclusion which is absolutely certain, and that an argument is invalid if the generalization, which it supports, admits of exceptions in fact".

Of Mill he writes:

"For to conclude upon an enumeration of particulars, without instance contradictory, is no conclusion but a conjecture".

So he declares that "as science advances and the body of pre-existing knowledge is increased, we depend increasingly upon analogy".

Uniformity in Nature means to him merely that we have decided to remove the time and space elements in causation as irrelevant. He says:

"We do believe, and yet have no adequate inductive reason whatever for believing, that mere position in time and space cannot make any difference".

He seems to overlook the distinction which must be made between phenomenal and efficient causation. Cause and effect are of the very nature of time and the relevancy of temporal and spatial relations cannot be read out of the situation so easily. It could be true only of efficient causation which is beyond the field of science.

The author sees clearly the nature of hypothesis in much that is commonly supposed to be scientific fact.

The chapters on statistical inference are of very great value and should be read meditatively by every person whose task it is to deal with statistics—the modern fertile source of deception and misunderstanding. Not only is the work of great value to the dealer in statistics but the mathematician, the philosopher, the scientist will find it equally necessary. We hail it as an outstanding achievement in philosophic writing.

The *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* of Ludwig Wittgenstein fortunately possesses in the preface a brief and clear discussion of what follows. Bertrand Russell's introduction will be as far as the general reader will care to go, and having gone this far he will have the substance of the book without the trouble of leaping the propositional hurdles from 2.0121 to 6.36111 previous and following. In view of the outcome one wonders why Mr. Russell should take it so seriously, stating that it is "to be considered an important event in the philosophical world". It could scarcely be such an *event* unless we were to accept the factuality of the author's own non-existent fact as if taking a mouthful of words we had really swallowed something. Apparently Wittgenstein agrees with Russell to the extent of confining philosophy to formal or mathematical logic. Unfortunately he apparently confuses everything else with formal logic, including the so solid-seeming-earth itself. At least we couldn't possess the earth without giving it an endless name which would include the enumeration of each one of its numerous qualities. Having disposed of the world in this high-handed way we are quite prepared to be disposed of ourselves and are not surprised to learn that persons like propositions are fictitious.

In his "atomic facts", he reminds us of Herbart's "Reals" as independent qualities but without Herbart's grasp or judgment. He then proceeds to commit us to a universal skepticism by saying: "In order to know an object I must know not its external but all its internal qualities".

Thus he dallies with words in a hopeless *non sequitur* fashion. One wonders why he neglects to apply to himself his own statement: "Everything that can be thought at all can be thought clearly. Everything that can be said can be said clearly".

All this rigor and vigor of logical mechanics is, we learn in his closing words, *vanitas vanitatum*.

"My propositions are elucidatory in this way: he who understands me finally recognizes them as senseless, when he has climbed out through them, on them, over them. (He must, so to speak, throw away the ladder, after he has climbed up on it.)

"He must surmount these propositions; then he sees the world rightly.

"Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent".

When an author has the hardihood to begin by classifying himself with Aristotle and Bacon, he must be either very brilliant or exceptionally stupid. A perusal of Ouspensky's book leaves one unwilling to classify him in either category. He builds up his main thesis for fourth or many dimensional space with a rare power and with a startling clearness. He raises profound thoughts which he all but substantiates and then turns to fritter away his precious capital like a spendthrift in the vagaries of mere occultism. We do not recall an instance in which so much of brilliance and stupidity are combined. There is unmistakable high power of reasoning combined with a childlike credulity. He pleads against the admission of materialism, for as he says:

"Life phenomena cannot be expressed in terms of mechanical energy, calories of heat or units of horse power; nor can the phenomena of life be artificially created by the physico-chemical method.

"Psychic phenomena possess even greater unifying force with relation to physical phenomena than do the phenomena of life.

"Physical phenomena of themselves, inside the limits of our existence and observation, never create the phenomena of life and the phenomena of consciousness. Consequently we may with *greater* right assume that in the phenomena of life and in the phenomena of consciousness there is something which does not exist in physical phenomena

"Moreover, we cannot measure physical, biological, and psychic phenomena by the same unit of measurement.

"We know this—know that the events of today were the ideas and feelings of yesterday—and that the events of tomorrow are lying in someone's irritation, in someone's hunger, in someone's suffering, and possibly still more in someone's imagination, in someone's fantasy, in someone's dreams.

"We know all this, yet nevertheless our "positive" science obstinately seeks to establish correlations between visible phenomena only, i. e., to regard each visible or physical phenomenon as the effect of some other physical phenomenon *only*, which is also visible.

"This tendency to regard everything upon one plane, the unwillingness to recognize anything outside of that plane, horribly narrows our view of life, prevents our grasping it in its entirety—and taken in conjunction with the materialistic attempts to account for *the higher* as a function of *the lower*, appears as the principal impediment to the development of our knowledge, the chief cause of the

dissatisfaction with science, the complaints about the bankruptcy of science, and its actual bankruptcy in many of its relations".

Who shall write the book which posterity will recognize as the real *Tertium Organum*? We feel sure it will yet be written, but we do not feel that Ouspensky has written it, though he may be a forerunner toward it.

In the Religious Field

RELIGION AS EXPERIENCE, by JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM, Professor of Christian Theology in the Pacific School of Religion. The Abingdon Press.

The mature mind and deft hand of Dr. Buckham appear at their best in this slim volume, some of the chapters of which have already appeared in *Hibbert* and the *Methodist Review*. What he has to say of Evolution, at a time when it is more than ever a burning question, is worth quoting. While so far in sympathy with the position of the late Professor Le Conte, he finds him crediting Evolution with what does not belong to it. "Organic evolution," says Le Conte, "is pushed onward and forward from above and in front by the attractive force of ideals." But Dr. Buckham, in quoting this passage, denies rightly that Evolution has any knowledge whatever of ideals or of finalities. Nor does Evolution know anything of sin as such, "so it can know nothing of regeneration as an extra-cosmic process, nor of that Holy Spirit through whom we have communion with the spiritual realm." The book is full of such bits of pungent criticism.

J. M. D.

RELIGION AND THE FUTURE LIFE. The Development of the Belief After Death. By Authorities in the History of Religions. Edited by E. HERSHEY SNEATH, Ph.D., LL. D. Fleming H. Revell Co.

This is a timely book, and meets one of the calls of the day. Our over-devotion to studies of a naturalistic kind, which limit themselves to the mere manifestations of life, and stop short at any inquiry into life itself, with the meaning and claims of personality, is tending dangerously to stunt and wither real education. Some twenty years ago when the able writer and thinker, Augustine Birrell, was called to be minister of education in Campbell-Bannerman's cabinet, he came up against the question: Where in a national system of education must we have a definite religious basis? And he posited three fundamentals that should enter into ordinary teaching in the schools: The fatherhood of God, moral choice between good and evil, and the existence of a future state. The head of the philosophy department in one of our state universities—Dr. J. W. Hudson of Columbia, Missouri—in a book recently reviewed in our columns, *The Fundamentals of Our Civilization*, makes the same triple demand.

Two years ago a seminar was held in Yale University for the purpose of studying the history of belief in life after death; and various special-

ists were invited to contribute papers. The present volume gives wider publicity to these interesting discussions, dealing with faith in a future life among the nations of the world. The second chapter, by Professor Breasted of Chicago University, entitled "Ancient Egyptian Ideas of the Life Hereafter," is well worth reading at this time, when so much attention has been called to the land of the Pharaohs. He throws light upon the real nature of the *ka*, or guardian angel, hitherto fundamentally misunderstood; "a kind of superior genius intended to guide the fortunes of the individual in the life hereafter."

An index would have added materially to the value of the book.

J. M. D.

THE PSYCHIC HEALTH OF JESUS, by WALTER E. BUNDY, Ph. D., Associate Professor of English Bible in DePauw University. The Macmillan Co.

The problem of the character of Jesus is a vital one in our faith and is at the back of our civilization. A distinguishing mark of his teaching was his affirmation of Sinlessness; he "affirms the fulfilment in all its details of the ideal of life prescribed by his Father"—to quote from Forrest's *The Christ of History and Experience*, a valuable piece of orthodox apologetic. But when we open the pages of this learned treatise, the old and hallowed terms of grace and sinlessness are discarded for such terms as psychiatry and pathography, and the problem is: Was Christ a paranoiac or mentally diseased? The author discusses in an opening chapter the positions of six writers, all of them Germans, who deal with the psychic health of Jesus in a very drastic and unspiritual way. The whole discussion is remote from our manner of thought and discussion, and we have to imagine ourselves back in the pre-War period when our budding professors crossed the Atlantic to learn to think, speak and write in German, and came back with a dialectic not American. The references throughout are German rather than English; Mc for "Mark", Lc for "Luke", "S for Strauss", "who did more", in the writer's opinion, "to stir the thick theological thought of his day out of its selfish sluggishness and help along the life-of-Jesus research than any other critic before or after him". But Dr. Bundy seems not to realize the dangerous elements in his attitude and methods—the strange lack of the spiritual in a positive age.

J. M. D.

With the Poets

POEMS NEW AND OLD, by HENRY NEWBOLT. E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 266. \$3.00.

It is now more than a quarter of a century since Sir Henry Newbolt came forth as a singer, and since then his poems have appeared and been welcomed from time to time; and this contains the cream. They are to be found in five separate volumes: *Admirals All*; *The Island Race*; *The Sailing of the Longships*; *Songs of Memory and Hope*; and *St. George's Day*. The titles reveal the tone and import of the contents; a strong pa-

triotism calling upon his countrymen "not to forget" the inheritance of character which is theirs. He has this much entirely in common with Kipling, to whom he addresses a delightful apostrophe in *An Essay on Criticism*—

"O Rudyard, Rudyard, in our hours of ease
(Before the war) you were not hard to please ;

You sang the land where dawn across the Bay
Comes up to waken queens in Mandalay,
The land where comrades sleep in Cabul ford,
And Valor, brown or white, is Borderland,

The secret Jungle-life of child and beast,
And all the magic of the dreaming East".

Sir Henry is a master of technical verse, and has recently brought out a book on the nature of poetry. J. M. D.

WHITE APRIL, by HAROLD VINAL. (The Yale Series of Younger Poets.) Yale University Press. Pp. 46. 1922.

This is a taking little volume, containing many gems. The author happily submits to the hallowed restrictions associated with divine poetry, and asserts no license. He seems at his best in the sonnet. Take, for instance, his

OLD SHIPS

What memories hang about the spars
Of splendid ships that come to port no more,
What dreams of moonlit seas and lovely stars,
What sound of waters on a wooden floor.
Something remembered from an ancient day
Comes back to haunt them when the evening falls,
The cry of gleaming birds from far away,
The moan of winds around their whitened walls.
Something survives to make them wistful still
Of silver harbors that they knew of yore,
Of midnight quiet by a secret hill,
Of shining lights upon a singing shore.
Perchance a ghostly gull against the sky
Or a white sail at twilight flashing by.

A Franco-Belgian Poet

Miscellaneous

NATURE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE, by NORMAN FOERSTER. The Macmillan Co. Pp. 324.

Most of these "Studies in the Modern View of Nature" have appeared in leading quarterlies and reviews, and they are well worth preserving in book form. In these days when Whitman is overrated as *the* typical American poet, it is interesting to get Professor Foerster's estimate—sympathetic yet not blind to defects. "The whole face of Walt Whitman", he remarks at p. 191, "was remarkable (to use his own words in a sketch of himself) not because it was 'intellectual', but because it was 'calm and wholesome—a face of an unaffected animal.' The ardent intelligence of Shakespere and other Elizabethans, who love pageantry no less than he, was not in it. He had, rather, the vitality, the placidity, the contentment, the animal well-being and repose of his Dutch ancestors. . . . Though the facts are uncertain, it seems likely that the 'amorous madness' on the whole treated him mercifully, thanks, perhaps, to that sentiment of chastity which Puritanism had diffused in America and which he was destined to outrage in his poems."

Emerson, Thoreau, John Muir and John Burroughs are the prose writers who are estimated; and the work is well done.

J. M. D.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY CREDITORS, by HINCKLEY G. MITCHELL. The Beacon Press, Boston, 1922. Pp. xxi-321.

This remarkable volume will be read with wonder in the days that are yet to be, for it is the manifestation simple and clear of a great soul. To those few who had the rare privilege and sorrow of companioning Hinckley Gilbert Mitchell through his martyrdom, it is the story of a wider movement within the church toward intellectual honesty. For martyr, Mitchell really was, though no fagots were lighted. The intensity of bigoted hate, the shiftiness of political maneuvering, were there and they broke upon a spirit so frankly naïve that it would not credit the trickery as possible. But his suffering cleared the atmosphere for thousands that came after. For those who knew him intimately, "Rabbi" as his students lovingly called him, was an outstanding reminder of the Master whom he served. The real inspirer of the university settlement movement known as the Good Will Industries, the leader of hosts of young ministers to that larger faith which is religious enough to revere truth with unblinking confidence and yet living a life so close to the Master that no word of complaint, of harsh judgment, or evil criticism of enemies was heard to escape him, this was the man that self-styled "orthodoxy" chose as its victim. What wonder that its sword pierced its own marrow!

So Mitchell's old students that have been helped to deeper devotion and better faith will read these lines with sorrowing love and others will read with wonder at the type of man that the "orthodox" sought to devour.

And who could have written so fine an introduction as has Dallas Lore Sharp, master of pen and of disciplined imagination, intimate and appreciative!

The book deserves to run into many editions.

ERNEST RENAN, by LEWIS FREEMAN MOTT. D. Appleton & Co., New York Pp. 462.

This life of a representative Frenchman of the nineteenth century deserves a hearty welcome from all lovers of literature; and does credit to the College of the City of New York, where the author is professor of English Literature. For many centuries the tie between Celtic Cornwall and Armorica was close, the latter even receiving its name of Brittany from the Britons who came across the Channel to settle there. And of all delightful interpreters of Brittany, where the halo of the past still lingers in a peculiar way, Ernest Renan perhaps stands first, although Chateaubriand must not be forgotten. The biographer does his work in a systematic way, preparing for the story proper by preliminary digests. From the first, Renan was particularly under feminine influences, his mother being a woman of character and ability; while his sister Henriette was a singularly gifted woman, who went out to Syria to help him with his Oriental studies, and fell a victim to fever. Her remains lie under Eastern palms. Renan left the priesthood with great reluctance, and was so loth to break the news to his good mother that he was guilty of some regrettable subterfuges. But he never wished nor intended to leave the Christian fold, and was married by a Protestant pastor to a Protestant, sister of Ary Sheffer.

Born two months later than Matthew Arnold, he passed through the same spiritual experiences. He felt that he had to adjust his literary and philological convictions to his profound respect for the religious life of Christianity. In emphasizing the human aspect of the personality of Our Lord, he hurt the Christian consciousness by seeming to impinge upon His sinlessness; and was led to modify his statements in later editions of his *Life of Jesus*, a book which sixty years ago had such a phenomenal sale. His contributions to our real understanding of the Scriptures, particularly of the Old Testament, can not be forgotten by any lover of history, accepting the term in the large and comprehensive sense that moderners like Benedetto Croce give to it. This is a worthy centenary tribute to a great and good man.

J. M. D.

THE IDEALS OF FRANCE, by CHARLES CESTRE, Chargé du Cours de Littérature et de Civilisation Américaine à la Sorbonne. The Abingdon Press, New York and Cincinnati, 1922. Pp 325.

This book is the result of an invitation to Professor Cestre to deliver a series of lectures at Wesleyan University. It is a plea to America for cooperation in the establishment of the "United States of the World," and is intended to clear the atmosphere of the misapprehension that France is pursuing a selfish post-war policy and to show that the spirit of France has ever been altruistic. To do this Professor Cestre traces the origin and the development of ideals in France and shows how those of chivalry, faith and the brotherhood of man have finally been realized. To France, he says, is to a great extent due the spread of the ideals of democracy within a nation and as a logical development the desire for a democracy of nations. As early as 1713 the Abbé de Saint-Pierre published his *Project to Make Peace Perpetual* with the purpose of bringing "the five great monarchs of Europe to strike an indissoluble alliance to do away with quarrels among themselves and induce all the continent to resort to peaceful settlement for their disputes." A similar plan he finds in the works of Rousseau and in *The United States of Europe*, a newspaper started by Lemmonier in conjunction with Garibaldi and Victor Hugo. The hope is expressed that America will unite with France in the fulfillment of this dream of establishing perpetual peace.

Professor Cestre displays a profound knowledge of French literature, on which he bases his deductions as to what constitutes the ideals of the French nation. His deductions are sound, since there is a very close connection in France between the man of letters and the people. French literature is essentially social, is addressed, with rare exception, to the public, and constitutes, perhaps, the most potent force in the moulding of public opinion and the directing of social and political life. His book will prove of great service to the student of French literature and will meet with response among those who wish to gain a better understanding of the spirit of the French nation. LAURENCE M. RIDDLE.

THE PRINCIPLES OF LOGIC, by F. H. BRADLEY. Second edition revised with commentary and terminal essays. Oxford University Press, New York, 1922. 2 Vols. Pp xxviii-739.

This is the reprint of Bradley's *Principles* originally issued in 1883 but with the addition in notes and essays, of a body of comment which makes interesting reading and adds new value. We are not entirely in sympathy with Bradley's conclusions to an Absolute, but we are happy to take this occasion to pay our respects to the work of a conscientious and skillful thinker. We have found comfort in his early statements that he did not know exactly where logic begins or ends and that he had never mastered Hegel, and we take new comfort now in these additional proofs of his intellectual ability and humility. Whenever he thinks his original treatment was not adequate, he bravely calls it unsatisfactory, as in his additional notes on Chapter V, Part I, Book II. We expected minor corrections but important confessions are wholesome and we are glad to pay them tribute.

The Oxford Press has done us a service.

C. G. B

READINGS IN PHILOSOPHY, compiled by ALBERT EDWIN AVEY.
R. G. Adams and Company, Columbus, Ohio, 1921. Pp. xii-680.

Professor Leighton, of Ohio State University, feels that a history of philosophy should be a second course and that the students in a philosophy department should found their increasing thinking in a common background acquired by a historical and systematic survey of the significant types and problems and periods. Accordingly he believes that a beginner's text should be an "extended syllabus" to be filled in by lectures and collateral.

The text in hand is a source book designed to so supplement the professor's text with a compilation of collateral sources. The selections have been well made and judiciously arranged. Naturally enough we would have included some readings from Bowne, especially in the chapters on self, metaphysics and epistemology, for in our judgment he excels on these subjects; but the book, as it stands, is well done and deserves commendation.

C. G. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- A HISTORY OF MAGIC AND EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE, by LYNN THORNDIKE. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1923. Pp. xl-1971. 2 Vols.
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Our Contributors' Page

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H. Wildon Carr is widely known as the professor of philosophy in the University of London, King's College and as vice-president and editor of the Aristotelian Society. He has written most helpfully upon Croce, is considered by Bergson to be his best interpreter, has expounded the new idealism and the principle of relativity and has introduced many of us to the work of Gentile.



George Preston Mains has been for many years a leading member of the Methodist Book Concern and is now adding to his achievements as publisher a distinct success as an author of books in theology.



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Josephine Hammond continues in this issue her illuminating study of George Bernard Shaw.



Mary Sinton Leitch, whose home is in Virginia, has previously contributed to **THE PERSONALIST**.



Josephine Johnson is one of our talented younger writers who is contributing poems to current periodicals.

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Along the Bookshelf:

- An Advocate of Personalism*
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Hegel's Ethical Theory: *Reyburn*.
Home Lessons in Religion: *Stagg*.
The Poetic Mind: *Prescott*.

Books Received

- The Gentle Personalist*
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The Personalist

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THE EASY CHAIR OF SKEPTICISM

BY THE EDITOR

Turquet-Milnes in his recent book on *Modern French Writers* describes the philosopher who, "convinced that everything undulates and flows," assumes the attitude of "the tired Pyrrhonist who, realizing the abyss between man and his performance, refuses to act and spends his life between sleeping and yawning in the easy chair of skepticism." This mood is so general and so characteristic of a considerable body of our modern *intelligentsia* that it seems worth while to give it critical examination, in order to discover the springs of its secret power over groups of people and to disclose its inherent strength or weakness.

One could scarcely maintain that skepticism is peculiarly modern. It is as old as humanity itself, finds itself embedded in all ethnic literature not excluding even the Bible itself. Its representative *par excellence* in Jewish literature is perhaps the book entitled Ecclesiastes, which presses the whole sum and substance of skepticism into a never-to-be-forgotten phrase, "All is vanity." Skepticism may be the cry of the world-weary and disillusioned who have set their hearts upon being satisfied with that which does not satisfy, or it may be the expression of those who have pursued a line of thought in all sincerity to find that at the end it has led them into a blind alley of uncertainty; but in any case it has the common characteristic of being self-centered and inactive, for skepticism

demands two things. It must have a certain amount of leisure and it cannot exist except in company with self-love. No active man can long be skeptical. Whatever attitude we may take toward theory, activity demands that theories be set in the background and their places taken by some sort of *modus vivendi*, or working theory. Life is never skeptical; it is ever vibrant, hopeful and optimistic. Nature has no place for the skeptic in its scheme, in flower or fruit or grain. Each must fight its winning battle with circumstance or consent to be decently buried. It is only the idle or self-centered individual who can throw the pall of his own misanthropy over creation around him and that any is able to do so is a sure indication of self-centered egotism and lack of humor. For such a man skepticism offers strong advantages. It forms a palliative for an uncomfortably awake soul. It provides an excuse for inaction, it bestows an undeserved reputation for mental acumen and usually gathers an attention all out of proportion to its importance. While humanity toils with the tasks of life, it can ride comfortably in the Pullman and cast disparaging remarks on those unfortunate wights who have to keep the right-of-way clear of weeds and who must engage in the sordid task of making the road-bed substantial enough to carry the train. To himself the skeptic is sufficient and, all in all, to the men who advance civilization he is a drone and a nuisance. But of this opinion the skeptic is unaware and if he knew it he would be entirely indifferent. So he sits back in repose like the gods in Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters," lolling with due creature comforts in the easy chair of skepticism.

"Aw, g'wan, she did not," was the way it was expressed by one youth of my acquaintance when his demand for explanation was met by the statement that the line being pursued was the result of permission granted by his grandmother. This youth will soon begin the second grade in school but we could only reflect that his education, by some, at least, of the standards was already about as far advanced as it ever would be. He had already found his way to the easy chair of skept-

ticism. Denial of my positive statement had many advantages. First of all it seemed to establish his superior knowledge and second it seemed to make further investigation on his part entirely unnecessary. For some reason he seemed to think his skepticism had thrown the burden of proof on me. I was in full possession of his grandmother's handsaw and plane and was fairly on my way to the construction of a bookcase to hold the works written about the skeptical philosophers. "I do not believe it," says one of our friends and, when he has made this startling announcement regarding religious faith or philosophical opinion, he expects us to lay down our tools and put ourselves at the service of his lazy and unthinking mind, which operation the Master Teacher expressed under the figure of casting pearls before swine. The skeptic mind cannot be convinced because it refuses effort and thought is the product of intellectual effort. One should not then be over-exercised either by the claim "I do not believe it" or "I do not follow you." The best reply is, "What of it?" If work had to stop until the skeptic was convinced he would be without visible means of support. Now for the man who desires to assume the importance of intellectual superiority without paying the price of intellectual superiority, skepticism offers the easy way. Just why one should take courage of confessed ignorance and disbelief has been a conundrum to most of us. Men are ordinarily glad to be classed with the knowers and doers, and why any man should erect his ignorance and laziness into a virtue and boast of it, is surely past finding out. There is nothing so cheap as skepticism. It calls for no mental effort and makes no uncomfortable demands for proof and we cannot but believe that this fact, coupled with mental inertia, accounts very largely for the existence of skepticism.

Now some will inevitably have in mind another type which passes as skepticism and really is not. Some will recall the skepticism of Hume and cite to us how its very completeness resulted in awakening Kant from his "dogmatic slumbers" and starting a new philosophical movement. Skepticism of this

kind is a very different thing from that which we have been studying. Hume's skepticism sprang from the work of following out an idea which in the beginning gave promise of positive results. His skepticism had to display the barrenness of that idea and clear the field for something positive. Such a skepticism is such only in name for it seeks by its criticism to discover truth and to disclose falsehood. The common type of skepticism has neither of those objectives—it desires to end inquiry and to stop action.

A critical study of the skeptical attitude will, we believe, disclose this fact that it has lost entirely the sense of proportion and relation. For this very reason the skeptic is void of the sense of humor. The skeptic mood is always one of self-importance and never one of self-criticism. It demands to be taken for more than it really is. It is out of relation to the real activities of man. It is remote and academic. The work of the world is built up on faiths and relationships.

The general assumption of the business world is that of business integrity and, while this is frequently wanting and the business man is called upon to shoulder losses from those who will not keep their word, he must, if he would succeed, assume that men in general will keep business faith. Likewise the scientist makes no progress by disbelief. He assumes the uniformities of the laws of nature and, while he must again and again revise his thoughts of those uniformities, he charges his failures up to his ignorance and not to the laws. In the religious and social world the skeptical mood is equally non-productive and disintegrating, for the higher the human value involved the more precarious does it seem to the skeptic. Nevertheless, without his assistance, the men of faith have continued to construct empires of thought and codes of moral action which form the basis on which the social order stands and wide recognition of which as fundamental value prevents the skeptic from dying in his boots. His more believing neighbor makes the neighborhood a safer place in which he may

live and builds a social structure of common opinion and decency which yields a protection to his children for which the skeptic is no wise responsible. The skeptic may point out the glaring inconsistencies of the church, he may say very much against the colleges they found and the type of education they give, but the fact remains in spite of his criticism that the chief work of making the world decent for skeptics and advancing it in civilization is not being done by the "behaviourists," or the literary "realists" or those who characterize themselves as the "broad," whose breadth is shown in doubtful criticism alone, but by these same religionists, however long-haired and narrow-minded they may seem. There is one very good reason for this, for the work of the world is advanced by men with convictions and convictions spring of faith and living. Conviction is not the possession of the skeptic. We may be pardoned the suggestion which we can hardly avoid that the skeptic's egotism has him led to lose the proper sense of his relation to his world and so has ridded him of the sense of humor. When he laughs it is the affected laughter of the cynic. If he had the true sense of proportion, he would be forced to laugh at himself for his preposterous claims on the universe and the day would be saved. The skeptic does not know how funny he is. In a world where faith and action are the laws of life he mistakes idiosyncrasy for distinction and is fool enough to brag about it. To discover oneself a "boob" must at some time be the experience of every one of us but to the skeptic is left the rare distinction of palming it off for intelligence.

Now it would be impossible to describe skepticism of this type without recalling that its chief weapon is not argument but scorn. We hope to be saved from scorn of the scorner because at its root scorn is likely to be the product of self-love and egotism. You cannot get the skeptic without getting also a man who has, along with a great appreciation of himself, a very faulty appreciation of others and no conception of the reality, intensity and worth of the human values. A

true appreciation of man is not a dull and negative thing. It is an achievement and an achievement which grows out of actual helpful participation in the affairs of men. The pessimists concerning human affairs are not the men who have been engaged in bettering them. When a man works for the amelioration of human needs the contact with flotsam and jetsam of society seldom reduces him to cynicism and despair of human nature. He is not unconscious of its weaknesses but he is also cognizant, as the parlor skeptic cannot be, of its greatness and its strength. And herein lies a comforting fact regarding skepticism. It is self-destructive. One needs never worry much about the spread of its influence. Socially, it is null and nugatory. It is only as it gets its fatal grasp on an individual who might otherwise come to influence and power and a solution of his own life equation, that there is much to regret. One hears betimes from the camp of the faithful the cry against what the skeptics may tear down. It is all lost breath. The skeptics apart from the failing mood of individuals and in relation to society have never succeeded in tearing down anything. The future of the world is with men of faith. It is not a question of faith or no faith; it is a question of right faith or wrong faith. The future of the world depends upon men of faith and it will never be guided by the loungers whose chief occupation is to rest in the easy chair of skepticism.

PERSONALITY

JULIA NORTON McCORKLE

Shut up within myself there lives my soul,
That self that none can fathom except me.
Vaguely, imploringly, it reaches out, but only I
Can understand its undefined and nebulous
Desires and hopes and fears and depth of comprehension.
Within myself I know a hidden beauty

Of quickened thought and keen perception
Of another's rapturous joy or poignant grief
That exists in me but as an aching sympathy—
Yet the world hears and sees not this.
In halting words worn out with overuse
My self gropes to express this hidden fullness
And fails, and the world pronounces judgment—
"He cannot understand."

Today the earth is fair about me
Until my soul is weighted down
With a sense of beauty so significant and vast
That I stand dumb before it,
And the world believes I do not grasp
Even its trivial beauty.
This, today—but in myself I know
That etched unerringly upon that self
Men call in human words personality;
These vague desires and eager promptings
Must go with me to find expression
When human limitations let my self go free,
And I shall take with me till time itself shall end
Today's beauty of sun-flecked misty dawn,
The joy that I have felt beholding
The silvery tracery of dew
Upon the perfect curving petal of a rose,
And even more the quick response my self has made
To the shyly proffered friendship
Of a little child—
These to be mine forever.
Then I know that, be things as they may,
Life is to me
Vividly, triumphantly worth while.

ACHILLES AND THE TORTOISE

BY H. WILDON CARR

In the beginning of the history of Western philosophy in ancient Greece the first reflections of philosophers on the nature of the physical universe led to the formulation of two antithetical principles. According to one nothing moves, according to the other all things flow. Aristotle, in the *Physics*, tells us that Zeno of Elea was the champion of the one, Heraclitus of Ephesus the champion of the other. One of Zeno's famous arguments has puzzled logicians of every school and of every age from his time to our own. It is known as Achilles and the tortoise. Achilles, he said, can never overtake the tortoise if it has been given a start, for while Achilles is reaching the point at which it is when Achilles sets out, the tortoise is moving on, and while Achilles is moving to that further point, it is still moving on, and so *ad infinitum*. Achilles is for ever in the position of having still a step to take. This was no paradox to Zeno because it was in full accord with his principle that nothing moves, but it is a paradox if we hold that there are real movements. I am not however concerned in this paper with Zeno, but only with the modern solutions which are being offered today of this ancient riddle. It seems to me that nothing illustrates more strikingly the antithesis between the principles of the new realism and the new idealism than our attitude towards this old problem. It is in fact an admirable test by which we may compare the scientific workability of the rival philosophical principles.

The principle of the new idealism is that movement, activity, change, becoming, are original, and that all objective fixed forms, that is, objects of ordinary experience, such as mountains, streams, rainbows, clouds, and concepts of physical science, such as electrons, atoms, molecules, are derived. Idealism finds this original activity in mind or spirit which is conceived as pure act. The principle of the new realism is the direct antithesis. The interpretation of experience according to realism is only possible if we assume that mind is passive

to the revelation of an external reality, and active only in attending, selecting, discerning and discriminating what is presented to it. If in the light of these opposite principles we examine the modern claims to have solved the ancient paradox of Zeno we shall find that if we follow the principle of the new realism the puzzle remains and the contradiction is as pronounced as ever it was to the old Greeks; on the other hand if we follow the principle of the new idealism the position is turned and the contradiction disappears.

Let us first ask, then, whether we can reconcile the contradiction, consistently with the realistic view, that there are things occupying space and enduring through time, and that movement is the passing of a thing from one position to another, through all the intervening positions, during a period of time which elapses from one moment to another, through all the intervening moments. The obvious paradox in such a statement is that there are infinite points between any two points in space and infinite instants between any two instants of time, and consequently in moving we seem required to exhaust an infinite number of points and instants. But modern mathematics claims that by its definition of infinity and its doctrine of the nature of a compact series the paradox in the concept of infinity is overcome. The logico-mathematical philosophers tell us further that the plausibility of the old puzzle rests entirely on a supposed contradiction in the concept of an infinite series which modern mathematical theory has completely reconciled. Let us see if this is really so.

The old idea of infinity, we are told, was based on the impossibility of setting a limit to an extension in space or in time.

Thus when a line was said to contain an infinite number of points this meant that there is no point at which the line comes necessarily to an end, no point beyond which it cannot be extended. Any definite part of such line however would consist of a finite number of points. I do not know what the evidence is for this. There are modern mathematicians (Petronievics and others) who hold what is termed a finitistic

theory of space, but this is purely a mathematical question which does not affect our present problem. Whether any mathematician in ancient or in modern times has actually held that a line is constituted of points, and that a finite line consists of a finite number of points, or whether such a view is only inferred from the general argument, I do not know.

In any case the modern concept is clear. According to the modern doctrine of infinity, there is an infinite number of points in an indefinitely extensible line, and equally there is an infinite number of points in any definite part of such line.

The relation of part to whole does not involve the relation of more and less in the number of points into which the whole or the part is divisible. Infinity is not reached by summation but defined by character. An infinite number is a compact series. A compact series means that between any two members of the series there is another member, so that no two members are next one another. The relation between two infinite numbers or two compact series, even when one is part of, or contained within, the other, is not a numerical difference, but a point to point correspondence. There is a corresponding point in the one to every point in the other. When this is applied to the problem of Achilles and the tortoise it is claimed that the contradiction is reconciled. If Achilles, so the argument runs, steps a yard while the tortoise steps an inch, there are not more divisions in the one movement than there are in the other. Although the one is contained within the other, there are infinite points in each, and there is a one-one correspondence between every point in Achilles's step and every point in the tortoise's. Achilles therefore has not to traverse more points than the tortoise traverses in order to overtake it. He overtakes it because the relation of their steps is that of whole to part. The point to point correspondence is neither an impediment nor a contradiction. In this way it is claimed the ancient paradox is got rid of. Is it so?

A very little reflexion should convince us, so at least it appears to me, that the paradox is still there, and there in a still more

obstinate form. The mathematical doctrine does not enable us in any way to prove that Achilles does or can overtake the tortoise, it only enables us to say that, if we *assume* the movement, then the compact series of points in each case will not prevent Achilles overtaking the tortoise. For if we *assume* the movement, then as the tortoise's line will form part of Achilles' line the infinite discreteness is irrelevant. But it is this discreteness which makes the conditions of the movement we are assuming impossible. To meet the difficulty we must abstain from *assuming* the actual movement, and simply set ourselves the task of showing how, if the movement takes place in accordance with the conditions we lay down for it, Achilles will overtake the tortoise. We shall find this absolutely impossible. The tortoise is ahead of Achilles in the race which is yet to start and we are to explain how at a definite point-instant Achilles is to overtake the tortoise. But there is a point to point correspondence between the projected movement of Achilles to the tortoise's starting point and the projected movement of the tortoise to its new position, and so on to infinity. The contradiction so far as it attached to the infinity of the points may be overcome but not the contradiction in regard to the infinity of the series of steps Achilles has to take.

Yet this new mathematical definition of infinity may enable us to see better than ever before the exact difficulty in regard to the concept of movement. Movement is essentially continuous and indivisible whereas the mathematical infinity is essentially discrete. If then space and time are the multiplicities which mathematics in defining the infinity of their points declares them to be, and if they supply the prior conditions of movement, then movement itself must be discrete and that is as much as to say that movement is a compact series of rests and not movement at all. Movement in such case is not a passage from one point at one instant to another point at another instant, it is a series of disappearances and reappearances. If this is our view what else can it mean than that we agree with Zeno that nothing moves? If with new realism we

postulate the original independence of the external world with its framework of space-time there is no alternative. The only alternative is to reject the postulate of realism and accept the principle of idealism.

This alternative is, to accept movement as original, and not as conditioned by a prior reality, and see whether without contradiction space, time and matter may be generated by it. The attempt to do this at once strikes across the settled convictions which express our natural mode of thought and goes contrary to the practical habits which form our ordinary actions, but we may find notwithstanding that it is a perfectly rational concept and leads to no self-contradiction. It is clear at once that if the discreteness of space and time is generated from movement, and not its condition, then the paradox of Achilles and the tortoise disappears. Let us try. We start with the two movements not by accepting them as original fact. We take them in their simplicity as indivisible wholes, just in the same way as we take the life of a man as indivisible. The man might, it is true, die at any moment of his life, so likewise a movement might stop at any point in its duration, but that does not make a man's life a compact series of deaths, nor does it make movement a compact series of stops. What then are these points and instants which are imaginary deaths in a man's life or imaginary stops in the course of a movement?

They are not constituents of the one or the other, they are our intellectual device to enable us to measure. It is because they are not constituents, because they are not actual arrests but only possible arrests, imagined and artificially conceived, that their number is infinite. The extension or space-time which contains these infinite imaginary stops and which we conceive as spread out beneath, or placed as a background behind, the movement, is then a dimensional scheme by means of which measurement is effected and movement intellectualized. If this be the true order then all difficulty in understanding how Achilles overtakes the tortoise is gone, for there is now only one way of comparing the two movements and that is as indi-

visible wholes. Only as integrals are the two movements relatable and so the overtaking is a simple description of an actual relation. When we measure each movement by our dimensional space-time scheme then we can indicate points and instants at which it might have been arrested, but any such arrest, had it been actual, would have destroyed the movement.

The idealist however, even if this argument is sound, is yet a long way, it will be said, from providing us with a concept of pure movement, pure activity, pure change, the pure act.

We have Achilles and the tortoise on our hands whatever difficulty we may have overcome in explaining the relations to one another of their movements. They at least are things in space-time which may either move or be at rest. We may generate rest from movement, inertia from activity, permanence from change, but we can only give meaning to any of these activities by supposing things. This is undeniable. We can only apprehend movement as a relation dependent upon terms. An essential principle of idealism is however to deny the externality of relations. The concept of external relations is according to idealism the source of the contradictions which realism cannot escape. In this case clearly the movements of Achilles and of the tortoise are not an external relation but part of the concept of them, and yet Achilles and the tortoise themselves are other than their movement and clearly not generated by it. The reply to the objection is therefore that we require terms and in this case our terms are selected *ad hoc*. But if we choose to carry further the analysis of the terms we shall discover in their case, as indeed in every case of every object of ordinary experience and of every concept of scientific reality, that they are ultimately resolved into the aspect of some process on which their existence depends. This is not especially a philosophical discovery, it is a scientific generalization. Every object which presents itself to our apprehension as a thing, fixed and abiding, refers to an originating activity and not to an original stuff. This is the meaning of the scientific doctrine of energy. A thing is what it does, and doing is more original

than being. Our mode of apprehension and our mode of action require us to give fixity to our frame of reference but the fixity is purely relative to our activity. If becoming were to cease we should be at a complete loss to conceive being.

Let us now try and penetrate somewhat deeper into the principle of idealism. There are only two ways of trying to understand, that is, to obtain knowledge of the nature of anything. One is to observe its outward behaviour, the other is to install oneself, as Bergson has expressed it, within its life. If the thing in question be an ordinary thing, such as we meet with in daily experience and regard as external to and independent in its existence of our experience, then both these modes seem defective in what is essential to the success of either. For in the first case it is impossible to dissociate the interest of the observer in the selection of what he observes. In the other case it is clearly impossible to enter into and live the life of another save only by a kind of analogy. Are then the two modes on a par? Clearly not, for there is a fact of experience more fundamental than either and most illuminating when we attend to what it implies. Each of us as a subject of experience is immediately and unambiguously installed in reality. Each of us is primarily a centre of originating activity. Each of us in the "I think therefore I am" is conscious of a knowing which is being, and a being which is knowing, and a being-knowing which is a continuous becoming. Compare the two modes in the light of this fact. The one is the way of realism. It assumes the existence of the physical universe and reduces the consciousness of the "I think" to the endowment of an object in the universe with a power of passive contemplation. It takes the natural order to be the actual order. It describes and it infers. It is content to chronicle the order of emergence of qualities, to note the behaviour of an active being, and it acquiesces in complete and necessary ignorance of its inner working. The other is the way of idealism.

Idealism makes no assumptions about the physical universe for it needs none. Its central fact is the activity of conscious

subjects and each subject's immediate knowledge of its own activity in living experience. Even reflexion on experience is experience, and reflexion depends on the indivisible continuity of the active life in reflecting. But what we discover the moment we reflect, and whenever we reflect, or even when without reflecting we allow the rhythm of our duration to come to consciousness, is that what we are aware of in consciousness is not fixed, static or permanent, but a continuity of unceasing change. We see at once that the states into which we divide our experience for practical convenience are a mere device and that our life is a continuity of becoming. Spinoza said that the main cause of error in philosophy was the failure to recognize that the divine nature is prior, alike in the order of knowing and in the order of being. If this primordial divine nature be conceived, not as Spinoza conceived it, that is, as substance or universal being, but as universal becoming, we have the principle of the new idealism.

If we accept this principle, however, do we not in effect reduce the substantiality of the universe of illusion, and does not this conflict with the deepest instinct of our nature? We can point to nothing in our experience which justifies the ultimate changelessness which the concept of substance seems to affirm. The things which to us are enduring are so only relatively to our own transience. The hills which we speak of as everlasting do literally, in the words of the psalmist, "Skip like lambs." Yet although we recognize that all is changing we still find it impossible to conceive the ultimate support of all existence otherwise than as unchanging substance. The task of philosophy, for the idealist, is to show how the illusion arises and why it must arise. The answer comes not from philosophy but from science, and it comes with striking force in the principle of relativity. It is the essential condition of the observation of physical phenomena and of the coordination of observations by which science determines the laws of nature that the observer should take for his frame of reference a system at rest. And this very necessity arises from the

fact that there is no absolute system at rest which those attached to relatively moving systems can discover and use. Here then is the source of one illusion and the justification of it in practice. Let me take an illustration, of necessity largely fanciful. Suppose a spiral movement, such as the upward curve by which an aviator rises to a higher plane. A bird moves in precisely the same manner following as we say the laws of moving bodies, of which laws, since it acts by nature and does not learn by experience and reasoning, it can know nothing. Now consider the difference of the identical fact in the consciousness of each. The man compares the curve with an ideal perpendicular line. Does the bird? The improbability of it doing so amounts to practical certainty that it does not. For to the bird the spiral must be the straight line, because it is for the bird the shortest path, and any difference which might appear to it on reflexion were it possible for it to reflect, could only appear as a function of its velocity not of direction.

In my view the principle of modern idealism that activity is original, and that we have immediate experience of this originating activity in the "I think therefore I am" of consciousness, is the only principle which accords with the teaching of modern science concerning the reality of the physical universe. It is the only principle which reconciles completely the paradox of Achilles and the tortoise.

THE MONOTHEISTIC QUEST

BY GEORGE PRESTON MAINS

The attempt from the long backward reaches of history to recover an adequate survey of the religious beliefs and customs of mankind would prove a baffling task. The wholesaleness of religious crudities which marks the life of primitive races is something immeasurable. The continental wilderness of superstition, of animism, of magic, of protean idolatries, standing dense along the centuries yield at best but mere patches of fact to the exploring mind. In matters religious, history deals with a vast chaos of unreason.

As against such a background no fact may justly excite greater wonder than the emergence in human faith of a monotheistic universe. No question is perhaps fraught with more vital significance to mankind. A fact to note in passing is, that the conception of montheism—monotheism of some high order—has found place in the convictions of many of the chief thinkers of the race. Amos, Isaiah, and Plato clearly belong to this category. Homer was a poet far more than a theologian. He makes us familiar with whole throngs of Greek divinities. But in his entire picture there is very little that connects his gods and goddesses with an ethical and righteously governed world. Plato, the master-thinker, was also the great moralizer. His reason was too sun-clear, too imperial, to permit him to rest in the jargon of polytheism. He wrought his own way to monotheism. He taught that God is one, and that God is good, righteous, and that it must be the chief pursuit of man to become Godlike. "We are to become like God so far as we can, and to become like Him is to become righteous and holy, not without wisdom."

The monotheistic conception in general connects itself with more type than one. Here I have space for only a few finger-touches upon the one type which has been fittingly styled, "The Ethical Monotheism of the Prophets of Israel." The genesis of this type dates a long reach back. Abraham who by many centuries antedates the art of photography, who himself had

neither the aid of a private stenographer nor kept a personal journal, seemed himself strongly headed toward a monotheistic philosophy. The outlines of his history seem rather vague. The secular records give little or no account of him. Indeed, they seem to know nothing about him. The few hints of him in the sacred writings mark him as a man defective—certainly in the Christian sense—in ethical training. The entire roster of pagan heroes however presents no single character larger than his in the elements of essential nobility. For superb moral worth he has made a great impression upon the ages. If he had had the advantages of a Christian education it would seem that no power could veto for him a very first rank among historic saints. The one significant thing about him, however, is his relations to God, the very God who in the after centuries was to hold so supreme a place in Israelitish thought and worship. He was the man who, while still in his native environment of Chaldean idolatries, heard the voice of God calling upon him to separate himself from the land, religions, and customs of his fathers, and bidding him journey over dismal distances, and to what was to him an unknown destination, that there he might be installed as the founder of a new moral dynasty in the earth. There are no pictures in history more sublime in moral adventure than this. We do not know the full content of Abraham's conception of God. It doubtless was not commensurate with either that of Isaiah or Jeremiah. But Abraham's faith in, his implicit obedience to, the God who had called him from Chaldea justly rank him among the foremost moral heroes of the race. The religious consciousness of the ages increasingly invests him with an idealism both moral and inspirational which classes him as the giver of spiritual values to mankind among the finest ever bestowed by any individual life.

Coming down four or five centuries, we find another commanding man—Moses. This man was born of slave parents, but Providence ordained him to pre-eminent greatness. As a historian he antedates Herodotus by centuries. He was emi-

ment as a law-giver before Rome was born. As the emancipator of a race he was, in his far-away day, the inspiring prototype of a Lincoln. His chief distinction, however, is symbolized by the theophany of the mount whereon he received from God's own hand the custody of a great moral revelation. Scholars do not know, most of them do not believe, that the monotheism of Moses was more than an applied monolatry for Israel. Whatever the fact, practically the moral effect upon Israel was the same. The God of Israel would brook no rivals. He demanded a supreme and exclusive loyalty. He only was Israel's God. For Israel, from the days of Moses, any participation in polytheistic rites, or in the rife idolatries of the times, was a criminal apostasy from God, a blighting treason against Jehovah. Moses, in an age that religiously was dark, idolatrous, superstitious, stood out illustriously as God's man. He was assigned by God to a supreme, distinctive, and most difficult mission, a mission that arrayed against him the most desperate opposition from the most imperious idolatries of his age. In this mission he won for himself immortality. No eulogy is equal to his just fame. **He stands in as Israel's supreme hero.** But, more than this, he belongs to the ages and to the world. He ranks, and will forever rank, as the greatest human prophet and law-giver of the historic centuries.

But we must still come down for another several centuries before we reach the full and clear enunciation of Israelitish monotheism. Thus far Israel had rested largely in the traditional confidence that God was so far united to, committed to, Israel's history that He Himself would stand or fall with the fate of the nation. It was largely the mission of the Prophets to undo this false assumption. The universal sovereignty and righteousness of God are now emphasized as never before. While Israel was in a very distinctive sense, and for a very definite mission, God's "Chosen People," the Prophets made it clear and emphatic that its only claim for God's special favor was conditioned by obedience and righteousness on the part of

the nation. If Israel were to prove recreant, idolatrous, it would as surely evoke against itself God's rejection and retribution as though it were simply one of the heathen nations. God did indeed say to Israel, "You only have I known of all the families of earth. Therefore"—on this very account—"I will punish you for your iniquities."

Israel had trained itself to a mere formal and ceremonial worship. It had trusted in religious rites to keep itself in God's favor. If the sacrificial ritual were maintained the assumption was that God would thereby be bound to favor and to protect the nation. The teaching of the Prophets shattered this philosophy into fragments. Though the cattle on all the hills were to be sacrificed, and though the forests of Lebanon were consumed in altar-fires, all this might be so conducted as to awaken only the spurn of God's righteousness. It was clearly discovered that worship was a thing of the heart, and not of outward form. True citizenship in Israel is conditioned by the spirit of obedience and righteousness, and does not consist in the performance of ceremonial rites. To a people outwardly obedient but whose hearts were far from him, God said: "I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not **smell** your sacrifices in solemn assembly. Though you offer me burnt-offerings and meat offerings, I will not accept them. Take thou away from me the noise of the songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols."

However it came about, the Prophets laid a supreme emphasis upon righteousness as a condition of God's favor. As the prophetic cycle advanced, the significance of the individual came into clearer recognition, and the direct relation of the soul to God received a new discovery and emphasis. The greater Prophets, Jeremiah, Isaiah, Ezekiel, while giving wonderful attestation to Jehovah as the one and only supreme God of the universe, the one who upholdeth the heavens by his power, who calleth all the stars by name, and who can freely use the kings of the earth as the messengers of his purpose, yet at the same time became the discoverers of a spiritual uni-

verse where the real relations of the soul to God are expressed not in ritual and ceremony, not even in national rites and assemblies, but in the reverent response of the individual to God's own law as written upon the heart of the worshipper.

And this prophetic spiritual revelation meant the final perpetuation of Judaism. The Jewish mind traditionally, even with the force of a national obsession, had associated God with the Temple ritual, and with the priests and sacrifices of the altars. The common mind was really unable to conceive of other sufficient channels through which men could approach God. The effect of it all was to materialize the national worship. The tendency and temptation of a purely priestly service have always been to lower spiritual worship somewhere toward the plane of a business contract between God and the worshiper. The prophet is the true emancipator of the soul, lifting it at once into a luminous atmosphere of spiritual freedom and of personal responsibility. On the other hand, however necessary to general worship may be the priestly service, the priest has evermore to guard himself against in effect imposing the bondage of lifeless rites and ceremonies upon the soul of worship.

The time came when the national mind must be utterly disillusioned. Israel by its disloyalties, its idolatries, its injustices, as had been abundantly forewarned by the Prophets, lost all national autonomy. Its beautiful Temple had been laid in ashes, and priest and people alike were carried away into helpless captivity. Prophetic teaching was now to prove Israel's salvation. Israel carried into its captivity the heritage of great memories, and withal no treasure so directive, so inspiring, so sustaining for the new conditions as the divine philosophy of her Prophets. In a strange land, in the absence of Temple, of priest, and altar, the recall of Prophetic teaching vividly brought back to the religious mind the true secret of spiritual worship. God is not confined to temple or altar. His true temple is the soul. The effective altar at which he ministers his grace is the broken heart and the contrite spirit. Israel's

losses proved thus its real salvation. As a nation it had perished. But by the river-banks of its captivity, and under the skies of an alien land, it found spiritual emancipation. No longer a nation, it was henceforth an invincible church. The spiritual writings of the Captivity carry us to the loftiest planes of Hebrew thought and worship. To say nothing about the imperishable Priestly Code, and the inimitable visions of Ezekiel, it was reserved for the "Unknown Prophet of the Exile" to speak forth from the very sublimities of monotheistic revelation. In the Exile there was furnished the inspiration creative of many of the greatest of the psalms, those peerless songs which have captured and entranced the loftiest worship of all subsequent ages.

Against the back-ground of such a history one urgent question, a question fraught indeed with much of mystery, forces itself upon the imagination: How was it at all possible that the Hebrew prophetic monotheism could ever have come to its historic triumph? From the beginning, viewed numerically, this type of monotheism had standing only with the merest minority. The Israelites themselves sprang from a polytheistic ancestry. When they entered Palestine the Canaanites, themselves far more civilized than the Israelites, were ultra idolators, and as long as they were together in the land the Canaanites proved the insidious corruptors of Israel's faith. Finally, Israel losing its place and nation went into captivity to another idolatrous and powerful nation—a condition certainly which humanly measured would seem to promise no spiritual betterment of the enslaved.

The ages have gone on. Babylon upon the East and Egypt upon the West were the homes of hoary polytheisms. Grecian thought and worship had created a pantheon of divinities which made seductive appeal to all poetic and artistic sentiment, and to every aesthetic emotion of the sensual nature. Rome, while too much under the control of law and organization to give free play to individuality, and therefore never giving warm welcome to the anthropomorphic gods of Greece, was never-

theless the chief capital of the world's paganism. Its own gods, however abstract and neutral, were the gods of many shrines. It was in the face of such a world as this, that Hebrew monotheism, uttering a lone voice as against the universal din of alien thought and practice, must deliver its message and perform its mission. Surely it must be all a vain dream, the visionary task of the wildest utopia.

But Israel scourged from its idolatry, has for the ages stood rock-firm for the monotheism of her Prophets. The polytheism of Egypt long since perished. The Pyramids, lone as their desert sands, are the solitary monuments of its dead past. Rome, the world's capital of idolatries, stands today without a single pagan temple, priest or altar. Greece, most creative, most prolific of alluring polytheisms, appears now with no Olympus upon her map, and her Elysian fields have grown to brambles. Zeus, all-powerful Father of gods and of men, Athene and Aphrodite, the goddesses of wisdom and of sensual beauty—these live now only in fable. The Grecian shepherd no longer hears the pipes of great Pan.

For some reason the monotheistic faith, the faith of the Hebrew Prophets, is now dominant in all Western lands where once flourished the great pagan civilizations, lands once thickly planted with the shrines of world-ruling polytheisms. Our survey does not impress us that monotheism is a spontaneous growth. It does not seem to be indigenous either to the soils or civilizations on whose territories it has now come to so great sway. How has it come to pass? I know of no answer save that the God of the Hebrew Prophets, the only God, has been continuously disclosing himself to the still unbroken line of his own chosen prophets in the earth.

There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty hath given him understanding.

THE POET'S APPRECIATION OF HIS FELLOW

ELEANOR LYNE KING

When a man has chosen his vocation for himself, he usually considers it a useful and an ennobling one, and, however he himself may disparage it, he is apt to resent the adverse comment of an outsider. He does not, however, always hold his fellow craftsman to be equal with himself, and he praises him, if at all, in a grudging spirit. It is not unusual for educators, lawyers, doctors, and clergymen to hint dark things concerning one another. This practice is common to every class and calling. What merchant but thinks he sells better goods than his competitor, or what banker but thinks his house stronger than any other? What actor or singer but considers himself superior to his rival? What sailor cannot tie a better knot than his shipmate, or what cook cannot make a better pudding than her neighbor? If my vegetable dealer in the market is out of cauliflower, he does not point me out a rival at whose stall it may be obtained, but rather advises me to buy a cabbage.

Among men of letters and among artists, too, there is jealousy, but among poets, who may be said to fall under both classes, and yet not invariably under either, there is rather less than among any other class or craft.

This is not to say that there is no jealousy among poets, for, in spite of Scott's assertion that he and his fellow bards are "a simple race" and guileless, they seem to have as complex natures as the rest of us, and are, if anything, more sensitive to love, hate, jealousy and all forms of emotion and passion. They have not only been known to have disliked one another, but, upon occasion, to have made their very verses the vehicle of their ill will and abuse. This was notably true in the time of Pope and Dryden, when much of the very best verse of the day was full of ridicule and caustic comment upon poets. Perhaps the then popular satiric and ironic poetry, so well adapted to the uses of vituperation, held out too many temptations for their better natures to resist, but, at any rate, the fact remains

that they vilified one another so rabidly that one of their number, Orery, was led to make the sweeping indictment against them that,—

"Poets are Sultans if they had their will,
For every poet would his brother kill."

Both before and after the "Classicists" we find cases of poets turning their muses to the abuse of their fellows, but such instances weigh little against the overwhelming evidences found in the laudatory and appreciative verse which poets have, throughout all ages, heaped upon one another.

Such kindly feelings among rivals have their probable basis not so much upon personal grounds as upon a genuine community of interests and upon the idea of common service or even common suffering in a great cause. For it must be remembered that, to a poet, poetry is more than a calling, more than a profession; it is a mission. Praise is due to all who engage upon it worthily, and crowns await the kings of song. A great poet is regarded by his fellows as the high priest of the noblest of all cults and aside from what may be his personal attraction or lack of it, he is, simply for his relationship to that cult, worthy of admiration, respect and praise. He is regarded as an inspired prophet, a leader of the race, a medium between God and man. Where ordinary mortals grope in the dark to solve the riddles of the universe or seek to bare the depths of man's nature with the stiff cold hands of logic, a Shakespeare, an inspired prophet, a leader of the race, a medium between a Goethe or a Milton, grasping these problems with the warm, sensitive fingers of divine intuition, solves them in a twinkling of an eye. Shelley says that "Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration, the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present." Their love of beauty and their passion for truth have, too, as well as their divine inspiration, lifted them above the rest of mankind and placed them upon a higher plane. Edwin Markham, not in a spirit

of bigotry, but in one of deep admiration for the great bards of the world, said:

"Some cry of Sappho's lyre, of Saadi's flute
Comes back across the waste of mortal things.
Men strive and die to reach the Dead Sea fruit—
Only the poets find immortal springs."

So many other poets have exalted their art and its pursuers, that it would be impossible to quote them all. Their admiration springs from these facts, first, that the poet works for love, and not for gain, and secondly, that he is the only craftsman who will not allow adversity or an uncongenial environment to hamper or mar his genius. They may admit that painting has had its Rembrandts and prose its Parkmans but the majority of artistic hero-martyrs they claim for themselves. With unctiousness they recall the hardships they have endured, individually, and as a class, and from their lofty eminence they look down upon the money-grubbing, comfort-seeking mass of mankind. Poets, they justly contend, have always been poorly paid, much more so, even, than other artists. After a prose writer or a painter has achieved recognition he is able to command high prices for his work. Harold Bell Wright receives fabulous sums for his sentimental trash, but the poetic world has recently been stricken dumb with amazement to hear that a brand new poetry magazine is going to give a dollar *a line* for what verse it prints. It is a promising bit of news, but neither it nor the general wave of poetic interest which has undoubtedly swept over the modern world, holds out to the poet much hope of adequate remuneration for his work. He would not feel justified, in acting upon them, to relinquish the job which pays for his bread and butter, and to occupy himself in writing verse.

He will, however, go on writing it some time or other, just the same. Let others bow to the distractions or the deterrents of their milieu, he steadfastly refuses to give in. Privation and misfortune but spur him on to great achievements. As Butler puts it,

" poets by their sufferings grow,
 As if there were no more to do,
 To make a poet excellent,
 Save only want and discontent."

Francis Thompson, too poor to buy writing materials, scrawled his *The Hound of Heaven* upon scraps of paper picked up in the streets. Chatterton, "the sleepless soul, who perished in his pride," wrote with his hands numbed by cold, and his body weak from starvation. Keats, wasting away with consumption, sang while he gasped for the very breath of life. Lanier, a victim of the same frightful disease, continued to write and to give lectures upon poetry, until his students were obliged to leave their desks and crowd around his chair to catch the whispers of his failing voice. Poe and Burns, slaves of alcohol, and victims of harsh criticism, died in poverty and distress. Disgraced and imprisoned, Oscar Wilde could yet create such a masterpiece as *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*. Milton and Homer, undaunted by the horrors of blindness, found the courage and the inspiration to voice immortal harmonies.

It is no wonder that to each and every one of these brave sufferers admiring bards have dedicated songs of praise. Mrs. Leitch includes them all in her exquisite lyric *The Poet*. It pictures the poet triumphant over the adverse conditions of life,—pursuing his art, indifferent to all else beside:—

"He flings a Romany ballad,
 Out through his prison bars
 And, deaf, he sings of nightingales
 Or, blind, he sings of stars.
 And hopeless and old and forsaken
 At last with failing breath,
 A song of faith and youth and love,
 He sings at the gates of death."

Such heartfelt sympathy and appreciation is accorded a poet by neither professional critics nor the public at large. They, too, may comment kindly, but not so spontaneously. They cannot understand so well, nor feel so deeply as can a

kindred spirit. Poets make heroes of one another, and they are born hero worshipers. Scarce a one but has as his household god some Dante or some Keats whose influence he is honored to admit, and whose memory he delights in keeping green with bright garlands of verses. Shelley's *Adonais* is perhaps the most exquisite appreciation of this sort that has ever been written, nor is he alone in his honoring of Keats, whose sad end and whose perfect genius have combined to make him especially dear to numbers of sympathetic fellow craftsmen.

Mrs. Browning, in her *Vision of Poets* pays tribute to Chaucer, Marlowe, Fletcher, Webster, Ben Jonson and to Shakespeare. Of the greatest poet-playwright she says,

"There Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world, oh eyes sublime,
With tears and laughter for all time."

He, of course, has had much verse written about him, probably the best and most fitting single line being Jonson's famous one, which Mrs. Browning all but plagiarized in the above quotation —

"He was not for an age, but for all time."

Milton in both *L'Allegro* and in his *Epitaph on Shakespeare* pays fitting tribute to the genius of the master, while Wordsworth, Campbell and Emerson have followed him. In her *Stratford on Avon* Mrs. Leitch speaks with awe of visiting the spot where he lived and moved:—

" this the very air
That Shakespeare breathed
Mid tender meadows lying
Yon Avon smiled upon his life and death.
Ah, Stratford-Town, my heart can hardly bear,
To realize thus, his living and his dying."

Only a poet could express such heartfelt sympathy and such sympathetic appreciation.

Equal sincerity but less spontaneity is to be found in the occasional verse called forth by such celebrations as the Poe Centennial in nineteen and nine, the Shakespeare Tercentenary in nineteen and sixteen and the unveiling of the monument to Goethe in Chicago some years prior to the war. Poems spring up mushroom-like upon such occasions, but they are seldom as convincing as the more unstudied outbursts of praise written because the poet cannot contain his appreciation of the work of one of his fellows.

It is unusual, but not unheard of, to find such poems written about a living poet, but living poets usually receive homage in the less tangible but perhaps even more flattering form of invitation. Whole schools of poetry may grow up about one poet whose originality or whose daring especially appeals to others. Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters and Carl Sandburg, for example, as leaders in the free verse movement in America, have each large followings of imitators, and have exerted some influence upon even the more conservative poets of the day.

The history of English literature from the time of the Elizabethan poet-dramatists to the present time has been full of similar instances. Perhaps the most famous school centered about the "Lake Poets," who were closely bound together by personal friendship and similarity of views. The coalition was inaugurated in June, 1797, when Coleridge paid his first visit to Wordsworth. It was upon that occasion that the latter read aloud the first book of *The Excursion*, which Coleridge promptly declared to be "superior to anything in our language which in any way resembles it." Some time later Southey was admitted to their intimacy and the three presented a solid front to the world. They held the view that the most appropriate matter for verse is "the commonest thing, said in the simplest style" and many were the shafts they sent to the threadbare, pompous subjects and the involved expression of the "Romanticists" who preceded them. In all controversies with enemies and hostile critics

they defended one another, Southey having gone so far as to retort to an adverse criticism of Wordsworth, "A greater poet than Wordsworth there never has been nor ever will be."

With the followers who flocked to their standards the "Lake Poets" held the reins of prestige in English poetry until they were thrown out of the limelight, although not into the shade, by the "Revolutionists," at whose head stood Byron and Shelley. Unlike the Wordsworthians they did not confine their daring to form, but extended it to subject matter as well. They espoused the cause of liberty in every quarter and defended every species of extravagant liberalism. "They rejoiced," as Gosse said, "to be thought profligates, socialists and atheists." Numerous men of letters and poets, including Hunt and Moore, endorsed their views, although the majority of the writers of the day were shocked and repelled by such statements, as for instance, Don Juan's, that "Poetry is passion." Leigh Hunt in an excess of apostolic fervor managed to find himself imprisoned for libelling the Prince Regent, and Byron and Shelley were finally forced into exile by public opinion.

Perhaps the very intensity of the Byronic school caused it to be short-lived. At any rate, the "zeal of its house" soon devoured it, and it was succeeded by a totally different regime, that of Keats. Known now as the "school of beauty" it was rudely called in its day "the Cockney School," on account of the lowly origin of its ablest exponent. It received its start from Charles Lamb, who, while most justly famed as an essayist, was considered a poet of some rank in his own day. His *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets* did much to encourage the idea that nothing worth while had been written in England since 1625, and that the beauty of Italy should be the inspiration to modern poets that it was to the Elizabethans, who revelled in and profited by the warmth and grace of Italian literature. The immediate followers of Keats, who, by the way, came to include Hunt when he left

the Byronic school, "worshiped" with him what he termed "the principle of beauty." They adopted his philosophy, which he thus stated in "*The Ode to a Grecian Urn*"—

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

This philosophy and the exquisite verse in which Keats embodied it have been estimated to have been the greatest single influence in poetry since eighteen hundred and thirty. Both Tennyson and Browning acknowledged Keats to have been a far greater inspiration to them than either Shelley or Byron, to whom they were first attracted. Nor can Tennyson and Browning, popularly imitated as they were, nor even Poe, whose "conscious artistry" as Professor C. E. Andrews says, "has greatly influenced subsequent poets," claim to have been the great factor in English verse that he was. Keats has long been and probably always will be an object of worship among his fellow craftsmen, "a figure calculated to fire the dreams of a generous successor."

The Pre-Raphaelite, or Aesthetic school, which was the next one of importance, acknowledged as its founder, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, a man who divided his attention between painting and poetry, and who exerted great influence in both fields, especially in the latter. His so-called "medievalism," which Chesterton has aptly summed up to mean "strictness in the line and violence in the color," appealed strongly to such men as Swinburne, Morris and Thompson, who followed him. Swinburne, however, with his mastery of technique and his daring artificialities, so far outstripped his companions and even his master, that he rather than Rossetti became the center of the movement. His studied and more obvious effects have been sporadically copied ever since, usually to the undoing of the imitators. It is a pathetic but not uncommon sight to see *tours de force* whose bewildering intricacy and whose excessive artificiality are due to an unwise emulation of Swinburne. Lacking his skill in the use of such double-edged tools as onomatopoeia, alliteration, vowel sequence,

and unusual verse patterns they more often use them to their undoing than to their success.

It would be necessary to cite further examples of the influences of poets, living and dead, upon one another especially since imitative appreciation is no more frequent among them than among novelists, essayists, painters and musicians, who, as a matter of fact, may entertain just as kindly feelings for one another as poets do. Poets, however, have directly expressed these feelings so many times, that we can scarcely help believing they entertain more of them. Still, all relativity of good will aside, it is indisputably true that a community of interest, of inspiration and of experience have made them intensely sympathetic one with another, and thoroughly appreciative of each other's work. Together they have "pressed on before the race," together they have worshipped at the shrine. The poet might explain his defense of his fellow craftsmen in the words of Garrick—

"Their cause I plead,—plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

AFTER THE CONCERT

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

The music beat upon my long-stopped ears,
And bore life's splendour on a sea of sound.
Old voices called, old dreams pressed thick around,
Beneath my lids I felt the slow hot tears.
For looking backward down the empty years
I saw an eager figure chained and bound,
That, free for questing, had unerring found
Its rightful heritage of joys and fears.

Oh wine of life untasted! Song unsung!
Oh harp of life grown rusted! Never now
Shall I possess you, yet my spirit knew
Full well the notes to which those wires were strung,
That song's wild rapture, and had dreamed of how
The heady nectar quickened through and through!

THE QUILLURGENCE OF SHAW

BY JOSEPHINE HAMMOND

II

I return, of course. I am reminded of the mild Mr. Waters who rambled about Florence in Howells's *Indian Summer*: "Savonarola," he said, "perished because he was excessive. I am studying him in this aspect; it is very interesting to inquire just at what point a man's virtues become mischievous and intolerable."

Mr. Shaw's shadow is of large proportions: the German stage has exalted him; Julius Bab has proclaimed him "the greatest spiritual phenomenon since Nietzsche, the greatest literary success since Ibsen;" George Brandes calls him "the leader of the most modern, most advanced drama in England;" Gilbert Chesterton, antithetical to him in many ways, finds one of Shaw's plays, *Candida*, "not only the noblest work of Mr. Shaw, but one of the noblest, if not the noblest of modern plays; a most square and manly piece of moral truth;" Cunningham Graham has pronounced *Mrs. Warren's Profession* "the best that has been written in English in our generation;" and Dr. Henderson, soaring a bit, drops this feather,—"One of the most remarkable speakers in England today, Bernard Shaw is not simply a talent, a personality: he is a public institution. People flock to his lectures and addresses, and his *bon mots* are quoted in London, New York, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg. He is the most universally discussed man of letters now living. Not since Byron has any British author enjoyed an international audience and vogue comparable to that enjoyed by Bernard Shaw. No one in our time is Shaw's equal in searching analysis and trenchant exposition of the ills of modern society. His ability to see stark reality and to know it for his own makes of him the most powerful pamphleteer, the most acute journalist-publicist since the days of Swift. His indictments of the fundamental structure of contemporary society prove him the greatest master of comic irony since the days of Voltaire. Inferior to Anatole

France in artistry and urbanity, Shaw excels him in the strenuousness of his personal sincerity and in the scope of his purpose." It is only fair to record that this flight was taken in nineteen hundred eleven: possibly Dr. Henderson would mitigate the ardor of it, were he writing a present-day evaluation. With less grandiloquence Mr. Shaw submits himself as a peg—a peg of size, to be sure, but, nevertheless, just a peg. Said he to his biographer:—"I want you to do something that will be of use to you and to the rest of the world, and that is, to make me a mere peg on which to hang a study of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, especially as to the collectivist movement in politics, ethics, and sociology; the Ibsen-Nietzschean movement in morals; the reaction against the materialism of Marx and Darwin; the Wagnerian movement in music; and the anti-romantic movement (including what people call realism, materialism, and impressionism) in literature and art." Only a peg, you see, but an adroit, nimble one, at home in many holes!

Excess in syllabic virtuosity, excess in emphasis, beyond the good sense of a serious satirist, are in Shaw's work, and here, in his own statement, is evidence of an excess of prepossessions, dangerous burden to a dramatist. Whoever would succeed in so objective an art as the drama would do well to stint predilection. Shaw's diversions and animadversions are so many that our enjoyment of a Shavian play is almost always dependent on our judgment of Shaw.

Prior to the full enunciation of his Lamarckian eugenics Shaw spent himself in advancing the cause of Socialism: a socialistic sociology plays behind his puppets: the thrust and parry of his wit are at the service of a Communist's dream: with plays and prefaces, he has sought to impress on a psychological world an illogically logical code of existence. Here again we find two Shaws, diametrically opposed. There is the little-known individualistic moralist who values Socialism no more than any other machinery of control,—who says, "We may as well arrive at the end of the Socialist's dream of 'the

socialization of the means of production and exchange,' of the Positivist's dream of moralizing the capitalist, and of the ethical professor's, legislator's, educator's dream of putting commandments and codes and lessons and examination marks on a man as harness is put on a horse, ermine on a judge, pipe-clay on a soldier, or a wig on an actor, and pretending that his nature is changed: the only fundamental and possible socialism is the socialization of the selective breeding of Man; in other terms, of human evolution:" and there is the acclaimed Socialistic Shaw who, like many another writer of our times, puts the onus of moral failure or success on social conditions rather than on human individuals, and holds the *mores* of the group responsible for the fate of Brown or Jones.

This latter prepossession is strikingly revealed in Shaw's comment on his commendably fearless play, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*:—"Here I showed that women were driven to prostitution, not at all as the result of excessive female concupiscence, but because the economic conditions of modern capitalistic society forced them into a life from which, in another state of society, they would have shrunk with horror. Here we see the pressure of economics upon the profession of prostitution." Here, to be frank, we see nonsense. That economic disability is often a contributory factor to prostitution is confirmed by social statistics, but that it is the sole conditioning factor no one who knows the sad history of its existence will agree. Long before our "modern capitalistic society," ancient religions made a merit of the profession; mental defectives have always swelled its ranks; inertia has, no doubt, kept many a victim in it; the super-sensual have sought it; the hyper-ascetic have helped to develop it; the causes that keep the curse as an organic part of our society are to seek. Shaw's presentation of the problem is too shallow to be of much avail: Wedekind's grim and sordid *Erdgeist* is more faithful to the psychology and to the records of mankind; and O'Neill's *Anna Christie* is more potently ex-

planatory of the sad mischances that follow human thoughtlessness, thoughtlessness of the poor as well as of the rich.

More nonsense comes from Shaw's attitude in *Major Barbara*. where economics as the controlling agent of morality is again the theme. "Shaw" (I use Henderson's gloss to the play) "has declared again and again in the public prints and on the platform that money controls morality, that money is the most important thing in the world, and that all sound and successful personal and social morality should have this fact for its basis." However little Shaw's economic views attract us in our study of him as a dramatic artist, we cannot lightly dismiss them from consideration, for he, and most of his critics, have given them fundamental place in his work. They form the subject of two passages for which I am indebted, again, to his official biographer:—

Shaw's social determinism, as M. Auguste Hamon once expressed it to me, is "absolute": his fundamental Socialism throws the blame, not upon French, Charteris, Crofts and Mrs. Warren, as individuals, but upon the prevailing social order, the capitalistic regime, which offers them as alternatives, not morality and immorality but two sorts of immorality.

Capitally and fundamentally, Bernard Shaw's drama is socially deterministic. His characters are what they are, become what they become, far less on account of heredity or ancestral influence than on account of the social structure of the environment through which their fate is moulded. Economist as well as moralist, Shaw attributes paramount importance to the economic and political regime in which his characters live and move and have their being. The germ idea of his philosophy is rooted in the effort to supplant modern social organization by Socialism through the intermediary of the free operation of the will of humanity.

I leave to better casuists than myself the acceptance of the Shavian sophistry in the first passage, as I must leave to them, also, the interpretation of the last line of the second quotation. The main point to fix upon is that Monsieur Hamon and

Dr. Henderson agree, and one part of Shaw seems also to agree, that the Shavian drama is socially deterministic, and that it exists primarily to propagate Socialistic doctrines.

Yet Shaw has never been a Socialist in the accepted meaning of the term. He early repudiated the economics of Marx and Hyndman, deriding especially Marx's *Theory of Value*. He has never been friendly to the left wing of the Socialists, to the anarchism of Bakounin, nor to the nihilism of Netschajaw: he has constantly advocated such mild constitutional reforms as he has himself labored to achieve as Vestryman in his Borough Council. What he wrote years ago, when he went to report the International Socialist Congress in Zurich, is indicative of the independence he has maintained in the Socialist organization:—"The German Socialist press does not dare to publish the very articles it asks me to write because of my ruthless criticism of Bebel, Singer, and the tradition of the 'old gang' generally." In the plays, a mordant irony throws into high relief the smugness of self-seeking reformers, Socialists as well as Capitalists. Joseph McCabe suggests that Shaw uses the doctrines of Socialism as Cromwell's troopers used the psalms of David.

There can be no doubt that Shaw has fought for a more equable distribution of the world's wealth than now obtains, through motives quite as excellent as those we found animating him in his search for a new religion. It is regrettable that, with such intense fervor for moral reform, such a scouring of old sores in the body politic, such power here, too, to put aside dead formulæ, Shaw has settled on no more stable basis for his social ethics than he selected for his metaphysics. Here, again, he is superficial: he seems unaware that pestilence and hunger stalked Life even when the Cromagnons revelled in communal solidarity: that the chances are they will still be part of Life when the New Zealander climbs into that broken arch of London Bridge.

Belief in the high effectiveness of dramatized sociology has led Shaw to a naive prognostication of the enormous influ-

ence pedestrian sociological writing is destined to exert:—"The resultant tendency to drive social questions on the stage and into fiction and poetry, will eventually be counteracted by improvement in social organization which will enable all prosaic social questions to be dealt with satisfactorily long before they became grave enough to claim the devotion of the dramatist, the story-teller, and the poet." Since Shaw wrote this, tons of paper have groaned with strange ebullitions of social problems. Slap-stick statistics; unrelated, unsifted observation; hashed science; raw slices of life; vague causes persisted in for the cause's sake, wild-cat economic theories, wild-cat political schemes,—these records have been called poetry, fiction, drama, and passed to an unwitting public as literature. Meanwhile a grim war has been fought, grim hatred and dissensions have rent our social fabric: it seems not easy "to deal with all social questions satisfactorily" simply by "driving social questions on to the stage, and into fiction and poetry." It is not social discussions we hunger for in play, or story, or poem. Beyond our primary need of self-release, we crave contact with those dominant personalities who, having the gift of words, the interpreter's power, can share life with us: social verisimilitudes, not propagandas, we ask our writing men and women to conceive. *One Night's Refuge* outranks whole rows of *Widowers' Houses*, one *Jane Clegg* a library of *Miscellaneous*, one portrayal of *The Weavers*, shelves of *Methuselahs*, one *Growth of the Soil* chests of *Les Avaries*, and one *Gallipoli* makes all the tribe of *Arms and the Man* too flippant to be seriously discussed.

Mr. Shaw is too sincere a conjurer wilfully to offer paste for Kohinoors, but his literary skill is such as to make jewels of half-truths, without deception. His influence on lesser prestidigitators in English and American letters would have been finer, I believe, had he spent more time perfecting his dramatic art, and less time coaxing Fabian rabbits to balance on the needle-points of his eloquence.

Sociological aspects shift as human qualities do not. It is probable that such of Shaw's plays as are more dependent on the projection of his pet social theories than on the projection of veritable human characterization will drop soon from our sphere of interest. If they continue to be played, they will be attractive, no doubt, as historical material, or as the diverting farcical garment in which a vigorous personality once pranced before his public. Already Shaw is old-fashioned. His propagandist drama hangs on the peg,—a brilliant, startling, patched, nondescript cloak. It carried an extraordinary air when Shaw first flipped its folds across the masks of tainted money, tainted landlords, tainted ecclesiasticism, tainted respectability, tainted marriages, tainted romance, tainted evangelism, tainted parenthood, tainted heroism, tainted history, tainted misogyny, tainted democracy and tainted socialism. With *Heartbreak House* it lost its exuberant flourish: it was seen to have grown shabby and green. *Going Back to Methuselah* has almost finished its jauntiness: its voluminous folds droop, shrouding the 'still, small voice'! No doubt a Lamarckian giraffe is more difficult to conjure with than a Fabian rabbit!

Be these things as they may, all who care for the art of the drama owe gratitude to Mr. Shaw. The contribution of his own often fresh and fecund comedies, his connection with the pioneer management of Mr. Barker, his masterly dramatic criticism, his constant spirited contention that all problems affecting mankind are legitimate material for stage discussion, his unceasing fight against a futile censorship, his sincere challenge to the stage to produce good work,—all these activities have measurably helped to make the English stage again of worth as a social institution, and have measurably helped an earnest group of writers to gain attention for their important experiments in dramatic enterprises.

Arthur Symonds is of the opinion that Mr. Shaw's rhetoric has delayed the renaissance of a poetic drama in English: I am inclined to believe, on the contrary, that Shaw's work, at

its best, may have a salutary effect on the fuller imaginative drama due to come to our stage: its gusto, its speed, its bombast, its eloquence, its striking, histrionic figures, its wit, its flourish—many of the extravagances, in fact, it shares with the Elizabethan word-mongers whom Shaw derides, (calling them *shallow literary persons, drunk with words, seeking in crude stories that wildest of all excitements, the excitement of imaginative self-expression by words*)—these fullnesses may some day incite our parsimonious, self-conscious playwrights to cut capers with their glorious heritage, the English tongue. If, taking their fling, they stop short of the quillurgence of Shaw, exercising the noble restraint that turns impulse to art, much good may come to us.

I have no doubt that Shaw would claim that such a record as his is quite enough for any man's effort, that it is useless holding him accountable for any precise dogma, that he has aspired to be a stimulant, not a syllogism, that his business has been to startle the people, to rouse them to question, to goad them to creative thinking, but not his business to build artistic puppet-shows, not even to propound social theories beyond a day's consumption. With such open conclusion, and with the memory of the real service Shaw has rendered our time by forcing discussion of the gross barbarities always to be found in our social procedures—in our marriages, schools, courts, industrial enterprises, markets, governments and homes—I might well leave his sociological preoccupations. But a recent utterance of this critic who has spared neither our social degradations nor our social sanctities impels me to hold to the topic long enough to raise the question whether we are not often more honored by his denunciation than by his approval: he has suggested that *there exists one political system in operation in Europe at this moment which is founded on belief in government by an enlightened minority,—this is the humane and intelligent rule of Lenine.*

(To be concluded.)

CURRENT THOUGHT

CLAUDE G. BEARDSLEE

Philosophy and Religion

In the *Harvard Theological Review* Dr. George La Piana and Dr. Maurice DeWulf have discussed the relation between religion and philosophy in the thirteenth century. Dr. La Piana maintains that they were not distinct while Dr. DeWulf claims that in the thirteenth century there is a distinction between philosophy and theology and that philosophy has an autonomous value. Several medieval thinkers, including Aquinas, take Dr. DeWulf's view, but it seems that Dr. La Piana does not care for their opinions and prefers opinions of the present. In the April issue, Dr. DeWulf obligingly shifts to modern interpretation and cites in support of his view the written findings of Etienne Gilson, Clement Webb, Philip Wicksteed and Doctors Baeumer and Grabmann.

The settlement of the point at issue is important for our understanding of that century in particular and for our attitude toward this problem in general. Philosophy and religion certainly overlap in such points as the assumption of interpreting minds, the obligations of heredity and environment and the importance of healthy faculties; but philosophy does not ordinarily include worship, and religion does not ordinarily embrace an epistemology. Materialism denies religion, complete idealism invalidates it and vitalism disowns it, but personalism is fundamentally theism and proud to say so.

A Study in New Psychology

The Reverend F. J. Rae, director of religious education, Aberdeen, writes in *The Expository Times* for July on "*Religious Experience and the New Psychology*." We agree with the writer that spiritually the new psychology has very little to offer. It simply does not satisfy us to say that Paul's thorn in the flesh was an Oedipus complex and that the preacher-author of Ecclesiastes had one too. It may have been so, but whether so or not, it is not the sort of life-theory that will clarify our problems and strengthen our human earnestness, and that is all that psychology and philosophy are for.

Mr. Rae summarizes new psychology, as regards Christian life, as the theory that religious experience is "a purely subjective product of the mind, created at the instance of our desires and interests or by suggestion from others, a projection of our ideal self into the infinite, a rationalization of our desire for comfort and peace." He then makes points which we would list as follows. First: if psychology is partly physiology but chiefly moral philosophy, it may then study physical circumstances in the laboratory and moral circumstances by moral

insight. If, on the other hand, it is entirely a science as it says it wants to be,—that is, if it is wholly physiology—it is exceeding its field when it talks about ideal selves. Second, we do not deny the reality of suggestion as a factor in mental experience, but we would say that the fact of suggestion in itself does not necessarily invalidate what was suggested. A proposed action may be wrong, but it is not wrong because it was proposed. Third, new psychology's argument against religious experience applies to other experience also. For example, it applies to physical substance and then we are all idealists as regards an external world and sceptics as regards reality in general. Fourth, there is an objective revealed moral standard in ethics, though some new psychology would not have us think so. Fifth, much new-psychology doctrine on instinct is helpful but "the part played by the unconscious in life is seriously exaggerated." Sixth, old psychology, new psychology and psycho-analysis have to make a personalistic assumption as the foundation of their theory. "The aim of psycho-therapy is to restore the personality to what it ought to be. But how do we know what it ought to be?" Christian theism alone fully supplies this basis.

Unifying Knowledge

In *The Monist* for July, philosophers who have claimed as their task a synthesis of knowledge are warned by M. C. Otto, of the department of Philosophy in the University of Wisconsin, that in the present state of complicated and specialized developments this is a futile claim, for, ". . . were philosophy a game of poker, this conventional bid of the philosopher would have been called long ago." The author's suggestion is that instead of such impossible syntheses the philosopher has a most important task in constructing "a conception of the most comprehensive, thorough-going and practical inter-relation of the forces and purposes of life."

The point is well made. Syntheses are no longer possible for any one man. Very few philosophers indeed are qualified to talk for more than a few moments about the present great problems in any science, to say nothing of having taken the time to serve a thorough apprenticeship in each science's large established body of knowledge. It is widely felt that philosophers should restrain their claims in this regard. We venture to suggest, however, that fundamental principles may be understood without extended technical training, and that the only legitimate summary is a correlation of these regularities into a theistic synthesis.

The Mystery of Matter

It is wasting wishes to want the dead to live, but whenever we study or discuss the electrical theory of matter we cannot help thinking of how much it would surprise and amuse old Democritus to read such an

article as that by W. L. Bragg in *The Yale Review* for July. The Greek philosopher's general guess that physical variety depended upon atomic variety is as good as our best general guess today, especially when we realize that he specified atomic numbers and combinations. In detailed analysis we have of course outstripped him, as with our refined equipment we should, but even the most recent and delicate discoveries in atomic structure appear to be continually in the direction of his conclusions. Many, like the Christian Scientists, will, of course, say that the structure of matter is immaterial to them, but we insist on paying our respects to Democritus, who, on his end of a Greek log, made a physics department of little more than an understanding and imaginative mind.

Vinet and Personalism

As bearing upon the history of personalistic thought, it is interesting to notice that the "*Revue d' Histoire et de Philosophie religieuses*," published by the faculty of protestant theology of the University of Strasbourg, carries in its current issue a study of "*L' évolution de la pensée religieuse de Vinet*." The latter was a protestant critic and theologian (1797-1847) who is revealed in this study as a man who was acute in critical appraisals, but disposed to be timid in his statements of belief. No doubt he was influenced to orthodoxy by his father, for when he was young he sent one of his sermons home and his father wrote him a serious warning against trying to set himself up as a theologian and substituting his own ideas for the "doctrine received and taught in the church of this canton." Later, however, he took his stand squarely on a faith in the necessity and privilege of spiritual independence. In this he showed himself to be personalistically minded and in this conviction he proved his bravery, maintaining his various teachings to the point of being dismissed from his Lausanne Chair of French literature.

We are particularly interested to notice his ideas about the nature of religion. The point of being philosophical is to be ethical and the whole purpose of having a Christian philosophy is to live a Christian life. This means, if we may say so without being dogmatic, that religion and metaphysics are fundamentally identical with ethics and that the importance of dogmas, rituals, traditions and documents, while great, is less than primary. What are religion and philosophy for? Ethics. This Vinet saw. "When one demands if I am in the truth, one does not ask what I know,—one wants to know what I am." And again, in defining religion: "Religion is Jesus Christ." This emphasis upon an individualism in conscience in an altruism of obligations will repay most discriminating insight.

Religious Philosophy in Russia

In these days of acute and ignorant interest in Russia, especially in what Russia is thinking, we are indebted to anyone who can adequately

present some phase of their intellectual life. This Morris Gnesin of Syracuse University attempts to do in *The Methodist Review* for July. He cites four men, Peter Chaadayer, (1794-1856), Kireyevski, Alexey Khomiakov (1804-1860) and Soloviov, as having "tried consistently to express their souls in their philosophy" and as having proved Russia's religious idealism. Their chief ideas are: "1. The immanent religious basis of the historic process; 2. The idea of the self as an integral spirit; 3. The idea of the church; 4. The idea of the human-divine process. In Soloviov, the last man chronologically, each one of these ideas finds its flowering and is synthesized in the others. The influence of Soloviov upon the future of Russia is potent with spiritual possibilities greater than the possibilities of the combined politico-philosophical ideas of all political and economic parties taken together." The highest law of religion and morality is as follows: "In perfect harmony with the highest will, recognizing the value and the significance of all others to the degree in which they bear the image and likeness of God, [let all] participate as actively as possible in the task of their own perfection as well as that of all others to the end that the Kingdom of God may be realized on earth."

This is surely a wholesome breath of fresh air. If such thinking can prevail, Russia will find herself spiritually.

What is Social Psychology?

In a definitive study in *The Journal of Philosophy* for August second, J. R. Kantor of Indiana University presents an appraisal of social psychology as having originated from the early decision of psychology to be physiological:—"Is it not manifest that when we put the facts of human psychology into physiological terms we must inevitably leave out of the psychological domain most of the important kinds of human activities? Thus, in order to be able to handle the higher mental processes, Wundt, for example, very early found it necessary to supplement physiological or experimental psychology with a social psychology. The result of this theory that social-psychology facts are group-mind facts is that people do not seem to be able to agree on what social psychology really is." With this observation, the author proceeds to examine some theories of social psychology which he thinks are wrong.

The first false assumption is that there is a psychology of a group. He says that there is no such thing, but suggests that the explanation of the belief that there is lies in the fact that group behavior can be reduced to the behavior of group units. The second false assumption is that "The subject-matter of social psychology is a group-mind." He explains this by pointing out that social data which appear to antedate individual minds must be referred to a group mind. We are reminded of the ancient controversy between the nominalists and realists, but how it is possible to share in a group-mind without having a mind with

which to do the sharing is, we confess, a dark saying to our un-psychological understanding. The third unsatisfactory theory is that "some psychological data consist of psychic forces No basis, of course, for this theory of social psychology is at hand." The fourth objectionable view is that "the forces operating to condition group facts are actual psychological process of individuals." He explains this mistaken idea as having been caused by erroneous simplification in accordance with which data that are acceptable in psychology are made to explain more complicated social processes. The fifth wrong idea holds "that social psychology is concerned exclusively with reactions of persons to other persons as stimuli. . . . this view on the whole is not very helpful in the understanding of social psychology." The sixth error is the belief "that there is a branch or departmental discipline of psychology which investigates the psychology of particular groups." The last mistake is to think "that social psychology is the study of the socializing process."

The author claims, in sum, that social psychology is not a scientific theory. It cannot find its data in human action or in ethnographic behavior. " . . . While it is undoubtedly true that persons constitute a large share of our stimuli, and also that they are potent as stimulating occasions, this is no more than an accidental fact from the standpoint of the person's actual psychological development or function." So social psychology "can only deal with specific psychological phenomena, actual responses of specific individuals to specific stimuli situations." Social psychology's data—this is the conclusion—are cultural reactions.

We shall be interested to learn what impersonal cultural reactions are.

Educating for Wisdom

All those who feel that our modern training in educational theory is in danger of becoming a formalism, fat with method, but under-nourished in culture, would be interested to read in the July issue of *The Hibbert Journal*, Professor A. N. Whitehead's paper on *The Rhythmic Claims of Freedom and Discipline*, delivered as an address at Oxford to a conference on new ideals in education. It is a message which merits the widest possible distribution.

The Professor's points are, first; that mental interest is required for mental growth and that the point of having knowledge is to convert it by interpretation and use into wisdom. His second point is that genuine education involves an early period of freely wondering adventure and romance, an intermediate period of discipline in precision, and a final stage of freedom again, this time expressing itself in generalization. There is freedom all through, intellectual adventure all through and

discipline all through, but there is a special time for each and this time should be skilfully observed with the proper emphasis.

Education in any subject is education for life with the help of that subject,—such help as students are prepared in mentality and character to compel to their aid. The ultimate purpose of educators is to produce understanding minds; any other purpose or the neglect of that one is the perversion of education to the professional interests of educators. The great goal is to inspire our boys and girls to earn by toil and skill minds which are equipped with knowledge, instruments of some precision in its use and capable of imaginative and independent reflection in the presence of uncertainty. The greatest adventures are adventures in interpretation. There are adventures of the body? Yes. And of business? Yes again, and others too. But the greatest adventures are within the realm of personality. The choicest developments and discoveries are spiritual. Enjoyment of beauty in nature and art, inventions of spiritual solutions and plans, appreciations of the probable futures of souls, understanding our neighbors as ourselves, interpreting history, illuminating social movements with charity and insight, disciplines in skill, mastery of the tools and instruments of thought. We need, of course, the masteries of matter by vocational training in engineering, invention, industrial and office practice and all the other forms of practical life and by vocational training in education as well, but the end of all these is supposed to be character, and if these are practical, character is practical, too.

We left the Professor's comment for our own, but we close with a quotation from him:—"I have no doubt that unless we can meet the new age with new methods, to sustain for our populations the life of the spirit, sooner or later, amid some savage outbreak of defeated longings, the fate of Russia will be the fate of England. Historians will write as her epitaph that her fall issued from the spiritual blindness of her governing classes, from their dull materialism, and from their Pharisaic attachment to petty formulæ of statesmanship."

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

The Imprisoned Butterfly

It happened during a prosy pause of the sermon when attention was wandering and the "sub-conscious" was signalling: "When is the preacher going to stop." High in the great window the lilies grew in glassy verisimilitude and seemed to draw the attention of a stray butterfly who fluttered from one to another as if they had been veritable flowers. Now it was the yellow mass that represented sunshine and now he dallied with the aureoles of the saints. It was only a butterfly caught by accident within the church and seeing the colored glass as real sunlight. Thus miserably did he perish, mistaking appearance for reality. In a moment I had upon my hands all the homily that was needed. The voice of the preacher may have passed to more brilliant periods; the butterfly spoke more eloquently. What a parable of human life! How we wear out our wings against the windows of illusion. A little of fame, a little of wealth, the recognition of society; advancement over our fellows, a grander home, a higher-powered automobile, a membership in the hundred and one vacuous "clubs" and societies, a house in the mountains or at the shore, a nodding acquaintance with the great or the near great, to speak familiarly of the celebrity, to strut with an acquired importance, to have our name on every tongue, or to hold a kind of lordship over the lives and circumstances of a thousand men, to feel the lust of the tyrant in the marts of trade, to have the improvident bowing before us and the powerful fearing our greater power—these are the illusions after which we beat out our lives till the grave covers us. Reflection would have solved the butterfly's difficulties in a few brief seconds. It needed only to leave the illusions for a moment and seek the air through a nearby open window, but so absorbing was the illusion that the way was never found. Reverent reflection would do as much for us. As the butterfly needs sun, so the man needs God. As the one cannot reach the sun through the crystal opaqueness and gathers only the shadow of happiness, so we gather through these ambitions only the shadow and never the substance of enduring joy. We have not even so far to seek for our reality. We think this feverish unrest within us can be satisfied with materiality, while it is made to be satisfied only with God. A change of outlook, a new attitude of mind, a centering upon realities, penitence, confession, a humble heart and a contrite spirit and illusion would fall from us as a garment—our eyes unsealed as if scales had dropped from them. We need but these to make us conscious of that Power in which "we live and move and have our being." So small a movement it needs to bring our lives in effective connection with the source of all power—the power "that moves the sun and all the stars."

F.

"Roses of Castile"

The Franciscan padres who tramped the weary marches of the California wilderness are represented as discovering in the flowers of their newly chosen home "the roses of Castile."

If our eyes were but opened, there are none of us so poor but we might find ourselves the possessors of the roses of Castile. It is not a matter of houses and lands nor even of fullness and plenty. The most brilliant of remembered lilac blooms sprang beside the rambling hovel of a French peasant. Our raucous and ambitious age seeks satisfaction in fullness and in power where the earth is really the inheritance of the meek, and it is only they who find it. The world is very rich to the teachable, the simple and the appreciative. My heart thrills with emotion at remembrance of the bare doorstep of a lowly cottage. The sturdy maples that lined the street bear more of poetry and imagination than the fluted columns of old world cathedrals. The blue myrtle flowers that grew about the evergreens were the creators of old dreams and seem inexplicably mingled with present attainment. The tang of wood smoke in the gloaming, the pathos of the hermit thrush, the fall of the dew, the mystery of the sunset sky, the pale sheen of the rime on the morning grass, the patter of baby feet in the gray of the dawn and the babble of baby voices, the sigh of the sea when the tide is at ebb and the singing pebbles on the beach; it is as if in these simple things the great God heaped up for the humble and appreciative heart such store of treasure that there is not room to contain it. With exhaustless worlds of sight and sound for the mere act of appreciation, for what a mess of pottage do we sell our birthright! Around us on every hand grow the fair roses of romance and beauty and dreams. By what blindness are we struck that these gifts seem ever poor and commonplace. Unfortunate he within whose garden plot of common endeavor and daily experience there bloom not ever fresh and unfading, "the roses of Castile."

F.

Croce and Sir Walter Scott

We regret, but are not surprised, that an able Italian critic and philosopher like Benedetto Croce, should fail to appreciate the fine work done by such a writer as Sir Walter Scott, whom he criticizes in a recent article. When Gosse lauds his works because "he has never written a single morbid or vulgar word—he a perfect English gentleman," Signor Croce is only amused. He grants that in the *Heart of Midlothian*, we have a fine piece of realism, and a great character in "Jeanie Deans," but he depreciates *Ivanhoe*. But *Ivanhoe* is not Scott at his best; and the *Heart of Midlothian* as a novel is by no means the equal of *Guy Mannering*, his masterpiece, or even of *The Antiquary*. It is, however, being true to Scottish life, so full of dialect, that the

fine points are apt to be missed. Such characters as "Meg Merrilies" and "Dandie Dinmont" in *Guy Mannering*, are immortal. And for a tragedy of life, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, which again Signor Croce fails to mention, in relegating Scott to a secondary place in dramatic power and insight, stands high in world literature. He appears to follow the singular preference of the continental critic for an author who has no "puritanic" consistency of life (such as we demand in the perfect gentleman, and was present in Scott's personality), but for a "curiosity," that gets experience in breaches of our canons of morality.

JAMES MAIN DIXON.

The S. P. E.

The Society for Pure English, more concisely the "S. P. E.," is one of the pet children of the poet laureate Dr. Robert Bridges. Its home is Oxford, and its publications come through the Clarendon Press. The most recent of these, *Tract No. XII*, is from the pen of that experienced literary man, Dr. Logan Pearsall Smith. He deals with English idioms, in an attractive way. In appreciating work already done in this field, he mentions several dictionaries of English phrases and idioms that have been published. "The best of these," he adds in a footnote, "are *English Idioms*, by James Main Dixon, M. A. (Thomas Nelson & Sons): *Brewer's Dictionary of phrase and fable, etc.* . . ." Of course, especially in the Great War, the number of such idioms greatly increased, and he aims at supplying the lack in his excellent *Tract*. It is pleasant to have such an appreciation of the labors of a member of the faculty of the University of Southern California, his first literary venture, dating over thirty years ago.

J. M. D.

Along the Bookshelf

An Advocate of Personalism

A FAITH THAT ENQUIRES, by SIR HENRY JONES. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1922. Pp. viii-278.

"The final business of man is this of making himself" strikes the personalistic keynote of Sir Henry Jones' Gifford Lectures. His fearlessness in the search for religious truth is refreshing and heartening in days when a strident minority would muzzle religious inquiry in the interests of *their* faith.

"Valid belief has nothing to fear from the play of the world's forces upon it; and a delusive faith is better exposed and washed away. Truth accepted without enquiry, from that hearsay which we call tradition, has an ominous analogy to principles of conduct never put in practice. Man's hold of them is insecure, for strength unexercised becomes feebleness. Moreover, no kind of truth yields its richest meaning except under stress and strain."

"The test of a religious faith," he adds, "lies in the kind of behavior that it inspires and controls, and in the contribution it makes to human well-being."

He clearly shows the impossibility of satisfactory or scientific conclusions concerning religion from the outside:—

"The looker-on at religion, the secular-minded sceptic, must recognize his limits. And I may say quite plainly here that a great deal of the scepticism of the present day is for these reasons not worthy of respect. Men reject what they have never tried, and condemn what they have never seriously or systematically reflected upon. They have been engaged with other things than those which are spiritual, and which concern the making of their manhood. The affairs of religion are as foreign to them as the computations of higher mathematics, and their judgment of the former has as little value as their knowledge of the latter. They have not tried it in practice; they do not know its history; they are not within reach of advanced argument either for or against religion. Their morality is traditional, and the whole movement of their thoughts is in another region and on another plane than that of religion. And, many of them being prosperous in a worldly sense, they are not in the least aware how contemptible they are in a higher and deeper sense."

He makes the significant suggestion that the churches instead of taking theology as something settled once for all should take it as the most reasonable hypothesis to be held open to the light of growing experience:—

"The hypothesis of a God whose wisdom and power and goodness are perfect would then be tried and tested, both theoretically

and practically, and, I believe, become thereby ever the more convincing. The creed would be not merely a record of an old belief to be accepted on authority, but a challenge to the sceptic and the irreligious. The Church, instead of being a place where the deliverances of ancient religious authorities are expounded, and illustrated by reference to the contents of one book and the history of one nation—as if no other books were inspired and all nations save one were God-abandoned—the Church would be the place where the validity of spiritual convictions are discussed on their merits, and the application of spiritual principles extended; where enquiring youths would repair when life brings them sorrow, disappointment or failure, and the injustice of man makes them doubt whether there be a God, or if there be, whether he is good and has power, and stands as the help of man."

The author discusses the meaning of perfection and shows its relations to life and change. The only perfect God would be a living God. He writes:—

"As to the static conception of the perfect, I have already indicated how changelessness means absolute inactivity; and how inactivity can be attributed to nothing real which we know, and least of all to spiritual reality . . . I cannot call that which does nothing—which forever stands aloof from the world-process in eternal fixity—God. Such a God could not at least be a God of Love, for love identifies the lover and the loved. Love cannot stand aloof; love lives in the life of its object and shares its fate. Even the isolation of the moral agent does not shut out love. It shares the sorrow, though not the guilt, of ill-doing, and the joy of righteous living."

"The religious man, like Enoch, 'walks with God.' A light, like that of the Shekinah, always shines upon his path. He has no will of his own in an exclusive sense; and there is a sense in which not even his personality is any longer his own. These are familiar experiences. Are they possible if God dwells apart and contemplates forever his own perfection? Would they be possible were God the monarchic Ruler, or the Stern Judge demanding a *quid pro quo* in the blood of a redeemer in return for forgiveness of sins? Or are not all these conceptions irreconcilable with the fundamental truth of the religion of love?"

To the personalist not the least interesting sections of the book gather about the philosophic discussions of personalism. His reply to Bosanquet's denial of personality seems to us satisfactory and complete. He works out the various points developed by Bowne and his disciples as he discusses the nature of "law," as the name of an activity; the assumption "that the self is one and whole in all that it does;" that there is no "field" of consciousness as the psychologists figuratively assert; that there is no "pure" perception, that intuitions are an emanation from

past experience; that freedom is impossible except through independent wills.

The way to the true correlation of science and religion he points out thus:—

"The nature of the world-energy that breaks out into the processes which at different levels the physicist, the biologist, the psychologist and the student of human history observe, is liable to be defined in accordance with the special province of the scientific man's enquiry. To the physicist it is apt to be physical energy always in process of measurable transmutation—so long, at least, as you omit mind. To the biologist the pristine and universal energy is likely to appear as life; it is a vital force. To the psychologist it is mind. But no conception of the world-energy can satisfy the religious spirit or the philosophic, except that which reveals itself in spiritual activities."

To the religious who are worried by the present flurry over evolution and religion he shows that evolution is, properly considered, a strong support for the theistic claim:—

"At first it was supposed to "animalize" man and de-spiritualize the world; but in the hands of modern Idealism, that conception has been found to yield a final refutation of all theories that account for results by origins, and which try to explain the last in terms of the first, thereby reducing the higher to the level of the low. Evolution suggests a solution of the ultimate dualism of mind and its objects, and contains the promise of boundless help to religious faith."

All in all, the book represents great strength as well as clearness of thought. We consider it a notable contribution to the thinking of our time, a worthy item in the long succession of Gifford Lectures, and a fitting and final expression for the useful and distinguished life of the author who but recently died.

A New Tendency in Psycho-analysis

SUGGESTION AND MENTAL ANALYSIS, by WILLIAM BROWN. Second edition revised and enlarged. New York, Doran. Pp. 173.

DREAMS AND THE UNCONSCIOUS, an introduction to the study of psycho-analysis, by C. W. VALENTINE, Professor of Education in the University of Birmingham. New York, Macmillan. Pp. 144.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND THE PARENT, by H. CRICHTON MILLER. New York, Thomas Seltzer. Pp. viii-241.

YOUR INNER SELF, by LOUIS E. BISCH. New York, Doubleday, Page & Co. Pp. xxi-195.

It is apparent that we are entering on a new phase of psycho-analysis, the critical phase, for the greater part of the works now appearing on the subject, while favorable, are less credulous and have a mind to the glaring deficiencies of original Freudianism.

The author of *Suggestion and Mental Analysis* announces his work as a criticism of the theories of Mr. Coué. However, the greater part is given to a popular explanation of the new psychology. His criticism of Coué hinges almost exclusively about the conflict which the latter raises between the will and the imagination. Brown shows that the conflict is really between a positive and a negative suggestion. This appears reasonable for if it were a clear case of imagination *versus* will, and imagination the stronger, there would be obviously no power of directing or changing the imagination as Coué calls upon us to do.

The final chapters are disappointing in their unkept promise to give us the philosophical foundation of the new psychology. They take up in a very brief form the suggestions of Bergson's *Matter and Memory*. The author, while favorable to Bergson, is not unconscious of the shortcomings of his theory, but seems unable to point out either the solution of these shortcomings or to relate Bergson's system very clearly to the new psychology. Undoubtedly a part of this feeling of disappointment is due to the extreme brevity and the popular nature of the essays, some of which were given as lectures.

Dreams and the Unconscious is an introduction to the theories of psycho-analysis. It is extremely simple and evidently written for the express purpose of making psycho-analysis understood by the average person. The author is aware of the dangers lurking in unthinking credulity respecting the new psychology and here and there points out Freud's failure arising from too-confident generalization. He calls attention also to the fact that it is unsafe to draw far-reaching conclusions concerning normal psychology from an almost exclusive study of the abnormal and psychopathic. He insists that the psychic process does not take action outside the realm of the moral will, and makes interesting reference to the foreshadowing of Freud's dream theories in Plato's *Republic*.

In *The New Psychology and the Parent*, Crichton Miller sets forth the new psychology with special reference to the problems of parenthood. One might well wish that the chapters on *Parenthood and Some of its Failures* and *The Religious Education of the Child* could be made compulsory reading for all parents. These chapters alone are worth many times the price of the volume:—

"The father who tries to bring up his son on this principle of 'Let him choose when he grows up' is apt to find that when the son does grow up no choice remains to be made. The child has already unconsciously adopted a certain valuation in life, and he reaches manhood with an undefined but well-apprehended God of

his own. And in most cases he has unconsciously assimilated the God of his father as the determining factor in his life, whether that deity be money, success or intellect, the Jehovah of the Hebrew or the God of Love. It is useless, therefore, to deceive ourselves into thinking that we can evade responsibility, and that by means of a strict secular education we are setting our children free to seek their own religious ideal."

The whole book is of very high order,, and embodies a particularly sane view of life and has a noble purpose. There is but one mystifying chapter. His attempt to explain or define the dream symbolism of Freud partakes, it seems to us, of the original stupidity of much of that psychologist's effort.

In *Your Inner Self*, Louis E. Bisch sets forth for the layman the principles of Psycho-analysis. It is a clear and concise statement of the Freudian theories in simple and easily understood statements. Unlike the books previously mentioned in this group, there is no attempt at a critical evaluation of Freud's work. The work will be valuable to those who desire in brief the Freudian system from the standpoint of a sympathetic disciple.

Concerning the French

MADAME DE LA FAYETTE, SA VIE ET SES ŒUVRES, par H. ASHTON. Cambridge, University Press, 1922. Pp.viii-292.

Madame de La Fayette's *La Princesse de Clèves*, an historical novel, in which psychological conflict is a prominent feature, is often considered as marking the beginning of the modern French novel. A critical edition of it is now in preparation, and for some time several European scholars have been studying its sources, notably Professors Chamard and Rudler. Inspired by the lectures of the former, Doctor Ashton undertook some years ago the study of the life and works of the novelist. His task was an enormous one, as is attested by the documents which he has succeeded in finding through search in many European libraries, municipal and ecclesiastical archives, and elsewhere.

As a result of his painstaking efforts we have many new facts concerning the life of Madame de La Fayette and her relationships with literary contemporaries. The importance of these discoveries is readily seen from the fact that *La Princesse de Clèves* has often been considered autobiographical, the confessions of a wife, an interpretation which must now be discarded. Ashton also shows that it is not the first psychological novel or the first of small proportions, making a radical departure, as is often said, from the interminable type of the seventeenth century, but rather the most successful of the more modern type of small compass. Placing the novel thus in its true historical setting, he has added fresh proof to the theory that a writer of genius is one who senses the tendencies of his time and produces a work, not

new, but of value so far transcending those of his contemporaries that they are often forgotten. His conclusions that Madame de La Fayette depicted the court of Henry II based on study of historical memoirs and the changes she made, such as the suppression of coarseness, were due to the demands of good taste, have added weight when one compares similar practices of her contemporaries, Corneille and Racine. The other works of Madame de La Fayette, novels and letters, are dealt with in an equally thorough and interesting way.

The book is a model of scholarly research and engaging style. The excellent and apparently complete bibliographies, the documents printed in the appendix, and complete references in the text give the added charm of fact. The work will long remain the authentic and probably the most exhaustive account of the life and works of the novelist, despite the modesty of the writer who says, "*Ce modeste étude ne prétend pas être un ouvrage sur la vie et les œuvres de Madame de La Fayette.*" It is all that its title indicates.

It is fortunate that the author was able to find means of presenting his book in so attractive a form. The print and paper are excellent, the binding dignified and attractive, and there are apparently few typographical errors.

L. M. RIDDLE.

MEDIEVAL FRANCE, by ARTHUR TILLY, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of King's College, Cambridge. Cambridge, University Press, 1922. Pp. viii-456.

The object of the book is to give in small compass a view of France in the Middle ages. The subtitle, "a companion to French studies," suggests the purpose which it may serve as collateral reading for the student of medieval history, philosophy, or art, in which he may find side-lights on his chosen field of interest. Although not intended for the specialist, well chosen bibliographies give ample suggestions for further study.

The general editor has been fortunate in securing contributors, for the most part Frenchmen, among specialists in the several subjects, although not in all cases the outstanding authority in the field. The ten chapters deal respectively with geography, history, the army, the navy, industry and commerce, scholastic philosophy and the universities, language and dialects, literature, architecture and sculpture, glass, and painting. The book is provided with a good index, two maps, and seventeen architectural plates.

What one misses most is a synthetic chapter by the general editor on the spirit of medieval France, the general tendencies expressed in the monuments of literature, art, sculpture,—in a word the impressions which he gathered from the editing of the several chapters. In this way the book would have less of an encyclopedic character and more of a unified whole. He might, also, have told us why he omitted the church from separate consideration and left mention of it to contribu-

tors on history, philosophy, and literature, where it receives inadequate treatment.

Some noticeable omissions in the bibliography are: Schwan-Behrens, *Grammaire de l'ancien français* (second edition, 1913, with texts for the study of dialect); Grandgent, *Vulgar Latin* (while not based on original research, yet valuable as an introduction to the study of Old French), and Bartch-Wiese, *Chrestomathie de l'ancien français* (one of the most carefully edited collections of Old French texts). The book is well printed and the binding is very attractive.

L. M. RIDDLE.

With the Poets

THE WAGON AND THE STAR, by MARY LEITCH. B. J. Brimmer Company, Boston. Pp. 103.

SADDLE SONGS, by HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS. Houghton Mifflin, Boston. Pp. 101.

BY MARY SINTON LEITCH

'Twas fine for Emerson to say
Inspiring things I know,
But stars are oh, so far away,
And wagons very slow.
Mine rumbles clumsily along
On earth, altho afar
'Tis held by silver ropes of song
Firmly to a star.

This book is, like all first books, a little dimmed by the desire to include the poems which loom with a personal value because of their concrete embodiment of moods, the desire of a poet to make her poems little milestones along the road of life. Even admitting this, and consigning the two groups of triolets, *A Study in Contrasts*, which is really not poetry at all, *The Child of the Childless*, where sentimentality masquerades as sentiment, and the most "preaching" of the sonnets to oblivion, we are faced with the incontrovertible truth that many of the poems in this book, *The Wagon and the Star*, have a loveliness that is immortal and a strength and clarity of vision that make them gleaming stars reflected upon a sea of literature which sometimes seems ineluctable in its swiftly passing flood of publications. After all it is poems, not poets, we are looking for and *The Hermit Thrush*, *The Suppliant* and *On Being Told That My Child Resembles Me*, are lyrics that would be distinctive in any group. One Rose is of a fragile loveliness almost too perfect for the exigencies of our language:—

I cannot bear the beauty of one rose,
Therefore I pray you, give me two or three,—
A nosegay of them, that my eye may be

Distracted and not linger over-long
 On one: its heart holds too much mystery:
 Within it burn the holy vestal fires
 Of all the world's deep longings and desires:
 All loveliness is there! So soft among
 Those tender petals such perfection glows,
 I cannot bear the beauty of one rose.

Mrs. Leitch through her poems *The River*, and *Yesterday Today and Tomorrow*, envisions a creed and in *The Victory of The Woods* she postulates a philosophy, finding in nature the solution for life's complexes, as did George Meredith and Swinburne, but at no time is her philosophy even remotely touched with the paganism that breathes from Hertha and makes itself felt in *Earth and Man*; rather she seems to voice the world-old belief in the Deity that Nature springs from, in place of the minor deities that rise from the bosom of that wise old mother Earth. She is not ashamed to mention the name of God, a name from which many poets of the day shrink in abject weakness, and especially is she concerned with the destruction of that cheap cynicism which mars the spirit of contemporary literature. Perhaps she is at times a bit too earnest in her desire to preach, as in *The Modern Spirit of Idolators*, but in *The Summit* she voices a cry of belief that is at once impregnable and triumphant.

The Passing of Tom Champagne is a fine example of blank verse as well as a survival of a fashion which we miss in the poetry of today. Mrs. Leitch has a fearless scorn of the anathema of poetry in this decade, the cliché, in the form of elisions. She leaves out letters and substitutes apostrophes with a fine abandon, and if sometimes it spoils the poem for us we rejoice in her freedom from the bonds forged by the Imagist School. Perhaps her conception of *The Poet* will do more to place her permanently in the front ranks of American lyricists than any other single example of her work:—

In the darkness he sings of the dawning,
 In the desert he sings of a rose,
 Or of limpid and laughing water
 That thro green meadows flows.

He flings a Romany ballad
 Out thro his prison bars
 And, deaf, he sings of nightingales
 Or, blind, he sings of stars.

And hopeless and old and forsaken,
 At last with failing breath
 A song of faith and youth and love
 He sings at the gates of death.

VIRGINIA TAYLOR McCORMICK.

Harry Knibbs, who has already won an enviable reputation as a teller of Western stories, bids fair to take for the present generation the place occupied in a former one by Joaquin Miller as the poet of the West. In his latest and fourth book of poems, *Saddle Songs*, we have the atmosphere of the ranch, the camp and the desert; groups of hard riding men repeat the stories of the camp-fire in verse. Through it all there is an appreciation of humanity lying behind the rough and slang expressions, which gives a thorough insight into the hearts of men everywhere. To one who reads appreciatively there comes the loneliness of the desert trail, the magnificent sweep of the mountains and the grateful shadows of the canyons; the tinkle of burro bells and the thrill of riding the range. Mr. Knibbs has not only caught the atmosphere of the out-of-doors but the very rhythm in which the cow-boy puts his "chanties" of the land. This is well illustrated in the lines taken from *A Bronco Shod With Wings*, with which the volume begins:—

"The ragged coat, the grinning shoe, the glance bereft of pride,
And would I dare, who trod the mire, to thrust their plaint aside?
My dog's affection chides my soul for that I may not be
One half the loyal gentleman his eyes have mirrored me.
The homely things, the human things, the things begat of earth,
And least among them he who scorns the clay that gave him birth:
My horse that nickers in the field and points his slender ears,
Has taught me more of gratitude than all the singing years.
What friends the trees, the soil, the stone, the turning grain, the
flower!
House, timber, garden, portal-step, bread, fruit, and fragrant hour!
When shred, the leaf is touched by fire, draws cool and clear and clean,
And smoky spirals sing the praise of soothing nicotine!"

A Franco-Belgian Poet

L'ALLÉE DES GLAIEULS, Par ANDRÉ FONTAINAS. Paris:
Librairie de France.

RÉCIFS AU SOLEIL, par André Fontainas. Aimes: Edgar Malfère.

M. André Fontainas was born in Belgium, has resided most of his fifty years and more in France, and is very international in his whole outlook on life and letters. The literary field which he has cultivated is also very wide and varied, for his work embraces poetry, romance, drama, and criticism, and his volumes number a good score. Large of body and rather heavy of movement, he can, nevertheless, be light, active, and gay in spirit, in conversation, and in his writings. His views on things moral, social, and political are as broad as any sensible radical could wish, for he is an internationalist without being a pacifist, a free-thinker without being a libertine, and a socialist without being a Red. In a word, we

have in André Fontainas one of those excellent and typical French liberal intellectuals whom emancipated Americans admire without being able to imitate in this country, more because of what the country lacks than from what they themselves lack. So André Fontainas should be, as a man and writer, peculiarly sympathetic to the forward-looking of our world of letters.

André Fontainas has, furthermore, a special claim to English and American attention for he has translated into French parts of de Quincey, Keats, and Meredith, and has made himself the French champion of Poe and Whitman, particularly the former. He has been drawn to America in still another way. Our aid to Belgium during the war touched his heart. He more than once expressed his thankfulness at the time and has not forgotten today what we did then. He became attached to us, too, through companionship with two contemporary Franco-American poets, Vielé-Griffin and Stuart Merrill, whose name should be peculiarly interesting in New York, for in a futile attempt to become re-Americanised he served for a time on the editorial staff of the *Evening Post*. In the Preface to the second volume placed at the head of this article, Stuart Merrill is classed "among the most charming, close and noble friendly figures whom I have known during my life," and the book is dedicated to him and Pierre Quillard, of whom he says in one of the poems, "*Visages*":—

Sensible esprit français, cœur loyal d'Amérique,
Fondez-vous l'un dans l'autre, et que germe, en l'avril
De vos espoirs accrus par l'échange viril
Et le puissant envol d'un idéal unique,
La bonté de Quillard et de Stuart Merrill.

Il n'est, mes grands Amis,
De saine et pure joie et d'orgueils affermis
Qu'à suivre aux rythmes sûrs de vos poèmes naître
L'amour puissant et plein que vos vers ont promis.

In describing these two booklets, their author has said to me, speaking first of "*Recifs au Soleil*":—

"It is a résumé of my sentimental and intellectual experiences during a period of some ten years, from 1909 to 1919, which gave wisdom to my thoughts, harmony and serenity to my spirit, while I was searching deeply into the resources of the poetic art and expression. If I may be permitted to say so, this little book is a serious advance towards a mastery of the art, a more and more pronounced adhesion not to the classic school but to a more and more free manner, revealing a surer and choicer taste, and in this way tending towards the classic school. I think the reader will perceive this both in the thought and in the form."

Then turning to the first of the volumes given above, M. Fontainas presents this description of its true inwardness, as he sees it:—

"It is an attempt at an intentional exploration into a more purely in-

tellectual domain, a striving after and an adaption of, a form that is full, sonorous, overflowing with meaning, imagery, and music, presenting ideas which are at one and the same time elevated and very much condensed, displaying the maximum of glowing song, of rhythm placed at the service of a thought which is infinitely subtle and delicate. In certain respects it falls in with the ways dear to Paul Valéry,

[Amant des mots et de rythmes
Qui nous enchantent, subtil
Déchiffreur de logarithmes],

and hence it is that these five odes and a sonnet are dedicated to him, while the first ode contains allusions to our old companionship, to the odes which he wrote, and to Mallarmé, to whom we both owe the formation of our mind and our ideas on esthetics. [The motto of the booklet is chosen from Mallarmé.] But as regards rhythm and the development of the idea, the other odes and the sonnet differ profoundly from everything Valéry has written. If one were to class us under the leaders of the French lyric poetry of the past, Valéry would be called a Racinian and I a Ronsardian."

From the following note, also in manuscript, we learn how these two collections grew:—

"My poetic compositions develop slowly and present two sides—the sentimental and the intellectual. I always hesitate to make public the first form that one of my emotions or experiences may take. Every poem and every one of my lines finally reflects the whole emotion which it resumes and concentrates. This is why each one of my poems should be significant, for otherwise it would be suppressed altogether, and it also explains why I have not written much poetry. I cannot be classed among the prolific poets like Shelley, for example, but rather among those who produce but little, like Poe and Baudelaire."

And this self-revelation from the same manuscript is worth quoting:—

"When not composing, I am ever replenishing my mind by reading, learning, studying. Here is the origin of my volumes of art and literary criticism, and especially my regular contributions to the *Mercure de France* devoted to contemporary French poetry, where I always keep two aims in view—to be just to the older writers and above all to those who disappeared only half recognized or completely ignored, while I strive to help the new arrivals, pointing out, often to themselves and to the public at large, their merits."

These final remarks throw a pleasant light on the character of the poet:—

"I always rejoice at any effort to interest Americans in our French poetry, which—I ask pardon of Shakespeare, of Keats, of Poe and others of the English tongue, of Dante also, and even of Goethe—has never been surpassed in this world since the disappearance of the Greeks. In this matter I stand with our admirable ancestor, François Villon, when he says, "En ceste foy je vueil vivre et mourir."

THEODORE STANTON.

Miscellaneous

THE EVOLUTION OF KNOWLEDGE, by GEORGE SHANN.
Longmans, Green and Company, New York, 1922. Pp. vi-100.

One takes up this book with anticipation and lays it down with wonder that the author considered it necessary or desirable. The anticipation is aroused by the title and the opening sentences of the preface:—

"The following essay is intended to call attention to an aspect of knowledge which has been very generally overlooked. Its importance was not evident until the theory of evolution came into prominence and, although that theory has now been expounded in regard to a great variety of subjects, I have not yet found any statement of its application to epistemology.

"Viewed as a product of the evolution of nervous function, knowledge is seen to have grown from the need of the organism to forecast the consequences of voluntary action, and throughout its development from its most elementary forms to the latest achievements of science it is found to subserve this requirement."

Throughout, the author gives the rather common materialistic view of the function and causes of knowledge but seems notably unaware of the problems actually existent. His definitions are trite and unsatisfactory to the last degree and he seems quite unconscious of the deficiencies. Where he does attempt a solution, it is of a purely verbal character. He distinguishes the human being from the animal by the power of abstraction in the former and bases this power upon the possession of language. It seems not to occur to him that the source of language calls for explanation. In the chapter on language he digresses to take a fling at the value of language study.

The book is a non-technical description of common-sense ideas of knowledge but the evolution with which it purports to deal is assumed rather than described and in no way approaches explanation.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF RELIGION. A Sociological View by CHARLES A. ELLWOOD, Professor of Sociology in the University of Missouri. Macmillan, 1922. Pp. xiii-323.

As Lincoln said this nation cannot endure half slave and half free, Doctor Ellwood says that modern society cannot endure partly pagan and partly Christian. The solution, in his judgment is honest, ethical Christianity fortified by natural science. It all depends, of course, upon one's definition of religion. If religion consists in applications or institutions or documentary statements it is easy to see how a reconstruction is in order, but if religion is ethics,—Christ-presented ethics, reconstruction is an inaccurate word. The Doctor says that "while religions always imply metaphysical or theological beliefs of some sort, no specific theological belief is an essential part of religion." With

this we would take sharp issue. We are as tired of dogma *per se* as anybody but when religion is identified with ethics there are several theological beliefs, for example the belief in the reality of sin and forgiveness, which are very essential parts of religion.

We would note also, before we close with compliments, the Doctor's use of the word science. He insists that science can study teleology,—that “. . . everything within human experience may be brought to its tests.” This is not the accepted meaning of the word. In present usage the wide sense, which includes philosophy, is not ordinarily employed. There is no objection, of course, to using it in this wide sense. We are all searching for truth. Every department may be made a science department and a few building-names re-chiseled and hall-way titles repainted would turn the trick. The point is that the word science has been used, in part, as a way of distinguishing dualistically between two kinds of things that are real,—matter and spirit. We do not insist on the word science one way or the other but we do venture to say that though the word in this discriminating significance be dropped, the discrimination, with some other word, must remain. Psychology has protested it is a science and has repudiated spiritual reality in favor of behavioristic tropisms. Sociology also wants to be a science but finds that if it excludes the personal realities it loses its subject. It is not surprising that it keeps its subject and extends the province of science.

With the main purpose and message of this book we are in earnest agreement. In accordance with the standards of what is scholarly it is rich in quotations but its message is what particularly deserves our loyalty and this we freely grant. It says that Christ's teachings, including his example, will solve our social problems, a conviction which is increasingly held by profound students of social philosophy, but very few of us would have been able to write as splendid a statement as this and we are happy to pay Doctor Ellwood our honest tribute of respect.

C. G. B.

THE VALIDITY OF AMERICAN IDEALS, by SHAILER MATHEWS, Dean of the Divinity School, University of Chicago. The Abingdon Press, 1922. Pp. 207.

The Dean establishes the validity of our ideals as the product of seventeenth century Anglo-Saxon idealism:—"The rights of men were derived from the rights of Congregationalists and frontiersmen. They are the children of history, christened and registered by philosophy." Religious groups lived out in practice their hopes for religious and political liberty and so produced freedom for the individual, building "self-determining states from self-ruled citizens." By a similar idealism America is working out a democratic individualism in industry

on the basis of our constitution by occasional extensions of rights in cooperative sovereignty.

The book is a timely re-statement of our national heritage and the summons to pay due respect to the spirit of Puritanism is particularly wholesome. There are many parlor intellectuals who would do well to give it a careful and meditative reading and then supplement it with some judicious studies in history.

C. G. B.

PROGRESS AND SCIENCE. *Essays in Criticism* by ROBERT SHAFER. Yale University Press, 1922. Pp. 243.

These essays make a handsome start with a rebuke of F. S. Marvin's belief that the recipe for history is "science organizing industry in the service of an united humanity." The author shows how Marvin disregards evidence which does not support his theory, falsifies medieval Christianity, misrepresents religion, claims for science the growth of human sympathies and really admits that progress through science alone is impossible. Anyone who will call to account such unpardonable intellectual looseness is doing us all a favor.

The balance of the book is a discriminating analytic study of the thinking men have done about progress, and its conclusion is a rejection, without pessimism, of the modern notions of progress and, in effect, a plea for Christian theism, with all its consequent obligations and privileges, as the proper solution of life's problems.

C. G. B.

THE ETHICAL THEORY OF HEGEL. *A Study of the Philosophy of Right*, by HUGH A. REYBURN, Professor of Logic and Psychology at the University of Cape Town. Oxford University Press, American Branch, New York, 1921. Pp. xx-268.

Here is an illustration of monism trying to formulate a system of ethics—in this case idealistic monism trying to formulate idealistic ethics. But see to what straits one is by this monism reduced:—"Crime is the act of a self-conscious being whose essence is a universal will. . . . Crime is a form of right that violates the very principle of right" And yet what other conclusion is possible when one starts with the theory that the world which is over against mind is part of mind 'and the antithesis between mind and its object falls within mind itself?' Sometime Christian Scientists, so called, who inherit this tradition, will discover that on this foundation morality becomes incomplete and practical life a contradiction. If morality means anything it means such things as good, evil, thought, freedom and responsibility in mind-and-body persons, but if all is mind and there is no evil, then responsibility is only for doing good and punishment must cease. We can never forgive anybody for anything, we cannot bear one another's burdens, we must take out our plumbing, shut

off the gas, cancel our account at the grocer's, repudiate our senses in general and Christ as the solution of evil in particular.

In what a state we all would be
If we all lived up to our theory!

C. G. B.

HOME LESSONS IN RELIGION. A Manual for Mothers. by SAMUEL WELLS STAGG and MARY BOYD STAGG. 2 Vols. The Abingdon Press, 1923. Pp. 201, 171.

These two volumes constitute an admirable experiment in helping parents to give their children religious training in a skillful way at the correct time. The authors properly emphasize the fact that their work has been done in a home where the children's spiritual development and the mother's opportunities and duties have been in daily and constant view. We feel that these volumes will prove to be a most valuable success. They have been carefully devised for actual use in actual homes and will certainly repay thoughtful application. Here is Christian strategy skillfully at work.

C. G. B.

The Psychology of the Poet

THE POETIC MIND, by F. C. PRESCOTT. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1922. Pp. xx-308.

This work bids fair to become a classic study of the relation of poetic expression to psychological fact. It is written with a sanity and clearness, with a philosophical and psychological adherence to facts that one would wish were a more common property in professional philosophical and psychological treatises. The author lays bare the sources of poetic imagination and expression and in doing so goes of necessity very deeply into the psychology of personality. In the main he professes to follow Freud but at the critical moments he shows an independence in differing from Freudian conclusions which speaks volumes for his sanity and truthfulness of apprehension. One wonders if the intuition which he relates to the poetic mind might not be the source of his own clearness of grasp.

He maintains the relation of poetic fancy to dreams and gives copious illustration from the poets. Poetry is distinguished from prose by the concreteness of its images, and is described by him as more elemental and primitive than reasoned thought. Thus he looks on the less developed language as better adapted to poetic expression and cites the Hebrew as an impressive example.

This primitive image thinking seems to him one source of the present popularity of the moving picture. If this be so, as seems reasonable, there is promise of continued appeal, at least so long as the great por-

tion of society shuns the task of rational thinking. He does not call attention, as he might have in this connection, to the intellectual menace of the moving picture. Visualized thinking merges readily with the images which come to control the so-called unconscious mind and does easily pass over into possession of conscious motives. The nation that allows its childhood to be thus purveyed to, without careful censorship, is placed in the light of poisoning the moral springs of its childhood and need not complain at the moral perversions sure to result.

His departure from Freud is illustrated in the following passage. Speaking of the dream as the expression of deeper racial rather than selfish individual feeling, he writes:—

“This will perhaps show some disagreement with the Freudian conception that in dreams, and I suppose therefore also in other imaginary presentations, we ‘lead to the full the individual life,’ that in dreams we give our animal impulses unbridled license, and satisfy our desires selfishly without altruistic thought. It is true that in dreams we are no longer bound by the laws governing our conscious action, and that in dreams there is properly no ordinary moral judgment. The morality of dreams is different from that of waking life. We are properly held responsible, by human law at any rate, not for our dreams and imaginings, but only for our conscious thoughts and actions. The point is worth bringing up because it seems to argue a general moral inferiority of the unconscious as compared with the conscious mind. The subject must not be considered too narrowly, however. For example, much of the ‘immorality’ charged against the dream is due to the fact that it gives free reign to the sexual impulses. Now the matter of love and sexual selection is expressly assigned by nature to the instinct,—that is to the unconscious mind. A man chooses his mate not consciously and voluntarily, but in exactly the opposite way; he finds himself in love. And this perhaps because the choice is not so much an individual matter, as one which concerns the race as a whole, which cannot be left to individual volition. The deeper choice is the wiser. And in general the imaginings of the unconscious mind will represent a deeper wisdom and morality. The subject is much too large to be treated in a paragraph; but I think careful consideration might show that the responsibility of the individual to society or to morality in conscious thought and action is one thing, and the responsibility in visionary unconscious thought quite another; and that, though the dreamer is freed from social obligation in a narrow sense, he is brought into relation with the mind of the race in a larger way and thus subjected to a more profound control.”

This seems to us a fair illustration of the far-fetchedness of many Freudian conclusions. In man, satisfaction creates appetite and desire

grows by that on which it feeds. As a matter of fact, not even repression can direct our dreams into the channels we might desire. The libertine has actually many more desires to repress than the saint and here is a question whether his dreams are more in accord with his character. We are aware of the double nature of this conclusion but it should jar us from the false serenity of the Freudian dogmatism.

The author's description of personality, the distinction between the brute and the human mind, the relative and non-cosmic character of time and space, are all points which will engage the thought and attention of the philosopher.

We have in *The Poetic Mind* a book that had need to be written and one whose conclusions give promise of remaining for a long time.

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